

APPLETONS' JOURNAL.

A MAGAZINE OF GENERAL LITERATURE.

NEW SERIES.]

NOVEMBER, 1880.

[No. 53.]

THE RIGHTS OF MARRIED WOMEN.

Γαμικοὶ δὲ νόμοι πρῶτοι καθυστεροῦσι τιθέμενοι Καλῶς ἂν
Τιθεσθαι πρὸς ὁρθότατα Πάση πόλει.

PLATO: NOMON; iv, 11.

THE fierce light of a thoughtful and intensely practical age has not failed to penetrate even the close covering which a somewhat misguided conservatism has always thrown around the profession of law. Leaders of public opinion, during the last hundred years, who have busied themselves about such things as pertain to the welfare of the body politic, and who, among other worthy efforts, have striven to clear the path of social advance of useless rubbish and unnecessary hindrances, and to place in natural relations things which circumstances have combined to retain in artificial and inconvenient ones, might certainly find great cause for congratulation in the many and salutary reforms which have forced themselves upon the men who are charged with the guardianship of our lives and liberties. The lawyer has always offered a shining mark to the bitter attacks of public disapproval, and, now that the mysterious awe which mediæval times were wont to cast about his person and his ponderous volumes has vanished before the modern spread of general information among all classes of people, his professional dignity would afford him a poor defense, were it not that the better part of valor has encouraged him to retire from behind sentimental anachronisms of language and apparel, and musty rules, barren of any support in the social facts they were once formulated to subserve, and to join his voice to the general clamor of those *cupidi rerum novarum*. I take it to be a happy thing for the legal profession, as well as for the public, whose servant it is, that, beneath the torrent of ignorant, dogmatic abuse which follows the lawyer in his dealings with his fellow men, there has flowed a steady current of truth which has proved irresistible. All good men can rejoice that he is gradually casting be-

hind him the well-deserved contempt with which an intelligent public has met his solemn pleonasm and useless complications of things simple in themselves. Men's lives run their course more smoothly to-day than they did a century since, if for no other reason, because the social rules which follow them from the cradle to the grave, and which control every physical exercise of their wills, are more generous and considerate, while none the less sure and just. But the fact that much has been done in the right direction is not, nor is it desirable that it should be, a check to the common popular complaint, which charges the profession with making such hopeless tangles of the affairs of every-day life, that nothing but a special technical training can untie the knot, and it may be taken for true that such a charge will be heard from the "thoughtless classes" to the end of time. There can be no doubt that the final limit to the simplification and scientific classification of the law is at no great distance of time. When that limit shall be reached, it will still be impossible, for political reasons, which are matters of history, that a legal training shall form part of a general culture, and the public may therefore dismiss from its dreams that happy era when "every man shall be his own lawyer," and the "exclusive profession" shall have perished from off the face of the earth. It is unquestionably true, however, that very many branches of the law, covering matters of common occurrence, have been reduced to so reasonably simple a state that men of education and a fair fund of general information find it possible to guide themselves by the ordinary methods of human argument, and it is in the firm belief that such a state of affairs should exist in regard to the domestic relation created by marriage that I

have entered upon the discussion of the subject which heads my article. The law which regulates the family circle should, of all laws, bear this stamp of simple decisiveness. Around the family hearthstone, of all places, should the democratic principle of non-interference prevail, as far as is consistent with the morals and good ordering of society. Strangely enough, in three fourths of the States of the Union, on no important subject has a position been taken by the law so illogical, so complicated, so inconvenient, and, I had almost said, so absurd. To a consideration of this last proposition I desire to ask the attention of my reader. My subject naturally divides itself into three parts, viz.:

I. A review of the historical causes which led to the common-law view of coverture.

II. A review of the general rules governing the law in the principal States of the Union.

III. An argument for the more complete independence of the parties.

I. "The chief sources of information regarding the early history of civil society," says an acute student of our subject, "are, first, a study of races in their primitive condition; and, second, a study of the *symbols* employed by advanced nations in the constitution and exercise of civil rights." Exactly reversing this proposition we arrive at the conclusion which forms the basis of the historical study upon which we now enter, namely, that it is impossible to form any clear conception of the present legal position of our married women, without some understanding of the historical causes which have given rise to certain strange rules defining that position, which we can feel sure have their origin far back of any present existing circumstances. Rightly studied, history should be made to serve us in a double character: not only ratifying conclusions drawn from the examination of primitive facts, but affording positive solutions of every-day problems. A moment's thought will show us how invaluable it can be in this latter character, in prosecuting an examination of this kind. The rules regulating the relation of husband and wife, in the great majority of our States, are those prescribed by the common law of England at the time of our separation, as altered by positive political changes and independent legislation. The common law embodied the social customs of the English people, recognized and enforced by judicial decisions and acts of Parliament. The customs relating to marriage were simply the limitations, perquisites, or reflections of the social position given to the married woman by the nation at successive periods in its history. The intense conservatism of the English law has photographed into symbols the spirit of the times, and many of these symbols we have with us to-day, long after the

thing symbolized has passed into the history of vanished days. My reader can understand, therefore, why I must ask him to join me in a rapid review of the main historical events which have had the most apparent effect upon the relation of husband and wife.

It is usual for the legal commentator to deduce the laws regulating *coverture*, as he calls continuance of the relation created by marriage, from three separate and yet curiously interdependent principles. It is said:

1. That, as the household can have but one supreme ruler, and as the husband is fittest and ablest to govern, therefore the wife must necessarily be subordinate to the husband's will.

2. That, therefore, the wife is under the despotism of her husband, and wanting in that freedom of will which is a factor in independent action.

3. That, therefore, the wife must consent to merge her existence as a legal person into that of her husband, and the two become *one person* in the eye of the law.

Further on I shall make a careful analysis of these rules, and endeavor so use them to illustrate their own unreasonableness. I proceed now to a review of the historical causes to which they owe their origin.

In tracing back the history of the English wife, we find ourselves confronted with five separate historical facts, to each of which we must attach more or less importance:

1. That the early inhabitants of the island were twice subject to an invasion by the Romans—once in the century immediately preceding the Christian era, and once about the middle of the fifth century.

2. That the same people, about the close of the sixth century, were driven far into the interior and almost exterminated by invasions of the Angles and Danes.

3. That the Anglo-Saxons were conquered by the Normans in the year 1066.

4. That the Angles and Danes were originally the same people as the Germans spoken of by Cæsar and Tacitus.

5. That the Normans, in accepting the fief of the Gallic province from Charles, adopted the feudal rules and customs of the Gallic people.

To the first of these facts I am unwilling to attach the significance usually accorded it, and notably by the editor of the late edition of Mr. Reeves's valuable "History of the English Law." He would have us believe that the striking resemblance, of which I shall presently speak, between the Saxon marriage rites and those of the early Romans was due to these Latin invasions, whereby the social customs of the republic were imparted to the Britons, and by them extended

to their Saxon enemies. Several facts seem to me to contradict any such hypothesis. The Romans never mingled socially with the natives, and, even if they had, such rude barbarians could never have adopted the complicated agnate system on which the Roman marriage was based; and, even if we grant the negative of both these propositions, we must remember that the Britons were driven from their homes by the Saxon invaders. They never came in social contact with them, and certainly never as political superiors. The acceptance of this last fact settles another point. It can be no great loss to us that the one great historian who has written of the first-known dwellers on the island was not social philosopher enough to busy himself about the family constitution which lay behind their bravery on the field of battle. Their social customs were not merged into, but actually supplanted by, those of their conquerors from across the Northern Ocean. We are allowed our inferences, however, from two notable facts: first, that the Britons belonged to the Germanic race, which has ever held its women in great respect; and, second, that one of their fiercest battles with the Roman general was fought with Boadicea at the head of their ranks.

Fortunately for any examination of this kind, a most careful and minute observer has told us the story of the second civilization which was soon to play so leading a part in the history of the English people.

The hardy Germanic race, of whom Tacitus has drawn us so vivid a picture, and to whom belonged originally the Angles and Danes, were the authors of what we may call the foundation of our English law. Anything, therefore, which history can tell us in regard to their habits and customs will be pertinent and instructive. We are told that these brave warriors, who dwelt along the Rhine—of whom Cæsar could say that "their greatness of spirit rendered difficult actions easy"—even supposed somewhat of prescience and sanctity to be inherent in the female sex, and that they, therefore, neither despised their counsels nor disregarded their responses." And again: "The marriage bond is strict and severe among them. Almost singly among barbarians they content themselves with one wife. The wife does not bring a dowry to the husband, but receives one from him. The parents and relations assemble and pass their approbation on the presents—presents not adapted to please a female taste nor to decorate a bride, but oxen, a caparisoned steed, a shield, a spear, and a sword. By virtue of these the wife is espoused, and she, in turn, makes some present of arms to her husband. This they consider as the firmest bond of union; these the sacred mysteries, the conjugal

deities. That the woman may not consider herself excused from exertions of fortitude, or exempt from the casualties of war, she is admonished by the very ceremony that she comes to her husband as a *partner* in toils and dangers, to suffer and to dare equally with him in peace and in war. This is indicated by the yoked oxen, the harnessed steed, the offered arms. She receives what she is to return inviolate and honored to her children. . . . Their women, therefore," he continues, "live fenced around with chastity. None but virgins marry. They take one husband, as one body and one life, that no thought, no desire may extend beyond him; that he may be loved not only as their husband but as their marriage."

Another characteristic sketch is given us by Marcellus, a soldier under Julian in his German wars. "A band of strangers," he tells us, "could not resist one of them in a brawl, assisted by his strong, blue-eyed wife, especially when she begins gnashing her teeth, her neck swollen, brandishing her vast and snowy arms—and kicking with her heels at the same time—to deliver her fisticuffs like bolts from the twisted strings of a catapult."

Allowing a little, as we must, for the fact that Tacitus was shooting his sarcasm over the heads of his Germans at the social evils of Rome, we will have enough left from these two simple references to draw some valuable conclusions. Without doubt the woman was regarded with great respect among these people, and not as an inferior creation. Neither communal nor syndyasmian marriage was known to them; the monogamian idea of man and wife was strongly developed. The wife was allowed great personal liberty, and accompanied and assisted her husband in matters of daily life. The marriage tie was wholly ethical in its nature, and had lost almost entirely all traces of the contract of sale. The marriage gifts which bound the marriage consisted of personal estate, and were purely symbolical in character, and not given as means of support. The marriage did not merge the existence of the wife into that of her husband, but made her a *partner* with him. It is not to be denied that the wife seems to have given herself wholly up to her husband, and was not allowed a second marriage. Indeed, among the Heruli the wife was called upon to hang herself on the death of her husband, and it might, with a fair show of reason, be argued from this fact that the idea of legal unity must have been recognized in the extreme, where the legal annihilation of the wife followed the decease of her spouse, but the important difference must not be forgotten between a legal unity where both are acting parties and the union is one of mutual consent

and the unity which arises from the forcible suppression of the wife. The idea of property was not yet sufficiently developed to test the question, but there is no doubt in my mind that the strong feeling of individuality, which is the natural offspring of personal freedom and social consideration, was carried into the smallest matters of the every-day life of the German wife, and that the early Germanic idea of unity in marriage was that of a partnership and not of a despotism.

It is not to be wondered at that the illustrious Roman noted all this with astonishment and delight. Not only were the customs unique among barbarians, but even his own brilliant nation could not boast of such purity of morals, nor so lofty an ideal of the social tie. With their cruel seclusion of their women, and their bargain and sale of her body as a senseless chattel, the citizens of the empire were still only on the first step upward from the polygamous system, which was avowedly taken, not for the benefit of the woman, not that she might be transformed from a vulgar mistress into the loving, faithful wife and mother, but in order that children might be born in lawful wedlock; the object originally being that a lawful child might be procured to perform the religious offices of the family, and, later, to insure inheritable blood.

The close of the sixth century found the heroes of "The Germania," under the title of Anglo-Saxons, firmly settled in the land of the Britons. I have already expressed the opinion that it is useless to endeavor to trace any reaction of their customs from those of the brave people they displaced. Reasons already stated preclude any idea of the kind. So, also, I believe that any particular facts of development during the next four centuries will be nothing but conjecture. The scantiest records exist to tell the legal story down to the period of the final conquest. It was to be supposed that, under a more complicated form of civilization, marriage would lose much of its simple ethical character, given it by the German, and partake of a contractual nature. Nor is it necessary to imagine the interference of Rome to make this conclusion a natural one. It was only a question of time when the development of property rights and the increasing difficulty of self-support should turn the symbolical gifts of the Saxon marriage into valuable considerations. There can be no doubt that marriage appears, in the Anglo-Saxon law, in the form of sale by the father or guardian to the bridegroom, but we have no right to infer from the *form* that it consisted in the actual sale of the woman's person as a chattel, and indeed this view is contradicted by other well-known facts. Thus, the husband had no action against the father or guardian for non-delivery of the woman, and therefore ran the

risk of total failure of consideration. "In primitive society," as the author of a brilliant essay on the Saxon family law remarks, "legal conceptions and legal forms are few and simple, and the same word is used to denote things in fact different." There was, however, an actual transfer of *guardianship* to the husband, in consideration of a sum of money paid to the guardian, the payment of which bound the contract. This was the Saxon *wæotuma*. At first it was paid in advance to the guardian. The next step was the payment of only a small sum in earnest. Immediately, another change became possible. The price was no longer paid at the betrothal to the guardian, but was given to the woman herself after marriage.

Our attention is called just here to a parallel between the Saxon marriage and that of the early Roman law. Under the republic, and during the early years of the empire, what the guardian transferred to the husband was his power over the woman; and we find the wife considered, in the eye of the law, *in loco filia*, unless the *patria potestas* was reserved by the guardian, as was sometimes the case. In the former and usual instance, the wife was said to be *in manu viri*. The *manus* could be acquired in three ways: By *confarreatio*, accompanied by its own *factum*—a religious ceremony in which a meal-cake was used; by *coemptio*, the solemn sale of the wife's person to the husband; by *usucapio*, wherein the husband acquired a title to his wife by an uninterrupted possession for one year. But an important difference is to be noted between the two systems as to the effect produced by marriage. At the early Roman law the husband acquired a clear title to his wife, and of course to all her property owned at the time of marriage or afterward acquired. No trace of any such idea is to be found in the Saxon law. On the contrary, it may be broadly stated that not the slightest indication of the husband's ever taking any assignable interest in his wife's property exists in the authorities. Before the close of the republic the freer marriage had become the prevailing type at Rome; and Sir Henry Maine very fairly argues that, as soon as the husband ceased to acquire an absolute title to his wife on marriage, the idea of her separate estate arose. The *usucapio*, from being constantly avoided, went out of use. In the time of Gaius, *confarreatio* no longer brought the wife *in manum*, and *coemptio* disappeared before the time of Justinian. Under the code of that time, simple consent of minds sufficed to make a valid marriage, and the wife held her property and acquisitions free from the control of her husband. To this historical point we trace back the rules which prevail in those states which have adopted the civil law.

Coming back to our Anglo-Saxons, we find it possible to gather from the authorities the following facts in regard to the Saxon wife: As guardian, the husband was co-possessor with his wife of all her property, including the morning gift, which corresponded to her modern marriage settlement. Neither could alienate such property without the other's consent; generally the wife was the acting, the husband the consenting party. In general, the husband had the free disposal of his property, as far as concerned his wife, but, where a specific morning gift had not been granted to the wife, she had a right in law to an undivided portion of her husband's property (her modern dower), and appears as a consenting party to his alienations. The wife's property was not answerable for the debts of her husband, nor his property for her debts. Gifts and conveyances between husband and wife were common. If the wife survived, she took all her own property and her morning gift; in lack of the gift, one half of her husband's property. She had full ownership of her morning gift, unless limited to her life by its terms, and it was conditioned on her survivorship. If the husband survived, the wife's property was inherited by her heirs. The husband had no rights as survivor, except as guardian of the children.

We can assume from these facts that the Germanic idea of unity in the sense of a partnership, in which the wife was to some extent a silent partner, was retained, and that the common-law idea of a unity which required an annihilation of the wife was utterly foreign to the Saxon law. The wife's dower was recognized substantially as at the later law, but "curtesy" was unheard of. The wife was held to her own engagements, and could probably exercise all the legal powers of a single woman.

In concluding this sketch of the period preceding the Norman conquest, it is impossible to overlook the almost startling resemblance between this Anglo-Saxon law and the position or tendency of the law of husband and wife in many of the United States. In some, and notably in Maryland, the parallel is almost exact. Can it be possible that the eight centuries which have elapsed since the Norman invasion have only served to bring the English-speaking people back to the legal position from which they departed under the guidance of the Norman lawyers!

We are now brought to what I choose to term the second reaction in the history of the English law. The invasion of the Normans was destined to deal somewhat roughly with the exalted position of the Saxon wife. Mr. Reeves, in his history of our law, calls our attention to the fact that, "in the fourth year of the reign of the Conqueror, he solemnly swore, in the presence

of Lanfranc, Archbishop of Canterbury, that he would observe the good and approved ancient laws of the kingdom," referring probably in chief to those of Edward the Confessor, which prevailed as late as the reign of Harold. However true this may be, and however plainly it may appear that, as Freeman admits, "the Normans were absorbed in the race they conquered," nevertheless, it was impossible that in the process of absorption the strange gods introduced by a violent type of feudalism should fail to exact such allegiance from even the domestic relations of the nation as to bring the rules of law defining them under an entirely new light. The fact that the Normans wandered originally from the same shores as the Angles and Danes goes for nothing, when we remember that, at the moment the fief of the Gallic province passed from Charles the Simple to Rolf the Pirate, the line of demarcation was drawn as sharply between these *quondam* neighbors as if they had originally been antipodes. A single fact gives us a base-line from which to build the position of the feudal wife. Actual strength of body graded the importance and regulated the position of the individual in a society where the protection of arms was the stake. Physical power—*force*—was at the bottom of the feudal system. Military service was the property qualification. The inference is unavoidable: under such circumstances the woman must necessarily occupy a position of utter insignificance, except as she might be the mother of a man-child. But an important fact is not to be overlooked. The chronic condition of war, and the building of family strongholds consequent thereon, and the strict regard paid to inheritable blood, made it both possible and necessary to protect most jealously the chastity of the wife. Monogamian marriage was therefore firmly established and strictly enforced. Bring together now these three facts—monogamian marriage, the insignificance of the woman, and the consequent universal tendency to allow the leadership to the man—and the natural product will be a legal unity in marriage, represented in the person of the husband.

It is true that feudalism was on the decline throughout Europe when William entered England, but, as Kenny notes, "it always assumed its most gigantic proportions in the nations upon which it was imposed by force of arms," and there can be no doubt that he brought with him, in theory at least, the maxim that "the wife had no rights which the husband was bound to respect." A most important consideration added strength to this idea of unity. Just at this period the spirit of ecclesiasticism was beginning to make itself heard. The Church was loud in its denunciation of the independence of the wife, for

notwithstanding the fact that the canon law was based largely on the civil code of Justinian, and that the latter, as we have seen, regarded the wife as a separate person, yet in this instance a radical difference is to be noted. And the reason is plain: In the latter days of the republic, divorce had become outrageously common; to such an extent, indeed, that Mr. Hadley, among many other students, ascribes the Roman separate estate to a rebellion against the hardship which was engendered by handing the wife's property over to the man who to-morrow might leave her for ever. The Church refused to see any difference between the shameful looseness which the code sanctioned in regard to marriage and a legal independence of the wife. She entirely reversed the historical fact, and argued freedom of divorce from separate existence. In the idea of legal unity she saw a check upon a custom which was so repulsive to her teachings, and upheld it with might and main, until to-day marriage is honored as a sacrament in the Roman Catholic Church. *A principle which had its origin in the barbarous oppression of the wife could now be boldly upheld as a protection to her honor.*

It must be again confessed that any effort to draw a straight line of development between the eleventh and eighteenth centuries can only be an absurd failure. It is certain that the Saxon and feudal systems present a strong contrast, but, even with the size and density of bodies given, it is impossible to determine the effect of a collision without their respective momenta. Fortunate it was that the sturdy independence of the Anglo-Saxon caused him to cling with such wonderful audacity to his own interpretation of the duties he owed to his blue-eyed partner. The study of our subject during this intermediate time, when the law seems to have tied itself hand and foot with rigid rules, can possess but little interest for any one but the lawyer, and I will therefore spare my lay reader the history of the scattered statutes and decisions which have defined and enlarged a very little the few rights which during this period were given to this unfortunate heiress to mediæval superstition. A short reference to the four great authorities which mark the successive periods down to the Revolutionary War will be necessary to the completeness of my paper.

The reign of Henry II gives us the commentary of Glanville. From him I select as follows: The husband as guardian took all the rents and profits of his wife's real estate, but only in her right: "*Mariti mulierum quarumcunque nihil de hereditate uxorum suarum donare possunt sine consensu heredum suarum, vel de jure ipsorum heredum aliquid remittere possunt, nisi in vita sua.*" The husband had, therefore,

no post-coverture rights in his wife's lands. The right of a woman to hold land once admitted, the jealous regard of feudalism for inheritable blood would encourage and protect it. Dower at the church-door, a relic of which still exists in the Episcopal marriage service, "With all my worldly goods I thee endow," remained substantially as the combination of the *weotuma* and *morgengifu* of the Saxons, but the legal dower we find limited to one third. The argument for the position of the wife had now become "*quia cum mulier ipsa plene in potestate viri sui de jure fit*": therefore he shall take advantage of her helpless position by appropriating to himself every valuable interest with which the wife may be able to part. A change, indeed, from the generous rules of the conquered race! Another century gone, and the Saxon idea of separate existence has succumbed to the overpowering influence of Church and state, and it is now sounding from every court-room over England's lands that husband and wife are but one person. Here is knotted the tightest cord about the Englishwoman. Under the guidance of Bracton we are introduced to a most radical expression of this idea. With a comical lack of gallantry he declares that "*femina magis doli capax quam masculus.*" Feudalism had now been allowed to bear its natural fruit. "*Sunt idem corpus,*" says the same writer, "*et eadem caro, vir et uxor*"; and again, "*Sunt quasi unica persona, quia caro una et sanguis unus.*" The posture of the law in regard to the life-estate of the husband in his wife's lands, conditioned on the birth of issue, had now been boldly taken, in regard to which issue our learned writer wisely declares, "*Aut vocem aut clamorem dimiserint, quod audiat inter quatuor parietes,*" and some one has answered, "Forsooth the child may be born dumb!" We are immediately struck with the fact that this "curtesy," afterward so called, has no place in our general scheme of development. How it originated, how it could be consistently defended in connection with the idea of inheritance, for what purpose it was established, all these questions have suggested themselves, and seem to have eluded the most careful investigation. Mr. Kenny quotes from Glanville to prove that with the later Saxons it was not uncommon for the wife to make some present to her husband, on marriage, as we have seen the custom obtained among the Germans, citing the passage, "*Promittit se ducendum in uxorem mulierem, et ei maritragium promittitur ex parte mulieris.*" How the interest ever became an indefeasible life-estate is beyond my comprehension.

There can be no doubt that very soon after the Conquest the rule was established that the personal estate of the wife passed absolutely to

the husband, as a gift, on marriage. In this respect was the idea of legal unity fully realized, as it doubtless would have been in regard to lands, if other considerations had not intervened. In regard to the legal capacity of the wife there is little to be said. That a testament has never been allowed to the Anglo-Norman wife is beyond question. She never owned any personal estate, and a will of real estate was unknown before the "statute of wills," in the reign of Henry VIII, which was construed by a subsequent statute to expressly exclude married women. It is somewhat harder to know exactly where to place her disability to contract. Certainly it is absurd to trace it to the idea of a despotism exercised over the wife, as Mr. Blackstone is satisfied with doing, as that is being guilty of explaining an effect by a cause which is itself a near effect. There can be no doubt that the Saxon wife could incur separate liabilities. Therefore, we must seek for this general restriction in the history of Feudalism, where we find it in the fact that the wife had nothing whatever which might furnish consideration for a contract, or against which execution might issue in case she committed a breach of it. Her body, her services, and earnings, her property, were all her husband's. There is no account of a married woman ever having been allowed to enter a court-room alone, and not until late in the middle ages was she allowed entrance even with the joinder of her husband or trustee—a restriction which arose partly from causes enumerated, and partly from the fact that in return for her possessions such liabilities as she had incurred before marriage were thrown on his shoulders.

All these facts are found fully embodied in the law of England, as represented by the famous commentary of Littleton, to Coke's equally famous translation and annotation of which I refer my reader. The learned commentator illustrates the idea of unity by the since well-known provision that, if a gift be made to A and B, husband and wife, and C, it will be construed as a gift of an undivided half to A and B, and a half to C. Before this time, however, trusts and marriage settlements began to make their appearance, and were immediately seized upon by society to insure to the wife a property which should be absolutely invulnerable against the husband's spoliation. What neater illustration do we want of the strangely misplaced obstinacy of the common law? It was written in the books that the idea of unity in marriage, recognized by the law, absolutely forbade the wife to hold estate away from the control of her husband. Men were beginning to see the injustice of a rule based upon a romance seldom realized in every-day life. The time had been when the bliss of

ignorance had made the woman glory in her insignificance. This period was then gradually, as it is now with a mighty stride, passing into history. Sensible members of society saw it all plainly enough, and with the introduction of equitable estate found a means of abrogating the whole common-law idea, and of rebelling against such historical paradoxes. But the lawyer was deaf and blind. Such was the wisdom of those who watched over the liberties of England. *O vos inductissimi hominum doctissimum!*

We are now brought to a close of the short history we have attempted, and I propose now to state briefly the condition of the law as it was received from the mother country by the thirteen original colonies at the time of their separation, confining myself to broad, general principles which will be perfectly intelligible to the most unprofessional observer.

Upon marriage, the husband took all his wife's personal property, absolutely, with full power to use and dispose of it, and he took all the rents and profits of her real estate, but could not make an absolute sale of it. If issue was born alive during coverture he took a life-estate in the wife's estates of inheritance. He was liable for all her debts contracted before marriage, and was liable for all her contracts made during coverture as his agent; among them, contracts to procure for herself the necessaries of life. He was also held liable on all actions for damages against his wife, whether the right accrued before or during coverture.

The wife became, on marriage, entitled to a life-estate in one third of all the estates of inheritance of which her husband was seized at any time during coverture, to be enjoyed in case she should survive him. She also had a right to a reasonable share of the personal estate which he owned at the time of his death. She was not allowed to make a will, nor any contract binding herself or her property, except in regard to her separate estate, which she might bind in equity by a contract referring to it. She could not release her right to dower, except by a contract made before marriage by way of settlement or jointure.

So ran the law of the colonies, when the chisel of independent legislation began its work.

II. In endeavoring to offer a general statement of the law of husband and wife as it now stands in the United States, I must ask for the intelligent assistance of my reader to supply the many omissions which must necessarily occur in so limited a space. It will be simply impossible to obtain any but the most unthorough and superficial view of a subject of which I have before ventured the remark that no one branch of the

law is so complicated or so incapable of analysis. No two States of the Union have taken exactly similar positions; and, therefore, general statements may often come far short of the truth, unless, as I have suggested, my reader will supply my deficiencies.

It is not unusual for writers on constitutional law to cite, as one of the minor causes which led to the American Revolution, the great differences in the organic law, which were soon established by colonial acts, between our own and our mother country. However collateral we may believe this circumstance to be to the issue stated, the fact is none the less striking that the colonial governments, early in their history, struck many hard blows at the venerated traditions and superstitions of the common law of England. For evident reasons, our forefathers were enabled, in their legislative assemblies, to act independently of the many historical influences which haunted the British courts. But it should be no matter for surprise, if we do not find very radical changes in the family law among the first reforms. Added to the restraint which no little reverence for immemorial customs imposed, was that intense conservatism which every free people evinces in regard to alterations in the domestic relations. So it happens that we find that while, in many departments, the colonists thrust rudely aside legal notions which were almost sacred to the Englishman, yet, in the special one under consideration, positions even more unreasonable were boldly taken and maintained throughout the colonies and subsequent States, until near the middle of the present century. The wave of legislative reform which swept over the country between 1840 and 1850 found hardly a single important alteration in the status of the law; a noteworthy fact among a people whose intolerance of sentimental paradoxes is of universal reputation.

It would seem to the ordinary observer to be no difficult matter for a Legislature, in instituting a reform of the law of husband and wife, in a few simple words to confer rights and remove disabilities, and he probably regards with some amazement the hopeless tangle of the subject. The trouble has been, that legislation has refused to take more than one step at a time; it has couched its remedy for a special trouble in general and ambiguous terms, and then the iron-clad rule has been applied, which requires all legislation in derogation of the common law to be strictly construed.

But, to come to our task of stating the present condition of the law. It may be laid down as a general rule, with a few disgraceful exceptions, that all the advanced States of the Union secure the property of the wife to her separate use, and protect it from her husband's debts. In almost

all the States the wife is forbidden to bind herself by any personal contract, while she is allowed to bind her sole and separate estate in equity as if unmarried. The old common-law liability of the husband for his wife's antenuptial debts is generally retained, as well as the right to curtesy in his wife's lands. The wife's dower and personalty rights remain unchanged, but she can release them by a simple deed. The husband is still liable for his wife's wrongs, whether committed before or after marriage. The wife is allowed to enter into trade to a limited extent, and to make contracts binding on her as a trader.

There are endless variations of these general rules, which have filled many a heavy volume, but it is not within the province of my paper to attempt any further elaboration.

III. If my reader's patience has carried him with me thus far, he will be prepared to join me, I think, in some simple conclusions which seem to flow naturally from our previous examination. The non-existence of the wife as a legal person and her legal incapacity were the natural fruit of the position of utter insignificance given her by circumstances which are plainly no longer in existence. The idea of *force*, which formed the basis of all the earlier civilizations, would alone confer this character on the daughter, and, for manifest reasons, strengthen it in the wife; but also the seclusion of women, that children might be born in lawful wedlock, acted to give the wife the character of a slave or mistress rather than that of a companion or partner. When education began to spread among the more advanced nations, the idea of female weakness of body had given birth to a similar idea in regard to her mind, and resulted in the woman's being debarred from any mental training which could help her to assert the position to which later history has shown she is entitled. Recent developments of society have been in rebellion against the narrow and unreasonable restrictions of the early law, and have tended to allow her fairer opportunities of education, and to encourage her feeling of independence, both as an adult daughter and a wife; but remedial legislation, following the prejudices of the common law, has failed to effect a complete cure, and should proceed to finish the good work which it has only begun. Taking this last conclusion for my proposition, I enter now upon a fuller examination of its bearings.

An analysis of the logical syllogism presented in the common-law principles mentioned early in my paper as the usual guides of the commentator, will be first attempted. Three separate arguments appear, ending in the general conclusion of legal unity in marriage, the last two of which obtain their minor premise from the conclusion of the one next preceding each, thus:

(A.) To allow of two supreme wills in the household would tend to promote family dissensions and legal complexities, which are to be discouraged; but to allow the wife a legal position would allow of two wills, and would therefore promote family dissensions.

(B.) To take away the wife's freedom of will is to take away her capacity, in the eye of the law, for independent action; but she is deprived of this freedom of will to discourage family dissensions, and is therefore incapable of independent action.

(C.) To take away the wife's capacity for independent action is to destroy her legal existence, which for the convenience of society must be represented by her husband; but her capacity is taken away, hence *legal unity*.

It will be noticed now that, if we deny the major premise of the first argument, the whole syllogism falls. This I am prepared to do most emphatically. Where is the reason in declaring that two strong wills can not unite to advantage in the pursuit of a common interest? Take any ordinary partnership where three or four supreme, and it may be equal, wills unite in a common endeavor—is the union found fruitful of strife? Much more, then, ought husband and wife, bound up as their lives are by all the ties which human affection can invent, to be able to dwell together in harmony, without the necessity of putting one under the feet of the other. Says Sir Thomas Smith, a sixteenth-century worshiper of common-law idols: "The naturalist and first conjunction of two toward the making a further continuance of society, is of husband and wife, each having care of the family; the man to get, to travel abroad, and to defend; the wife to save, to stay at home, and to distribute that which is gotten for the nurture of the family and children; which to maintain, God has given to man greater wit, better strength, better courage to compel the woman by *force* or reason to obey; and to the woman beauty, fair countenance, and sweet words, to make the man obey her again for love." How cruel and absurd even the sentimental side of the old-fashioned law appears, when the truth is told! It would certainly open Sir Thomas's eyes to see a cultivated woman of our day, with her clear, cool judgment, her strong, practical knowledge of things and people, her refined independence, and her robust constitution, which is the fruit of a natural out-of-doors life with an abundance of healthful exercise. Hemphill, a Texan Chief Justice, in the course of an opinion, says: "The staunchest advocates of *merger* during the existence of marriage can not assert that the sex of itself disqualifies a female from being the head of a family. Even the common law, hostile as it is to the rights of married

women, confers on a single woman, or spinster as she is termed, the civil rights and capacities of a man. She requires no guardian to protect her person or property. In legal contemplation and in fact she is capable of managing and disposing of her possessions and interests prudently and advantageously." It is true that no society, no partnership, no union of two or more wills can be made harmonious or effective without the presence of certain *mutual* concessions, and the recognition of certain *mutual* restrictions on that freedom of will which is possible to be had in sole endeavors, and I will freely admit that the union of husband and wife is no exception. I flatly deny that this fact furnishes any reason for placing the wife in any *different* legal position from that of her husband. Why, for example, should any restriction be placed on the wife's capacity to contract, which is not placed also upon the husband's? Why should the wife be forbidden to use and dispose of her property as she pleases, and the husband be allowed to be almost untrammelled? But of this hereafter.

Let us revert now for a moment to the position of the States upon this subject, and see what alterations our views would suggest. In the beginning let it be said that our laws of coverture are no longer susceptible of any consistent logical interpretation. The American lawyer is estopped for ever from explaining any rule of marriage by any of the barren principles of the common law. There is an explanation of this strange paradox. "Once embody law in a code," is the prophecy of Maine, "and development on any previous line becomes impossible." Reform, therefore, may be contemplated with a reasonable disregard of present rules. As Spencer would tell us, the sole object is to make the position of the married woman "in harmony with her environment." A single instance will give us an idea of how far our legislation has regarded this rule. At common law, the husband, having possession or control of all the wife's property, was held liable for her antenuptial debts. To-day we are presented in most of our States with the following delightful *non sequitur*:—*because the husband has no assignable interest whatsoever in his wife's property, therefore he must pay all her debts contracted before marriage.*

I can best bring the subject before us by drafting an imaginary act of Assembly. The reform which I would suggest might appear before a Legislature as follows:

SECTION 1. *Be it enacted by the General Assembly, etc., That on and after the ratification of this act, "a married woman shall be capable of holding, acquiring, aliening, devising, or bequeathing her real and personal estate, of con-*

tracting, suing and being sued as if she were a single woman."*

SEC. 2. That no persons married after the ratification of this act shall have any rights whatsoever in each other's property, either during or after coverture, except such as shall be created under the following section of this act, such as are claimed by inheritance, and such as may be created by special agreement or by devise or bequest.

SEC. 3. That on the death of either husband or wife intestate, the survivor shall be entitled to share equally with the heirs and representatives of the deceased in all the real and personal property owned by him or her at his or her death.

Let us proceed now to inquire into the reasons for and against the passage of our assumed act. I shall endeavor to state fully and fairly the objections which occur to me. Conservatism will of course offer, in objection to the first section, its general plea that it is too radical; that its adoption would tend to destroy that community of interest which is so essential to the harmony of the household; that if the wife be allowed the rights of trading, of disposing of her property *ad libitum*, of incurring separate obligations, and even of entering into partnership with third parties, the true end of marriage will be missed, and its ethical character be lost. The old contention will be made by some, that the only way to make the husband and wife pull together is to place the latter somewhat at the mercy of the former, and, in return, to lay her obligations at his door. It is feared that, if this strong individuality be given to the wife, and responsibilities are equally divided between her and her husband, a feeling of mutual independence will be encouraged which may engender family troubles, and open the door to more frequent divorce. It is said, also, that greater license may be given to fraud in the dealings of husband and wife with third parties, for the reason that the private relations of husband and wife are such that it will allow each to throw responsibilities on the other by agreement, and thus impede, and often evade, the administration of justice. Objections which appear still more forcible may be urged against the remaining sections of the act. It is complained that, in effect, the wife will be deprived of every means of support from her husband, both during and after coverture; that she is denied entrance into the lucrative trades and professions, and that, even if she were not, her physical disabilities as a married woman are such that she is precluded from earning money to lay by for her widowhood, and that, therefore,

if her husband is not bound to maintain her and provide for her survival, he may throw her shiftless on society. Not even will the husband's post-coverture rights be without their supporters. They may be defended, perhaps, on the ground that they afford him only a fair compensation for his trouble and expense in maintaining his wife and children! Let us consider these objections specifically, in connection with the position taken by the American courts.

Above and beyond all other objections is the one which charges that the ethical character will be lost to marriage if the wife be given a position due to a reasonable and intelligent being. I can not resist the belief that the whole trouble here is in a confusion between the personal, mental relations of the parties and their outward relations to the world. Exactly what the great Apostle to the Gentiles meant when he said that husband and wife should be one flesh, and that the wife should be subject to the husband, I do not pretend to know. I do believe that there is a holy unity in a righteous marriage, which no human contract could create, and no human instrument should be able to dissolve; but is not this fact utterly foreign to the legal position of the parties? When, then, I am told that a mutual feeling of independence will be encouraged, I simply reply, Let it be so. A fair amount of it will serve to checkmate selfish and often cruel motives. If the bitterness of alienation is already in existence, no bare legal forms can repress or increase it, while, on the other hand, family harmony can not be disturbed by merely negative legal enactments. Indeed, I firmly believe—and herein lies the gist of my argument—that the constant harassing interference of husband and wife in each other's vested interests, and the constant effort which each keeps making to avoid the present legal effects of marriage on property, is one of the most fruitful causes of family discord.

It is claimed, again, that the measure will increase the opportunities for fraud, and it is argued that, as in any other partnership, they should be held liable as each other's agents. I deny the proposition, because it is only suggested by the half-reformed condition of the law, and I reject the argument because the contracts of husband and wife are too general to be referred to any particular partnership purposes. Once have it understood that each party to the union is to be held separately liable for his or her individual engagements, and notice is given to the world to be on its guard.

And now for the objection which is made to removing the wife's right of support and her dower interest. It is pleaded that she is not permitted, and may not be physically able, to sustain herself if her husband should choose to leave her

* An exact reproduction of the principal clause of the English "Married Woman's Property Act," as originally brought in (33 and 34 Vic., cap. 93).

shiftless. Stated in the plain, simple language of truth, the meaning of this objection is, that our women are called upon to perform no other duties in the world than as housekeepers and nurses, and for these labors it is the business of the men to pay their expenses. Granting the truth of this view, and regarding the question simply from the standpoint of the convenience of society, I claim that this end may be obtained, with much less complication, by taking advantage of the antenuptial agreement. Perhaps it would detract a little from the romance of an engagement, if the "yes" were always preceded by an inquiry into the amount of marriage settlement which would be forthcoming, but it would interfere with many an ill-advised match. Surely no parent or guardian would deserve the character of ordinary caution, who would give away a penniless woman in marriage with nothing but the poor reliance of her dower, which modern society has contrived to make doubly uncertain for the wife, while it has left untouched all its embarrassing restrictions on the husband's transactions with the outside world. But it is a false and unnatural condition of things which allows a woman to marry before she is able to pay her way. Give her half a chance to support herself, and a strong practical training to stand by her, and she will doubtless earn enough not only to pay the expenses of a housekeeper, to whom she can resign the petty labors to which she is now bound, but to contribute somewhat to the family treasure.

So much for particular objections and answers to them. Consider now some of the positive beneficial results of our act. First, and chiefly, the rules of coverture would be simplified to a most extraordinary degree. The whole mass of tangled, inconsistent legislation, which makes even the lawyer stand aghast, would be swept away, and a few simple, rational, and *mutual* restrictions substituted therefor, within the comprehension of the most unlettered rustic. Men would no longer be leaping in the dark in selling to the married woman, and her equity rights would lose

their significance and disappear, with all their annoying complications. The husband's property would pass freely into trade, without the provoking incident of dower. The valuable estate of the wife would be taken from its seclusion and made to circulate in the channels of commerce, to the advantage of husband and wife and society together. The vexing problems of coverture liabilities, and the effect of divorce and other separation thereon, would find a final solution in the reference of liabilities to the party who incurred them. But, furthermore, I believe that the moral and intellectual influences which the proposed change would bring to bear upon the social position of the woman would be such as would greatly advantage her, and the society over which her great influence is exerted.

Modern civilization is gradually casting behind it the idea that strong, practical sense, and a hearty, robust constitution, are in any way inconsistent with refined ideals of womankind; and, with this once recognized, it is a sure sequence that our women will claim, deserve, and gradually succeed in obtaining, a legal position equal in all respects to that of men, and marriage will form no exception.

I here leave my subject to the thoughtful consideration of my reader. The home is no place for the trying of legal experiments which may or may not prove successful. Therefore let us pick our steps with caution. But honest conservatism is not blind obstinacy, and, at least, we may remember, and with perfect safety act in accordance with the fact, that the body of the social law is not meant to create nor contradict the historical *facts* of society, but to represent and enforce them. My conclusion is simply this: laws made in reference to menial positions accorded to married women by early civilizations, ought to be supplanted by laws consistent with, and fully recognizing, their modern elevation. When this is fairly and honestly done, women will solve the remainder of the problem for themselves.

FRANCIS KING CAREY.

ALL ALONE.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART SECOND.

VI.

DOUBLE MISTAKE.

THIS afternoon, when, a little before three o'clock, I reached Madame de Seigneulles's, her chambermaid informed me that the countess had gone out with her son, that she would not be back till late, and that she excused me for to-day. I returned by way of the Luxembourg, asking myself what I would do with my unexpected leisure. The heat was suffocating. A scorching August sun shone on the russet leaves of the chestnuts and made the slate roofs glisten like polished steel. The heat was so intense that I thought it best to return directly home, where in a loose dressing-gown, stretched out on my lounge, I could, with the aid of an English romance that greatly interested me, get through the rest of the day more agreeably than in any other way.

"Naniche has gone to do the washing *au bateau*," said I to myself as I unlocked the door, "so I shall be alone, and can devour 'Nancy' without interruption."

In my apartments, as I anticipated, all is still, and I also find them comparatively cool. They are entirely deserted except by my cat, the faithful Metete, who is asleep in an easy-chair. The windows are open, but the blinds are closed, and the lengthening shadows of the Carmelite poplars already afford me a shade that is refreshing. I take off my bonnet, and while I am loosening my hair I suddenly pause to listen. It seems to me that I hear voices on the balcony. Yes, there is a sound of voices that reaches my ears with the gentle rustling of the leaves. One of the voices is that of Madame Sabine Lobligeois, the other is clearly that of a man, and not the thin, piping voice of M. Lobligeois, who at this hour is probably hard at work at the Department of Public Worship. Nor is it the subdued and agreeably modulated voice of the abbot. I approach the window on tiptoe and look through the closed blinds.

Beside the *gradin* covered with flower-pots, Madame Lobligeois has extemporized a sort of awning of ticking, under which she has installed herself either to work or to read. The side of the awning toward me is entirely open, so that I have a full view of the lady, who is seated in an arm-chair with her back toward me, while directly before her there is a dark head with lus-

trous eyes and close-cropped hair that is well known to me. The pious Sabine is in the act of catechising M. Pascal Nau.

As it is very warm, Madame Lobligeois has put on a grenadine dress, the lining of which is cut somewhat lower than would seem to be becoming for one of her strict notions of things, while the thin texture of the material but poorly conceals the white skin of the neck and shoulders beneath.

How does it happen that the clerk should be in Rue Cassette at an hour when he knows that I am usually not at home? What is the meaning of this visit, which is clearly not intended for me, and what can the two have to say to each other? I kneel cautiously on a low chair that stands near the window, and, with my hands resting on its back, I listen. It is not a nice thing to do to play the eaves-dropper, but under certain circumstances it is hard for some natures to resist the temptation, and this is an occasion when it is too hard for mine. I am very desirous to know what is passing between my exemplary neighbor and the rustic musician of Grancey-le-Château. It is long since I first noticed the equivocal conduct of Madame Sabine Lobligeois. She ogles Pascal Nau like the tempter who, according to the Church, "seeks whom he may devour." I want to see how far she has progressed, and if the victim offers much resistance. I am not jealous of Madame Sabine, far from it, thank Heaven! But I think her proceeding highly improper.

The bland hypocrite will, doubtless, find the young savage an easy prey! It does not really concern me, I confess, and I do not propose to meddle with their affairs; still it is virtually my balcony that is the scene of their cooing, and, if he is enamored of this tall, bony brunette, he might at least find some other place for their rendezvous.

If I were really frank I should be compelled to own that I am not a little vexed, and that I have rehearsed all this in order to excuse myself for doing what I am about to do.

I listen with the greatest attention, biting my lips and hardly daring to breathe. At first I do not hear much; the lady is prudent and speaks in a low tone like one at confessional: only detached words reach me; but by the expression of Pascal's face, which I have in full view, I can see that he is already yielding to the influence of my unscrupulous neighbor. After a

little time I am able to distinguish nearly all they both say ; the rest I can divine, and here is the substance of their conversation :

"Then, if I understand you, you are not only not devout," sighs Madame Sabine, "but you are skeptical."

"Skeptical!" replies Pascal, throwing himself back in his chair. "Humph! that's a big word. Say, rather, that I am indifferent."

"That is nearly the same thing. Doubt cools the heart; indifference freezes it. How an artist, a man of imagination, can remain cold in the presence of the soul-inspiring ceremonies of the Church is what I can not understand! Have you never been moved by the holy celebration of mass?"

"Often, very often," replied Pascal; "the music frequently pleases me very much. I also like a good opera."

Madame Sabine Lobligeois, with a shrug of despair:

"You estimate things only for the pleasure they give the senses. You should also consider the satisfaction they give the heart."

"Oh, the heart!" sighs, in his turn, the clerk, thinking, perhaps, of the loving couples he has seen taking their evening promenades, arm in arm, in the garden of the Luxembourg.

"Yes, the heart," replies my neighbor (and, by Pascal's troubled look, I imagine that she gives him a languishing glance), "or, perhaps, in your skepticism you doubt that we have such a thing?"

"I doubt that we have a heart!" cries Pascal Nau, blushing like a harvest-moon; "certainly I believe we have one, for I feel that mine, when I am with certain people, beats harder than I wish it would."

Here a long pause. I would wager a trifle that the pious Sabine, at this moment, deems it expedient to modestly drop her eyes.

In the garden, yonder, the pigeons coo among the branches of the poplars, and a gentle breeze bears even to our balcony the refreshing odors of the lilac and the jasmine. I know not whether it is to this influence that the animation of Madame Lobligeois is due, but, by the movement of her shoulders, I argue that her respiration is materially increased. She presses one hand to her bosom, as though she would quiet its movements, then she resumes:

"Indeed! and yet I doubt whether you are capable of a serious attachment, for," she adds, sentimentally, "as a great poet says, 'Loving is half believing,' and you have no faith."

I can not see her face, but I am quite sure that she turns her eyes heavenward till nothing but the white is visible. I know the tactics of the woman, and, besides, her movements are re-

flected in the physiognomy of the big yokel of a Pascal Nau.

"How, madame! In order to love is it necessary to believe and to be devout? I have always understood that the Church discountenanced love."

"Profane love, yes; but spiritual love, the pure and spiritual love of two hearts—ah!" she coos, as she places her hand on her breast, "if I can believe an inward voice, such a sentiment Heaven permits, or at least excuses."

"By talking of love we learn to love," Pascal says—not Pascal, the bumpkin, who sits here before me, but the Pascal of the "Pensées." The passage in the chapter on the "Passions" comes to my mind as I contemplate the face of M. Plumerel's second clerk.

It is evident that he begins to slip on the dangerous declivity on which this pious siren has craftily led him. A suspicion of red covers his sunburned cheeks; his eyes glisten, and his half-smiling lips wear that vague, languishing expression, gaping and uncertain, which we see on the faces of men whom a luxurious dinner has beguiled into a state of sweet forgetfulness. His look has suddenly become bolder, and his voice has gained in tone and assurance.

"What you tell me, madame," he replies, "almost gives me a desire to become a convert."

"And why not?" replies Sabine, assuming an air of inspiration. "Why not return to the faith of your childhood? I am sure that you were reared in the fear of Heaven. In order to lead you back to the right path it is only necessary that you should be guided and sustained by a tender and devoted affection that will take the place of that of a mother."

"A tender affection!" half soliloquized Pascal. "Ay, ay, that would be a clover with four leaves, but it is not given to me to find it; at least I see no prospect of finding it very soon."

"Who knows—who knows?" sighs the lady, in a tone just audible.

"In all Paris, there is not a soul who takes the slightest interest in me."

"If you are not blinded by your incredulity, in looking about you you will see at least one person who does."

"I should be very glad to know that person," he replies, with a skeptical sigh.

"You know her already," says Sabine, lowering her voice.

"Is it a lady, then?" he asks, in a hesitating tone.

"Certainly."

"Young?"

"Young."

"And you say I know her?" he ventures to ask. "And—and have I ever spoken with her?"

"You have, very often."

Pascal becomes purple. There is a moment of silence, interrupted only by the chirping of the sparrows in the garden. A deep sigh escapes from the breast of Madame Lobligeois.

"And this lady," he stammers, "takes an interest in me, you say?"

"Very great; she takes, indeed, the very deepest sympathy in you."

"She loves me?" he asks, and his face becomes radiant.

"She loves you; but as a sister—loves you with a chaste affection, as pure as it is tender."

"And," stammers the delighted clerk, "she has authorized you to tell me this?"

Sabine Lobligeois straightens up with an impatient movement, which seems to intimate that her interlocutor is dull of comprehension.

"My word, I think, ought to suffice. And then," she adds, with a sigh, "you ought, before now, to have seen it in her eyes."

The serpent! Pascal becomes more and more bewildered; he is not used to such conversations, and he swallows every insidious word like the liquor that intoxicates with pleasant dreams.

"Had I?" the bumpkin replies, with a kind of voluptuous satisfaction. "Well, I never have, I assure you."

"That is because you have not noticed"—and she looks him full in the face, throwing all the phosphorescence into the expression of her eyes that she is mistress of. Pascal has meanwhile approached so near to her that their heads nearly touch. It is scandalous! And now, in a tone tremulous with emotion, he says:

"Oh, yes, I have noticed, but I am like St. Thomas, I still doubt, and I beg that you will go further and tell me her name."

"You ask too much," she simpers as she lays her hand on Pascal's arm; then she adds:

"Guess!"

It is high time for me to interrupt them. I seize the cord that raises the Venetian blind—brrrr, brrr!—the slats come together with a great noise, and I appear at the open window like an apparition.

It is a veritable *coup de théâtre*. Pascal springs to his feet and knocks over three or four flower-pots; Sabine Lobligeois utters a cry of terror, rises and turns toward me.

"Madame," I say calmly, "I think M. Lobligeois has just come in."

She changes color slightly, bites her lips, tries to annihilate me with a look, and, passing rudely before Pascal Nau without even looking at him, she prudently enters the conjugal domicile.

Pascal would be an interesting subject for a painter. He seems petrified, like the statue of

Lot's wife; his arms hang limp at his sides, his mouth is half open, and his close-cropped hair looks as though it stood up with amazement.

Ashamed and confused, he drops his eyes and hardly ventures to so much as glance at me. With an imperious gesture I intimate to him that he shall enter my apartments. He obeys slowly, and in his bewilderment runs his head against the Venetian blind, and then, when he has entered, he presents such a comical appearance as he stands in the middle of the room, silent and abashed, that it is with difficulty I can repress a smile.

"I am really sorry to interrupt you," I say; "I was not aware that you are in the habit of visiting Madame Lobligeois."

"It was not her I came to see, but you," he replies, humbly.

"In that case you chose a strange hour, since you supposed I was never at home between four and seven o'clock."

"Very true, madame, but I had some copying to bring you, and I profited by an errand I had *au Palais* to come to you. I thought I should be here before four o'clock, but, as I have no watch, I made a mistake in the hour. I rang your bell, and was about to go away, when Madame Lobligeois came out and invited me to enter her apartments to wait."

"To wait for what? You had no reason for supposing I should return before seven o'clock. Why did you not leave your papers with Madame Lobligeois and go your way?"

"That is what I intended to do, but Madame Lobligeois pressed me not to be in haste in such an amiable manner—"

"Humph! she is very amiable, very; in fact, I think her amiability goes a great way for one of her strict notions of things."

And while I speak I drum nervously with my fingers on the marble mantel-piece.

"Then you yielded to her importunities in order simply not to disoblige her, if I understand you?"

"Yes, at first, and then," he continues with a faint smile, "I had another motive."

"Ah! and may one know what the other motive was?"

"Everybody tells me that I am ignorant of the ways of the world, which is true. When I am in the society of some ladies, I lose all my self-possession, and feel so uncomfortable that I sometimes wish myself at the other end of the world. Well, as Madame Lobligeois is not one of those imposing persons who frighten you just by looking at you, I was not sorry to have an opportunity to chat a little with her, in order to improve my manners."

"So you are ambitious to become a man of

the world?" (and I measure him from head to foot with an ironic smile). "Well, you have a good deal to do, my dear fellow."

"I know I have," he replies, humbly; "but everything has a beginning, and I thought it would be easier to begin with Madame Lobligeois."

"Humph! your explanation certainly has one merit, that of being ingenuous; but do you know it is not to me you should tell these things. Judging from what I heard, you found your first lesson very interesting, and the time did not seem at all long to you."

Pascal blushed deeply.

"Were you there long?" he stammers, anxiously.

"For at least a good half-hour."

"And you heard our conversation?"

"Distinctly. It was very edifying. You did honor to your instructress, and followed most dutifully in the path she pointed out to you."

"What path?" cries Pascal, stretching open his honest eyes.

"Oh, don't try to mislead me with this innocent look!" I reply, with an incredulous shrug. "At your age the simplicity you affect is not at all becoming, and when a woman makes to you such declarations—"

"Declarations—to me?" he cries.

"Heaven bless us! I think she expressed herself clearly enough when she spoke of the affection, as 'pure as it is tender,' of a certain person, and of her eyes, which ought already to have revealed it to you. That was not Hebrew, surely. It seemed to me, in fact, in consideration of your rusticity, she made everything exceedingly clear."

"What! You don't mean to say that Madame Lobligeois spoke of herself?"

"And of whom else did you suppose she spoke?"

"Good Heavens!" cried the ill-starred and thoroughly affrighted Pascal; "I don't know how to tell you about it, but I entirely misunderstood her. I don't love this Madame Lobligeois; far from it, I assure you."

"Why did you listen, then, when she talked to you about love, pure and tender, and I don't know what all?"

"Would you really like to know?" he asks, with the air of one who has been crowded to the wall. "Well, what she said seemed to intoxicate me, and an hallucination, an insane idea, took possession of me. I imagined—I see now how idiotic it was, but there are moments when the wisest lose their common sense—I imagined that Madame Lobligeois spoke of some one else, of the only person for whom I have a deep affection. In a word," he stammers, as he wipes the per-

spiration from his forehead, "I listened because I thought she spoke of you."

"Of me! What! You got it into your head that I—?"

"Alas! yes," he sighs, piteously.

"Oh, this is too much! Did anybody ever? Are you mad? Leave me, leave me! *Bon soir!*"

I open the door, and the poor fellow, being glad to get away, leaves me without a word, or even a look, with his head bowed down and so humbled that I could not help but pity him.

VII.

WHAT WILL BE SAID OF IT?

THE immediate consequence of my disturbing the *tête-à-tête* of Pascal and Madame Lobligeois was to disturb my friendly relations with my neighbor. Since my sudden apparition on the balcony, Madame Lobligeois has given me the cold shoulder. She does not pardon me for having sprung the trap just as she thought the victim was about to enter, and the resentment of the devotee, caught in the very act of committing a mortal sin, is probably increased by a violent paroxysm of feminine jealousy. She judges me by herself, and thinks I am desirous of making a conquest of Pascal Nau. Hence a settled hatred which has already manifested itself in a commencement of hostilities—in sneers, ugly insinuations, petty annoyances; she improves every opportunity to make herself disagreeable. When her children evince a desire to come to me, she calls them in a tone as though she feared that they were in danger of contamination. Her servant invents all manner of little annoyances to enrage poor Naniche. Indeed, she has managed to prejudice even the porter and his family against me, as I can easily see in their changed manner toward me and my servant. It is now some months that I have been the victim of this petty persecution, and, as patience is not one of my salient virtues, I begin to chafe under it.

My first impulse, after the scene on the balcony, was to deny myself to Pascal Nau, but the conduct of Madame Sabine made me reconsider my determination. The ridiculous suspicions of my neighbor begat a spirit of bravado in me, and, prompted by a feeling made up of equal parts of defiance and commiseration, I received Pascal when he returned, all contrition and timidity, to bring me another batch of papers to copy.

The spirit of contradiction would have to be the very foundation of feminine nature, if, on this occasion, I had refused to listen to the most rudimentary counsels of prudence. Although the clerk has become the most reserved and discreet

of visitors, it is only too evident that he has taken it into his rustic head to love me. I see it in the inflections of his voice, in his look and his slightest movements. His whole person exhales an odor of love, which ought to inspire me with that fear that is the beginning of wisdom, but, despite all that, I persist in exposing myself to the danger that threatens, from a wanton desire to be disagreeable to my neighbor.

When Pascal Nau comes to see me, I never fail to make him sit down to the piano and play his latest compositions; this yields, like the fable of "Bertrand and Raton," double profits:

"First, it does me good, and then it harms my neighbor."

The music seems to me less dangerous than that of the hazards of conversation.

And yet, when Pascal is gone, when I close the piano and give a moment to serious reflection, a small voice speaks to me in tones severe and distinct:

"And are you quite sure, Geneviève, that you are prompted only by a spirit of contradiction? Is there not something else in the pleasure that Pascal's music gives you? And the musician, is he nothing in the matter? While M. Plumerel's clerk plays his compositions for you, you play a very dangerous game, young woman: you are not made of any different clay from the other descendants of Eve. Confess, frankly, that you have a very tender regard for this rustic composer."

The truth is that, when I am honest with myself, I am compelled to own that the unworthy desire to annoy Madame Lobligeois has but little to do with the pleasure I derive from the visits of Pascal Nau. I am not vindictive, and it is long since the vexing of Madame Lobligeois would have ceased to give me any satisfaction, if that were the only pleasure I derived from the visits and the music of the young rustic. There is something else, and I know not what, that seems to me at once charming and threatening. It is Musset, I think, who has said: "There is nothing so dangerous as a homely neighbor; seeing her every day results, sooner or later, in our eventually thinking her handsome." I begin to think that the same is true of an assiduous visitor. Since August, the visits of Pascal Nau have been remarkably regular. Three times a week I can count on him with certainty, between the hours of one and two o'clock, and I have long looked forward to his coming with real pleasure. I recognize his ring, and wait for it, not unfrequently, with almost feverish impatience. The entire autumn has passed thus. Winter has come, and the rainy and foggy days seem to me less cheerless than those of last year. I feel less alone now than then.

I don't know whether the manner of my bumpkin is improved or not, but certain it is that he appears to me far less awkward than he used to; in my eyes, in fact, his rusticity has quite disappeared, or at least there remains only the odor of it, which may be compared to the somewhat rank odor of wild plants, that gives them their special charm. Is it Parisian civilization that transforms Pascal, or is it my peasant-blood coming to the surface? It seems to me that the inequalities between us disappear, and that, in their stead, certain affinities are established. We converse with each other but little, and our conversation is never very animated, either because the clerk is not a great talker, or because we are both careful in the choice of subjects. He usually avails himself of the first pretext that offers, after his arrival, to sit down at the piano and play. The moment his fingers are on the keyboard, Pascal becomes another man. Therein he resembles the nightingale, who is never beautiful except when he sings. Music transfigures him. Then he is no longer the clerk of M. Plumerel, with his unkempt hair, his slop-shop clothes, and stammering speech, but a sylvan escaped from his native wood, still intoxicated by the forest saps which are exhaled in melodies, now murmuring and tender, like a gentle breeze among the leaves, and now wild and passionate, like the forces of nature in spring.

Seated in my blue arm-chair, with my eyes half closed, I listen and enjoy. The fire crackles softly, and a bouquet of violets on my table fills the room with a faint odor. I feel myself so profoundly happy that I do not dare to stir, and, when the music ceases, I am so moved that I do not venture to speak, lest the tones of my voice betray my emotion.

Does he notice my agitation? I can not tell. He generally stammers out three or four words that are intended as a good-by salutation, takes his hat, and hastens away. When he is gone, I return to my arm-chair, and, with my hands over my eyes, I think, or rather I dream, and my dreams trouble me almost as much as the music.

Can this really be love? Has it, indeed, come to that after all my good resolutions? At all events, this is not a very dangerous love, since it is carefully concealed by both of us. Pascal is too timid and I am too proud and reserved to even give it breath.

I was reflecting on all these things this morning, seated at the corner of the fire, when the Abbot Micault came in, at the hour of *déjeuner*. It was his class-day at Bossuet school, and, as I expected him, Naniche had prepared his favorite dish—small sausages broiled. When it made its appearance in my little dining-room, smoking hot and exhaling a most appetizing odor, I noticed,

to my great stupefaction, that his nostrils did not dilate nor his eyes sparkle as they are wont to do with a similar prospect. He seemed thoughtful, almost worried, and his face wore the expression it does on those days when he is in bad humor.

"What is the matter, Monsieur l'Abbé?" I asked, after having discovered that he handled his food as though he did not relish it. "Is the sausage not broiled to your taste?"

"Quite, my child—quite; but I have not my usual appetite."

"Are you ill?"

"Physically, no; morally, yes," he replied, with a laconism that is not at all like him.

"Why, what has happened to you?" I inquired anxiously.

"Nothing—to me personally, at least."

He said no more, and continued to eat with a preoccupied air, giving breath, every few minutes, to a profound sigh.

Even when Naniche poured out his coffee, the gravity of his mien remained unchanged. When the servant left the room, he carried his cup mechanically to his lips, then, replacing it suddenly in his saucer, and looking toward the door to assure himself that we were alone, he said, in a low, earnest tone, as though he were finishing an elaborate sermon:

"Now, tell me frankly, my child, don't you think this young man comes here a little too often?"

The question, flung at me in this manner, took me so by surprise that I looked at him like one just fallen from the clouds.

"What young man?"

"M. Pascal Nau, of course," he replied, looking at me sharply. "I do not suppose there are others."

"But M. Pascal does not come here any oftener than he has long been in the habit of coming," I answered, blushing deeply. "He brings me law papers to copy, as he has done for now nearly a year, and this is the first time, Monsieur l'Abbé, that you have objected to the frequency of his visits. What is there in them so very reprehensible?"

"Nothing, for me, who know you; but much for the world, that judges from appearances."

"The world! What world? I know no one, and I care little for what strangers think."

"Not so. The opinion of the public is always of importance, and a woman in your position is compelled to be more on her guard than others, and you ought not to think it strange if the frequent visits of a young man to a young woman, separated from her husband, should be commented upon uncharitably. They may be—wrongfully, I admit—made the subject of scandal by the servants and the neighbors—"

With this last word a light burst upon me. I sprang from my chair, and cried out: "Ah, the neighbors! That means Madame Lobligeois. She is shocked, is she? I see—I see!"

"I name no one," replied the good abbot, taking a sip of coffee; "but I should neglect what I deem a duty, were I to conceal from you the fact that the matter is made the subject of remark in your neighborhood, and, as you can easily imagine, to your disadvantage."

"Madame Sabine Lobligeois!—the devout, the immaculate Madame Lobligeois!" I replied, with a shrug. "She would be avenged for my surprising her in an attempt to fascinate M. Pascal."

"What's that you tell me?—my child, what's that you tell me?" cried the abbot.

"I tell you the truth, and, if I had not come upon them just when I did, Heaven knows where the *tête-à-tête* would have ended! M. Lobligeois little dreams how much he is my debtor!"

"Tut! tut! my child; you should be careful what you say."

"Say rather that she should be. I speak but what I know."

"She is in the wrong, I am sure; but the faults of one do not excuse the imprudence of another, and in receiving this young man so frequently you can not deny that you have been imprudent. The young man is twenty-five, you are twenty-eight; you are both human, and I know no reason for thinking either of you proof against temptation any more than others. The heart often speaks before reason has time to impose silence; and in your position—"

"My position!" I cried. "My position is absurd!"

"It is what the will of God and the laws of men have made it."

"Your laws! pretty things they are, truly! Because I have been unrighteously married to a man who does not care a straw for me, your laws condemn me to remain alone and without affection all my life on pain of scandalizing your good and pious people of Madame Lobligeois's ilk. Frankly now, on your conscience, Monsieur l'Abbé, would it not be a more humane and equitable law that allowed two badly assorted married people to sunder, for good and all, the ties that unite them only in form?"

"You know, my child, it is written, 'What God hath joined together let no man put asunder.'"

"But if the union is badly assorted, should it not be accepted as proof that God had nothing to do with it? You admit that God, whose justice and intelligence are infinite, never does things that it were better never had been done."

"Hum!" grunted the abbot, scratching his head, "your reasoning is plausible, I will not

deny. There are cases, it is true—but the Church is the only judge—and yet civil law, you know, declares the marriage tie indissoluble—”

“And that is precisely what is absurd and immoral. Confess that it would be better to allow people unwisely married and separated to sever their marriage ties, than to condemn them to drag out a miserable existence, if they are of submissive natures, or to conduct themselves badly, if they succumb to temptation.”

“These are untoward circumstances, I admit.”

“Well, if you admit the evil, you should also admit the remedy.”

“What remedy?”

“Divorce, of course.”

“Heaven forbid!” cried the abbot—“Heaven forbid!”

He seemed absolutely horrified at the thought.

“Then you are not logical, monsieur; for—”

But the abbot will not even countenance a discussion of the subject, especially as he begins to discover that the arguments of his adversary are difficult to meet.

“What’s to be gained by talking to the wind, my child?” he interrupts, ill-humoredly; “with us there is no such thing as divorce, thank Heaven! and, since you can not alter the laws, it is the part of wisdom to submit to them with the best grace possible—to yield to the exigencies of one’s position with the least possible ado. But to return to what I was saying to you at the beginning: the frequent visits of M. Pascal Nau make people talk; it is therefore your duty to request him to discontinue them. Suppose this gossip should reach the ears of the venerable Madame de Seigneulles; she has very rigid notions of the proprieties, and would hesitate to receive any one who was the object of insinuations, even though they were clearly calumnious. You run the risk, therefore, of compromising your situation with her if you defy popular prejudice. So much for the material side of the question; but there are other considerations still more important—your reputation, your peace of mind, the respect you owe yourself and public opinion. Think of these things, my child, I beg of you.”

“But,” I reply, vexed beyond measure, “how can I suddenly close my door to a worthy young man whose manner toward me has always been most respectful, to whom I am greatly indebted, and whom I shall mortify most cruelly by giving him his *congé*?”

The abbot looked at his watch, and arose.

“It is hard, I know, but necessary. Do it, my child, for yourself first; then for this young man, who appears to me to be of a nature that might be made very unhappy by an ill-advised attachment; and then also a little for me, who

give myself the appearance, in coming so frequently to you, to authorize this sin against the proprieties, which is not in my character.”

Herewith he pressed my hand and bade me good day, leaving me nervous, displeased with him and with myself, and furious toward Madame Lobligeois, toward Pascal, and the whole world. I walked to and fro in my little parlor, pushing the chairs into the corners, rearranging the knickknacks on my mantel, and venting my ill-humor on my poor furniture generally.

“This, then, is my situation,” I soliloquized; “quietly as I live and exemplary as I am, I do not escape calumny! Not even an innocent friendship is permissible. And this must be so always—always!”

At this moment the bell of the antechamber rang. It was Pascal Nau. I recognized his ring, and standing with my back to the chimney, my heart beating violently, I waited for Naniche to show him in.

VIII.

THE LAST SONG.

AS soon as he entered the room Pascal noticed that I was in ill-humor, and, as the timid are easily thrown off their balance, especially when they are in love, the manner in which I received him was sufficient to rob him of all his self-possession. He remained standing at the door, which was still ajar.

“Come in, come in and close the door,” I cried in anything but an amiable tone.

This beginning was not calculated to reassure him. He did as I bade him, however, and drew from his pocket a large roll of papers, which he proceeded to untie.

“You come most opportunely,” I continued. “The Abbot Micault has just left me, after having entertained me with you, with Madame Lobligeois, with my neighbors, the world in general, and I don’t know what all. I am sick and tired of this gossiping!”

“I beg your pardon,” stammered poor Pascal, “and I trust you will believe that I am very sorry. I bring you some more copying. It is wanted as soon as possible, but I see that I am not welcome, so I had perhaps better take it back with me.”

I had resolved to be inflexible, and, from fear of relenting, I was almost cruel.

“Yes,” I replied, “you must take it back, and bring no more.”

“What! you will do no more copying?” he cried, in a tone tremulous with emotion.

“Yes. I will no longer outrage even the

tender sensibilities of Madame Lobligeois. I am sorry to give you pain, Monsieur Pascal, but your visits are the subject, it would seem, of so many ugly remarks, that I am compelled to ask you to discontinue them."

He made no reply, but set about rolling up the bundle of papers again with a mien so sad that it quite disarmed me, and I continued in a milder tone:

"You must not be angry with me. You see my situation is not like that of other women; it prescribes very narrow limits for me, beyond which I ought never to have gone."

"I am not angry with you, madame," he sighed; "I have long felt that this could not continue. I have been too happy, and happiness and I are never companions for any length of time."

"I too am not happy," I replied. "It is hard for me to tell you that your visits must cease; it seems so unkind, so ungrateful. But it must be, and we should both try to submit to the necessary with philosophic resignation."

"I understand you, and do not complain," said he in a low tone. "Good-by!"

He had already extended his hand toward the door-knob; but, on seeing how wretched he was, I could not refrain from calling him back. It was evident that it cost him as great an effort to keep back the tears as it did me.

"Monsieur Pascal," said I, "you must not go thus. You must prove to me that you are not angry with me for the ugly reception I gave you just now. I am very desirous that we should part good friends. Before going, let me hear you play once more." While I spoke I opened the piano.

"Certainly," he replied, and the expression of his eyes showed plainly how much the proposition pleased him. He seated himself on the piano-stool, and I returned to my arm-chair.

"I have something new to play to you," said he, as he struck two or three accords.

"Something of your own?"

"No; better than that. Some Hungarian airs, *tsardds*, as they call them, that I heard the other evening *aux tsiganes*, and that I transcribed as well as I could."

He had hardly begun when I was seized with the charm of this peculiar music.

Why have all rustic songs—those of the Orient, as well as those of the North and those of our French provinces—a vein of profound melancholy running through them? If we analyze these songs of the people, we find the same indefinable sorrowful expression in them all as though the whole human race were a prey to the same *mal du pays*, tormented by the same desires and the same longings after the unknown.

The rhythm alone varies, receiving its peculiar nuance from the climate and nationality.

The melancholy of the airs that Pascal played had something in it that was peculiarly passionate and despairing. It began with a sonorous prelude that reminded you of the roar of the waves of a swollen sea. The tumultuous clash of the accords produced sounds whose penetrating sonority affected you as does the lightning on a stormy night. Then this tempest subsided to give place to a slow, veiled, broken melody of a strange, weird tonality in which there was more or less of everything—voluptuousness, despair, tenderness intermixed with smothered rage. Insensibly the traces of violence disappeared in the harmony of two or three accords, when mournful tenderness alone was heard. It was like the plaintive voice of a young herdsman in the calm of a starry night.

It was a song so passionate, so full of regrets, so impregnated with melancholy, and at the same time so perfectly in harmony with my frame of mind, that it touched the most profound emotions of my heart. Despite all my efforts to keep them back, tears filled my eyes, and, at the repetition of certain notes that I can compare to nothing but a cry of despair, I sobbed outright.

Pascal turned toward me, and, seeing my face wet with tears, he rose from the stool and threw himself at my feet.

He did not utter a word, but took my hands in his and kissed them gently, and I had not the strength to withdraw them. I was as one paralyzed by a weakness at once painful and delicious. An indescribable, melting tenderness enveloped me from head to foot, and rendered me incapable of resistance. It was when Pascal spoke that I became suddenly conscious of the peril that threatened, and that I awoke from this ecstatic torpor.

"I do so love you!" he said, in an intense, suppressed tone, as he clasped my hands.

I released myself from his grasp, arose, and with a look at once firm and melancholy, I said:

"No, no! you must leave me, and at once."

"Why do you wish to send me away?" he supplicated.

"Because—"

He did not stir, and continued to look at me with his big eyes, which never before seemed to me so handsome and expressive.

"Because," said I, kindly, "what has just happened must not happen a second time."

"I promise you to be more reasonable in future; I will come to see you at longer intervals, and will never again speak to you of—of what I spoke to you just now."

"That can not be, Monsieur Pascal," I re-

plied, resolutely; "it is better that we should see each other no more."

"No, no!" he cried. "I feel that I should not care to live if I did not see you. You have been my protection, my safeguard in this Paris, where I thought myself lost before I saw you. Without you, Heaven knows what follies I should have been guilty of! If you close your door against me, I shall, nevertheless, find means to see you in spite of you."

"You would? I should like to know how!"

"I would come to see Madame Lobligeois, where I should be likely to see you; at least I should hear you spoken of."

"Madame Lobligeois! Humph!" I replied, with a shrug.

At the same time, I imagined my musician the frequent visitor of my neighbor, and exposing himself anew to her wiles. This perspective aroused all my jealousy. I was willing to push my abnegation to the depriving myself of the visits of Pascal; but, expose him to the snares of Madame Sabine! No, the sacrifice was too great for my strength.

The spirit of opposition that was suddenly aroused in me inspired me with a resolution heroically selfish.

Anything, rather than that he should become her victim!

"If I must renounce Pascal Nau, she shall not have him," said I to myself; while the clerk, standing quite near my chair, was doubtless astonished at the suddenly tragic expression of my face.

"You are a fool, do you know that?" I continued, affecting a calm tone, that contrasted singularly with the seething condition of my blood. "The course you propose would only result in compromising me still further. Be reasonable; your love for me, supposing that it lasts, can result in nothing but in making us both miserable. M. La Guépierre stands between us, and so long as he lives I can not, as you know, be yours. On the other hand, my friendship for you is too sincere and disinterested to wish that you should squander your time playing the part of a languishing lover. You can not live always alone, and, as for Parisian life, it is not the most desirable or congenial life for you. Believe me, the best thing for you to do is to return to your native village for a year or two—"

He made a gesture of deprecation and wanted to protest, but I did not give him time to interrupt me.

"Yes, if you have any affection for me," I continued, "you will leave Paris immediately, you will return to Grancey. Your native air will do you good. You are now sufficiently advanced in your studies to go on unaided, and there, away

from the turmoil of the large city, surrounded by your family and your friends, your energies will be less divided, your imagination less hampered. There you will be able to work to some purpose."

And then, more and more urged on by the phantom of my rival next door, and more and more resolved to rescue Pascal from her clutches, I added, with a smile that was intended to hide the wound I was inflicting on myself:

"Besides—who knows?—down there you will perhaps meet some young girl whose age will be more suited to your own, whom you will love and marry, and you will lead together a quiet, happy life—"

"You are very good, madame," interrupted Pascal, sadly—"you are very good to try to render the cup less bitter, but now I see clearly that you do not love me. Well, how could you?"

I did not reply. I turned away and occupied myself with the papers and books scattered over my writing-table. There was a long and painful silence, which Pascal, taking up his hat, at last interrupted by saying:

"Well, good-by, madame. I will obey you. You will hear no more of me, much less see me."

It was with the utmost difficulty that I was able to control my feelings, but I was resolved to hold out to the end, and I replied, in a tone into which I forced myself to a gladdened accent:

"On the contrary, I hope to have the pleasure of hearing from you often; I shall expect you to keep me perfectly advised of everything that concerns you."

I turned nervously toward the window, and, raising the curtain, looked mechanically out into the garden, where the chestnuts had already begun to blossom.

"See, there is the sun," I continued; "in a week we shall be at the end of March, and, by the time you reach home, the cowslips will be in bloom. How I used to love these yellow flowers, that in Barrois they call *brillettes*! When you take your first stroll through the meadows of your neighborhood, pray, gather a bunch of them, and think the while of me—"

"Good-by!" he cried, suddenly, and the door closed behind him.

When he was no longer there, when I heard his footsteps, first in the hall and then descend the stairs, it was hard to resist an inward something that prompted me to hasten to the landing and call out:

"Come back, come back! It is not true. I deceived you. I love you!"

But I had gone too far not to persist in my resolution, now that the end in view was so nearly compassed. I threw myself into my arm-chair, and wept, as I think I had never in my life wept before.

Two weeks passed. I had heard nothing of Pascal, and I asked myself if he had indeed gone, when, one morning, while I was occupied with my toilet, the door-bell rang, and soon afterward Naniche entered, carrying in one hand a plain wooden box, in the other an open receipt-book.

"Madame," said she, "here is a box by express, and this is the receipt for it."

I signed the receipt, and as soon as I was alone I proceeded to open the box. I had hardly removed the clasp that held the cover down, when the familiar odor of wild plants was diffused through the room. The box was full of cowslips and crowfoots delicately enveloped in moss.

"Poor fellow!" I sighed.

I thrust my face into the moss and took in long draughts of the sweet, vernal odor of the cowslips. Pascal had been as good as his word, he had returned to Grancey. I had nothing now to fear, either from him or myself. No one saw me. I pressed my lips passionately to these flowers that he had gathered, and whose odor did me at once so much good and caused me so much pain.

I was not at the end of my emotions or of my surprises. In emptying the box in order to collect the flowers and put them in water, I found at the bottom a sheet of music-paper. On the lines my faithful musician had written one of his melodies, and on the back of the sheet were these words:

"I have obeyed! I have returned to the country, and am trying to cure myself. I shall not return to Paris till next winter, when I shall have a number of new airs for which I hope to find a publisher. I send you the first of my compositions, together with some of the first flowers of our fields."

My heart was full. Nevertheless, I opened the piano, placed the sheet before me, and began to study the air he had composed while thinking of me.

It was a simple, pathetic melody of a style that belongs rather to the eighteenth than to the nineteenth century. Above the notes and between the lines he had written the following verses:

"Voici qu'avril est de retour,
Mais le soleil n'est plus le même
Ni le printemps, depuis le jour
Où j'ai perdu celle que j'aime.

"Je m'en suis allé par les bois.
La forêt verte était si pleine,
Si pleine des fleurs d'autrefois,
Que j'ai senti grandir ma peine.

"J'ai dit aux beaux muguets tremblants:
'N'avez-vous point vu ma mignonne?'
J'ai dit aux ramiers roucouleurs:
'N'avez-vous rencontré personne?'

"Mais les ramiers sont restés sourds,
Et sourde aussi la fleur nouvelle,
Et depuis je cherche toujours
Le chemin qu'a pris la cruelle.

"L'amour, l'amour qu'on aime tant,
Est comme une montagne haute:
On la monte tout en chantant,
On pleure en descendant la côte."*

And I, too, wept as I played this air so full of melancholy tenderness. My tears fell upon the keys of the piano, and my eyes could no longer distinguish the notes.

The Abbot Micault entered silently, and with that thoughtful, anxious expression which I was already familiar with, and which I knew was proof that something was amiss. I soon discovered, further, that it was something of more than ordinary import; for, though he was usually as curious as a woman, he seemed to take no notice of the box filled with moss and the flowers scattered on the table. He sat down in my arm-chair, ran his fingers through his hair, and coughed by way of prelude to what he had to say.

"My child," he began, "I bring you some sad news."

"Well, what is it now?" I asked, ill-humoredly.

"It is about M. La Guépière."

"What does he want? Does he not think me sufficiently unhappy? does he propose to torment me still further?"

"Alas! he would be glad if he could, after what has happened."

"What has happened? Why do you keep me in suspense?"

"Be patient—be patient! Give me a little time. M. La Guépière was last night at a *café* where they play. He was not in luck; he lost heavily."

"That certainly is nothing new—"

* April is here again, but the sun is no longer the same, nor is the spring, since the day on which I lost the one I love.

I went to wander in the woods, but there, amid the leaves and flowers, I only felt my pain increase.

I asked of the lilies, "Have you not seen my mignonne?" I asked of the pigeons, "Have you met no one?"

But the pigeons answered not, nor did the lilies, and now I seek the day long the road my cruel mignonne has gone.

Love is like a mountain that we ascend singing and descend weeping.

"One moment—toward midnight supper was served, and your husband drank, it seems, more than he should, then he returned to the gaming-table to recover, if possible, his losses. All his money being gone, he played *sur parole*; after a *coup* on which he counted and which went against him, he so far forgot himself as to play dishonestly, and was so unfortunate as to be caught in the act. Then, the shame added to the nervous excitement caused by the play and the wine he had drunk produced, I don't know what revolution. He suddenly fell upon the floor an almost lifeless mass, and was taken to his lodgings in a truly pitiable condition."

"Horrible! And have you seen him?"

"Yes, one of his gambling companions, who like him was one of my pupils" (here the abbot heaved a deep sigh), "and who knew my address, came and conducted me to him. A physician had been called in, who said the patient was suffering from a stroke of serous apoplexy. One of M. La Guéprière's arms and one side of his face were already paralyzed. His sleeping-room was the picture of destitution and disorder. We could not find even a cup in which to prepare his medicine. As a consequence, his companions have clubbed together and placed him in the infirmary of Dr. C——, where he has been since early this morning."

This intelligence completely overcame me. I thought of the unfortunate man, destitute of the means to enable him to be cared for at home, and thrown like a friendless stranger into this *maison de santé*, which is only a sort of hospital, and I said to myself: "Had I been there, all this would, perhaps, not have been."

"Monsieur l'Abbé!" I cried.

"Well, my child?" the abbot replied, raising his head and looking at me inquiringly.

"I will change my shoes, and you will conduct me to this *maison de santé*."

The abbot rose and took me by the hands:

"Bravo, my child, bravo!" he exclaimed. "Your heart is in the right place. This is just what I expected of you!"

IX.

THE INFIRMARY.

THE *maison de santé* is situated on the outskirts of a populous suburb, the pavements of which are covered with black mud, and are continually shaken by the rolling of heavy vehicles: trucks, loaded with rattling iron rails; drays, piled high with empty casks; hucksters' carts, loaded with vegetables, on their way to market; omnibuses, full of passengers—all that descends

toward the heart of Paris, between two streams of bustling pedestrians, and, amid a cracking of whips and the cries of the drivers, making a rumbling and a roaring that are well-nigh deafening. I had already begun to be bewildered by the noise, when the abbot pointed to a large *porte cochère*, saying:

"Here it is."

Under the porch, in an angle closed by a sort of folding screen, sits an old woman, selling flowers to those who are desirous of taking some to their sick friends. The portal opens on a large court surrounded by galleries and arcades, and directly opposite, through another arched opening, you see the corner of a garden. Guided by the abbot, I turned to the left and passed along the arcades till we came to a hallway that was rather dark, carefully waxed, and impregnated with a sort of sickening odor; something like a *mélange* of chloroform, gentian, and chicken-broth. All the doors opening on this hallway were numbered. The abbot cautiously opened the door of No. 10, and I found myself in a large, square, well-lighted room, with high ceiling and walls covered with gray paper.

The furniture is tolerably good, but is limited to the strictly necessary. On the mantel there is a plain clock; in one corner a walnut wash-stand; in another a dressing-bureau, with a cracked marble top, surmounted with a round mirror; in the center of the room there is a square table, covered with a cloth, on which there are some vials and compresses; then there is a stand beside an iron bedstead, with white-muslin curtains. On this bed lay Lancelot de La Guéprière.

He was changed beyond recognition. His face had taken on a sort of greenish hue, his eyes were wide open, and had a death-like look; his beard had grown out quite gray; his false *toupet*, which concealed his baldness, had been removed; the water from the ice in the compresses on his head had invaded his colored mustaches, giving them a color that was undefinable. His thin, bony hand hung over the bedside; it was still ornamented with a large turquoise ring, on the third finger, of which he was very proud. It was painful to find him in this chamber, absolutely destitute of everything necessary to give it an inviting, home-like look.

I approached the bed, and, taking his hand, I said: "It is I; I have come to nurse you; do you know me?"

He rolled his eyes toward me, but he did not seem to understand. Then I spoke to him very gently and distinctly, as you speak to a child: "You are ill; they have taken you to the country. Do you see?"

And I opened the large window, that looked out on a little flower-garden. Amid the clumps

of bushes there was a fountain, the noise of the *jet d'eau* of which could be easily heard. He turned his eyes toward the window, but the expression was as unintelligent as before. Nevertheless, he seemed to have recognized me, for he followed me with his eyes wherever I went.

I have always thought that certain moral influences act powerfully on the sick. It suddenly occurred to me that, if M. La Guépière should regain consciousness, he would be unfavorably affected by his unfamiliar surroundings.

When the abbot withdrew, I accompanied him. I took a cab, and we drove together to M. La Guépière's lodgings, to make a selection of those little objects that it would be most agreeable to him to see.

In an hour I was back in the sick-room of the patient. I hung his little shaving-mirror up by the window; I put his watch on the stand at the head of his bed, and on the mantel I placed several specimens of the wonderful mineral that was going to make him worth "millions"; on the wall, opposite his bed, I hung the portrait of his mother, together with a little shrine which he almost always carried about as a *fetich*. The rest of the toilet-objects were placed on the washstand, his slippers at the foot of his bed, and his jacket over the back of a chair. A little bunch of artificial flowers, in a glass on the mantel, completed the change in the appearance of the room I had set out to effect.

When I had finished, I went and sat down on the window-ledge, facing the patient, and, as I contemplated his changed appearance, I could not refrain from feeling the greatest commiseration for him.

"Perhaps he is cognizant of all that is going on around him," said I to myself, "although he can not speak. The dying sometimes know everything to the very last."

"Do you think he hears?" I asked the nurse.

"How can anybody know that?" she replied, with a shrug and a sneer. Then she muttered: "Good Heavens! how I do dislike to nurse this kind of patient! He's an old bachelor or a widower, I suppose, or he wouldn't be here."

"No," I replied, blushing, "he is married, and I am his wife."

"Oh, so! You are, eh?" said she, looking at me curiously.

"We have not lived together, however, for some time," I added.

"And yet you come here and dress his chamber? Well, my lady, you do more than he deserves, I'll be bound. He has a bad face, or I'm no judge. I've never seen one I liked less—no offense to you, if you please."

"Sht!" I remonstrated. "Don't speak so loud,"

"Ah, bah! Do you think he understands anything? He's done for, my word for it. He won't be here long.—But what need you care?" she added, seeing that I looked terrified. "I don't suppose you love him, since you don't live with him?"

"No, but I pity him."

"Has he any relatives?"

"Yes, but they will not come to see him; he is not on good terms with them."

"Humph! that don't surprise me. How you can— But that's no affair of mine."

And while she muttered and grumbled she sat down in a leather-bottomed chair, rested her elbows on the arms, and clasped her hands on a level with her nose.

Meanwhile I examined her. She was apparently about sixty years old, tall, slim, with a shapely face and an expression of more than ordinary intelligence. Her eyes must have been very handsome in her younger days, and her forehead was cast in a decidedly intellectual mold. Her black lace cap, ornamented with a bow of violet velvet, concealed a wealth of fine brown hair, in which, singularly enough, there was not a thread of white. She wore a black alpaca skirt, with a jacket and an apron of the same material, and around her neck a little fluted ruff which gave her a very neat and tasteful appearance.

"It is my meal-time now," said she, rising suddenly; "I shall be obliged if you will remain with my patient while I am gone, which will be not over an hour at the most."

She changed her slippers for shoes, took her little basket and left the room, opening and closing the door without any perceptible noise.

I was now alone with M. La Guépière, and for the first time a feeling akin to fear came over me. The eyes of the patient never left me, and then there was something so strange, so unnatural in their expression. Their pupils were contracted until they looked no larger than the head of a large pin, which, added to the distortion of the face incident to the paralysis of the muscles of one side, gave him a most forbidding appearance. Still seated on the window-ledge, I closed my eyes in order to shut out the terrible picture, and gave myself up to reflection.

I thought of this unfortunate man, without a relative, without a friend, alone in this hospital, for such it is, although a private institution. I could not help thinking of his approaching death, and there were moments when I almost reproached myself for not having in some way prevented this terrible catastrophe. He had, perhaps, but a few hours to live.

"If he should die to-night," I thought, "perhaps all the evil he has done will come to his

mind, and I shall not be here to pardon him and to do what I can to console him. The rule is to close the door to visitors at six o'clock in the evening. Who knows if I shall find him alive to-morrow? if he will not die alone with this nurse, who will hasten to close his eyes in order that she may have some rest?"

Then I could not restrain my tears, and for the moment I forgot all the wrong he had done me and approached the bed. I knelt on the rug, and taking his hand, I asked:

"Do you know me? It is I, Geneviève. I will not leave you."

He fixed his eyes full upon me, but did not attempt otherwise to reply.

"I am here to nurse you," I continued; "give me a sign if you know me. Press my hand."

It seemed to me that I could feel an almost imperceptible pressure; then, still weeping, I continued:

"Don't think of anything that is unpleasant. I pardon you everything—everything!"

Still he made no attempt to reply, but it seemed to me that in his eyes there was a look of amazement.

Here I was suddenly startled by the loud blowing of a nose behind me; turning I saw the nurse, who had entered and was wiping her eyes.

"A good little woman!" she murmured, approaching me and patting me gently on the head.

The next day I was there when the doors opened—that is, at nine o'clock. I found the nurse in tolerably good humor. She had taken her *café noir* and had even saved some for me, keeping it hot by the aid of a spirit-lamp.

"He is just about the same," said she, pointing to her patient, who did not seem to have changed his position in the least. "We shall soon hear what the doctor thinks of him: it is almost his time to be here."

Meanwhile she put the room in order. She opened the window to let the odor of the coffee escape, put her pillow in one corner, and wiped off her large, leather-covered arm-chair. She called that making her bed, for the majority of her nights were passed there, and, even when she was not on duty and could sleep in her own room, she slept in a *fauteuil Voltaire* because, as she said, she was no longer accustomed to sleep in a bed. What was astonishing was the fact that in the morning, after having passed the night in a chair, she seemed perfectly refreshed.

And now I hear steps in the hall, the door opens and Dr. C—, in a white apron and followed by three assistants, enters the chamber. The doctor is a man of middle age, decorated, tall, and slim. He has large, deep-set eyes, long hair, a high forehead, and is brusque in his manner.

He examines M. La Guépière very minutely, questions him without obtaining any reply, and turning toward his assistants pronounces a few words in Latin, calls their attention to the color of the patient's eyes and the extreme softness of his arms, and then, fixing his eyes upon me, he asks:

"You are his daughter, madame?"

"No, monsieur, I am his wife," I stammered.

He seemed surprised, and asked me to follow him into the hall. When we were a few steps from the door, where there was no danger of our being overhead, he continued:

"Your husband is very ill, madame—very. How does he come to be here?"

When I had briefly explained our relations, he replied:

"Ah, it is M. La Guépière! I have heard of him. Your situation is not an enviable one. There is little room to hope that he will recover—indeed, in my judgment, there is none; it would be a miracle if he did. *Bon courage*, madame; I will see him to-morrow."

"Well," said the nurse, as I reentered the sick-room, "the doctor says he has not long to live, doesn't he? But you mustn't take it so to heart—I don't see why you should. At your age there is always so much to hope for and to look forward to. Sit down there at the window, and look out on the garden; meanwhile I will prepare a little *déjeuner* for you."

A strange diversion that, to be found in looking out of the window! One heard the groans of the poor creatures who were being operated on, and saw the patients who dragged themselves slowly out into the open air. The nurse told me who they were as they appeared one after the other.

"The man who goes there is in the last stages of consumption. How he looked at you as he passed! Poor fellow! he has not yet given over making plans for the future; though, as you see, he has hardly the strength to stand. Consumptives are pleasant patients to nurse; they are always wanting good things, and when they get them they can rarely touch them. That's very agreeable for those who take care of them."

While she gossiped in this manner, she busied herself preparing the promised *déjeuner*.

I remained until the abbot came to take my place beside M. La Guépière; then I took the *Monrouge omnibus*, which set me down at the door of Madame de Seigneulles, for it is now more than ever necessary that I should continue to earn money. The good abbot has kindly promised to come every day at about three o'clock, in order that our patient may be left alone as little as possible. Thus I divide my time between the infirmary and the residence of

the countess, and I return home in the evening completely exhausted, but determined to do my duty to the end.

May.—Despite the somber predictions of the doctor, M. La Guépière seems to be slightly improved. His immobility has been succeeded by a sort of deliriousness and nervous agitation, during which his speech has returned to him. He mutters incoherently, and what we can understand seem to be words from the slang of card-players. He thinks himself still seated at the gaming-table; with his left hand, of which he still has the use, he makes the movement of handling the cards, and then he counts the points aloud. It is necessary to watch him continually, to prevent his falling out of bed. He recognizes no one, but his violent character begins to assert itself, and he is very troublesome and exacting. The poor nurse finds great fault with him. She says, in fact, that the very devil himself would be no match for him!

As soon as he sees her occupied preparing her *déjeuner*, he cries out and struggles to change his position, seemingly for no other purpose than to compel her to occupy herself with him. She does not allow herself to be overmuch inconvenienced by him, and replies to him in her thin, shrill tones:

"Directly, my good sir, directly! Augustine must have her luncheon. You don't think she ought to have anything to eat, I know, but she must, all the same. You have taken all your medicine, so the best thing for you is to keep quiet, my good sir!"

She says this in such a droll way that I can't help smiling.

I get my work, and, seated in my favorite place, I watch over M. La Guépière, while I proceed with my embroidery. Sometimes my thoughts stray far away from the infirmary, and dwell on things less painful; I recall the afternoon hours when Pascal came and played the piano in my little *salon* in Rue Cassette. Poor fellow! he is now exiled to his native Grancey. He is, at least, in some measure, compensated by the calm and the pure air of the country. Does he still think sometimes of me? If he does, he must think me very remiss and very ungrateful, for, amid the excitement and commotion caused by the sudden illness of M. La Guépière, I have neglected to even thank him for his flowers. Now that my mind is more at rest, I could write to him, and yet I do not. I know not what scruples combine with a sort of superstitious fear to deter me. It seems to me that, at the moment when M. La Guépière is suspended between life and death, it would be sinful to encourage the hopes that Pascal may still cherish,

and still more sinful to nurse the feeling that draws me toward him. No, for the present, it is my duty to occupy myself solely with the unfortunate man who lies there. I ought not to even allow my mind to dwell upon what may occur in the future, if—? And, to turn my thoughts from this mysterious future, I go toward the garden, and watch the patients as they drag themselves up and down the walks. What a melancholy picture they present! Among them there is an attractive young woman with large, dark, hollow eyes, but their expression is so, so sad! She has a cancer, and is doomed, as she well knows; still she can not relinquish all hope, and it makes your heart bleed to hear her say, "If I live, I will do this or that."

As the window of No. 10 is on the south, the walk it looks out on is the favorite promenade of the patients. They come there and sit down after their *déjeuner*, and from my observatory I can hear their conversation. They speak only of their respective disorders and of the remedies that have been prescribed for them.

"You are fortunate in having blisters prescribed for you," says one, in a shrill tone, that is frequently interrupted by fits of coughing. "As for me, they are doing nothing for me; they are giving me nothing but a little cod-liver oil. It is not just, for I am as sick as you are. I shall complain to-morrow to the doctor."

They boast to one another of what they suffer, and especially of what they have suffered on the preceding night. Then follow remarks about the physical appearance of the one and the other.

The moribund, who has barely strength enough to breathe, whispers in the ear of his neighbor, as a comrade passes: "Poor fellow, how he does look! If I were as bad as he is, I should think of making my will."

The least sociable and most sullen are the gouty and rheumatic. They keep to themselves, and look annihilation at the unconscious co-sufferer who has chanced to drop into their favorite seat. Incessant grumblers and assiduous readers of the newspapers, they seem to never have a moment to spare for conversation. One of them is simply savage—a corpulent old bachelor. He has the gout in both feet, and he never opens his mouth without saying something disagreeable. As for his voice, I think it could be heard a block away, if he chose to exert himself. Toward me, however, his manner is somewhat humanized, and, when he passes before my window, he deigns to glance at M. La Guépière. At such times he salutes me, and in an abrupt way says, "Your husband is a very sick man, madame—very."

"Oh, I think he is rather better than he was," I reply.

"Do you? Humph! I am not often mistaken. You will see in a few days."

After volunteering this bit of consolation, he continues on his way, leaning on his cane and dragging his swollen feet, incased in enormous felt shoes.

July.—M. La Guépière's condition completely puzzles the doctor. After having declared him doomed, he is compelled to admit that he is decidedly better than he was. At each visit he elevates his chin, sticks out his lips, and maintains a prudent silence. I can see that he, too, begins to feel ugly toward this perverse patient, who persists in living, contrary to all the indications upon which he based his prognosis, humiliating him in the eyes of his assistants, and giving the lie to all his experience. Lancelot has pretty nearly regained the use of his legs, and every day he is assisted into the garden to take the air. His reason, however, has not returned, and, what is most strange, he has forgotten how to talk. He no longer remembers the words, and this man, who formerly was remarkable for his loquacity, has now only some syllables at his command with which to express the few thoughts that emanate from his half-paralyzed brain.

Thus, when he recalls a word in the morning, he does not cease repeating it the whole day long, with a persistency that is most exasperating for those who are compelled to hear him. His chief occupation is to look at himself in a little pocket-glass, which he holds in his well hand, and to note, with horror, the change produced in his face by his illness. He seems exasperated to see that his beard has grown out quite white, and looks as though he would be avenged on the glass.

The daily repetition of these things irritates the gouty old bachelor almost beyond his powers of endurance. The conversation among the valetudinarians is lamentably monotonous and prosaic. All these unfortunate people, though they have no appetites, never weary of finding fault with the regimen of the house, which is quite as luxurious as one could reasonably expect it to be. They are always wishing for unusual and fancy dishes, which would be very injurious for them.

"Did you notice," asks a yellow, bloodless individual, "how tough the cutlets were this morning? I couldn't eat a mouthful of mine."

"Perhaps it was chosen expressly for you," suggests the gouty old bachelor.

"Eh! why?"

"The devil! If you don't stand well with the *surveillante*—the wench is capable of anything. Yesterday she refused me white wine, and had the impudence to reply, with a silly

laugh: 'White wine for a patient with the gout! Monsieur is pleased to jest!'"

"It was for your good that she refused you," I ventured to remark.

"Possibly, but I don't want her to laugh at me. I don't pay my fifteen francs a day to be laughed at when I ask for anything. But this is a wretched place at the best!"

"Why do you remain in it, then?" asks Augustine, M. La Guépière's nurse, who does not hesitate to call it a wretched place herself, but objects to hearing it so characterized by anybody else.

"Why do I remain in it? Why? because the others are still more wretched, and, above all, because I choose to remain in it. Do you understand, you old *dame de pique*?"*

This last word seems to awaken in the brain of M. La Guépière the recollection of his nights at the gaming-table, for, during the next quarter of an hour, he does nothing but repeat it in every tone at his command:

"*Dame de pique—oui, pique, pique!*"

The old *goutteux* shrugs his shoulders, and says to me:

"M. La Guépière is getting worse, madame; his reason is quite gone. But you will see; the day is not far distant when he will be worse still."

Sometimes, in the midst of an animated conversation, every one becomes suddenly silent; their attention is arrested by the chapel-bell, which is tolling the death-knell of some one. The bell is small and can scarcely be heard, but the patients are nevertheless quick to distinguish it from the noise and rumbling sounds that come from the street. Every one raises his head, and in a less assured tone asks for whom the knell is probably rung.

"Perhaps it's for the gentleman with the Chinese dressing-gown; he moaned the whole night long," suggests one.

"I am more inclined to think it's for the lady with the cancer," says another, "for—"

But no—the speaker suddenly discovers that the lady with the cancer is sitting within a dozen feet of him. She has heard the remark, and turns her big, hollow eyes toward us with an expression so pitifully sad that it makes a cold chill run down one's back.

August.—The gouty old bachelor was right: his unamiable prediction has been realized. With the great heat of August M. La Guépière began rapidly to fail. He has had several attacks, and this morning they told me that he would not live through another day. The chaplain sent the Abbot Micault to inquire if I wished to have the

* Queen of spades.

last rites of the Church administered to M. La Guépière. Though not very devout, still I hope that there is something after this life—a mysterious *beyond*—and the unfortunate Lancelot has his conscience so overburdened that I did not wish to let him set out for the unknown land without making the usual preparation.

His chamber was put in order; I covered the stand at the head of his bed with a white cloth and then placed a bunch of flowers on it, and the chaplain entered noiselessly, without any bell, with only one man who responded after each prayer. I knelt beside the bed with Augustine, and I said to myself, "This is the end!" Then I addressed, in my own way, a prayer to my *bon Dieu*, asking him to pardon the dying man as I pardoned him, and to take him where he would be better off than in this world. The priest approached the moribund, who opened his glassy eyes and moved his left hand feebly, and asked him if he repented of his sins. The man charged with the responses answered "Yes." Then they placed a crucifix to the sick man's lips, but his lips would not or at least did not move.

I wept as I leaned my head against the iron bedstead, and had no thought but of forgiveness.

"It is all over!" said the nurse, as she rose to close the eyes of the corpse.

At six o'clock they came to tell me that I would have to leave as usual; no exceptions are ever made to the rule that visitors must leave the infirmary at that hour. I arose, and for the first time for years, in token of pardon, I pressed my lips softly to M. La Guépière's cold forehead, then I slowly turned toward home, disconsolate to think that he must now be resigned wholly to the care of the stranger.

At the door I turned to take one last look at him.

He was already cold and rigid; his eyes had reopened and seemed to stare at something to me invisible. The nurse, comfortably seated in her big chair, had clasped her hands and was turning her thumbs the one around the other with an air of the utmost unconcern.

X.

PASCAL.

September.—THE death of M. La Guépière was a great shock to me, but I should misrepresent it if I were to say that it greatly grieved me. When the remains of the unfortunate Lancelot, followed by the Abbot Micault and a few friends, had been deposited in the cemetery of Saint-Ouen, I returned home quite worn out. During

all the long period of M. La Guépière's illness, I had been in a state of nervous excitement that enabled me to withstand the physical exertion and the mental strain it brought me. After the somber *dénouement* there was a great reaction—I seemed to have lost all hope and energy.

My daily visits to the other side of the city, the long hours I had spent in the vitiated air of a sick-room, and the harrowing sights I had continually had before my eyes, had finally resulted in materially injuring my health. I had no strength, no appetite, and when I slept I was continually disturbed by frightful dreams, in which scenes similar to those I had witnessed at the hospital presented themselves.

The nervous exhaustion from which I suffered so excited the sympathy of Madame de Seigneulles, that when she went to the country she insisted that I should accompany her. I felt that a change of scene would be beneficial, and especially that I should be benefited by the air of the country. And then I think I accepted her invitation the more readily from the fact that the Brancherie—this is the name of the château of Madame de Seigneulles—is situated at Aprey, in Haute-Marne, at hardly a dozen leagues from Pascal's home. I was pleased with the idea of spending a few weeks in his neighborhood, at only a short distance from those wooded sites of which he had given me such picturesque descriptions.

Aprey is a village of Mont Langroise, situated at the head of a rocky valley, the wild, picturesque character of which makes it a very attractive summer retreat. A small river, the Vingeanne, rises within half a league of there, flowing in a narrow gorge, on one side of which the Brancherie is built. It is an old seigneurial residence built of gray stone, and surrounded by well-grown trees, which, however, scarcely surpass in height its pointed roof covered with moss-grown tiles. The structure has no architectural pretensions; but its large windows with their small panes, its high rooms paneled with oak, and its enormous fireplaces in which you can burn big logs of wood, give it a sort of grand air. The park, which is very undulating, is abundantly supplied on every side with running water; at every turn of the graveled walks one hears the rippling of some tiny stream near by, the water of which seems in haste to reach the river in the gorge. The opposite bank is embattled with enormous rocks in such a peculiar manner as to present a very picturesque aspect.

During the week we remain housed up at the Brancherie, where Madame de Seigneulles receives almost no visitors except the curate of Aprey or the notary. In the evening we have a bright wood-fire, for the evening air is already quite

cool here, and I read to my amiable and aged patron. We have finished "Christopher Columbus," Heaven be praised! and have begun the "Life of Saint Alphonse of Liguori," which is far from being interesting, but which has the great merit of being in one moderately sized volume.

During the day, while the countess is holding long conferences with the curate and the notary, I am my own mistress, a circumstance I profit by to explore the neighborhood.

The park does not suffice for me. I have never been fond of restricting my rambles within stone walls. I like to be in the open country, in the woods among the untrimmed box-woods and junipers, where each pedestrian chooses a path for himself. I often cross the Vingeanne and ascend the opposite declivity, between two rows of dogberry-bushes, where a flock of yellow-hammers scold at one another as they gormandize on the ripe berries. They are cutting the aftermath in the pieces of meadow that skirt the river, and the delicious perfume of new-mown hay comes up from the bottom of the valley. I breathe it with *volupté*, and it seems to me that with this familiar odor all my youth returns to me.

Since I have been in the country, a salutary change has taken place in me. I again take some interest in life and my surroundings: my mind is no longer haunted by the funereal visions of the infirmary. I can compare myself to nothing but the butterfly that emerges from its chrysalide and feels its wings grow. I think that I am young again, in good health, and that I have a long future before me of which I can dispose as I will.

"You are free!" whispers the wind, as it comes to me charged with the odors of forest and field.

"You are free!" repeats the jackdaw, as he flies swiftly past me on his way to the woods.

And this word "free" sounds sweeter to my ear than the most delicious music. While my eyes contemplate, without even getting weary, a vast horizon of gray hills and blue forests, I say to myself that down there, behind this mass of stately old trees lies the province of Pascal, and I let my heart speak and see in my imagination the châteaux en Espagne.

I can confess to myself now that I love him and that he loves me. Now that no one stands between us, why should not the world know of our affection for each other? Why should not this intimacy, so desired by him, so appreciated by me, be renewed in a serious and durable manner? The difference in our ages is not such that it need be a barrier to our marriage. We are both poor, it is true, but I am courageous,

and I know how to content myself with little, and he, with his growing talent, will yet conquer an honorable and lucrative position. And when I think that a word will suffice to recall to my side my faithful lover, and to realize this dream of a happy life for us both, I feel my heart leap with delirious joy.

Nevertheless, this word I have not yet spoken; but I am so sure that the day on which he hears it he will leave his village that I do not want to even write it from here. It would be like him to fall like an aërolite on the Brancherie, and I fear his sudden apparition would terrify the countess. Besides, did he not promise me that he would return to Paris at the end of the autumn? By that time I shall be back in my rooms in Rue Cassette, where I shall be sure to see him. It is, therefore, better to wait. There is in these thoughts something that inspires me with so much confidence that I yield to the wisdom and expediency of this delay without an effort. It seems to me that I hold in my hand the golden key that will open to me the door that leads to happiness, and I take an indescribable delight in indulging the feeling that I can, when I will, turn the bolt of this magic lock.

October 8th.—They are in error who tell us that the coming of events, be they joyous or sorrowful, is announced to us by secret presentiments. Never have I been more cheerful, buoyant, and hopeful, than I was to-day. Madame de Seigneulles, having been invited to dinner by a neighbor, had the goodness to excuse me from accompanying her; I was, therefore, entirely at liberty till nine o'clock in the evening. At four o'clock I assisted the countess to set out in her old, squeaking berlin. She was accompanied by the curate, who was to bring her home in the evening. I was, therefore, quite at ease with regard to my good countess. No sooner had the carriage disappeared at the turn in the road than I donned my big straw hat, and set out for a long stroll over the fields and through the woods, not intending to return before nightfall.

The weather was clear and inviting, with a gentle southern breeze, that kept the birch-leaves in motion and strewed the sky with light, woolly clouds. The sun was still warm, the meadows were dotted with blue gentians, and the robins warbled in the thickets. One could have believed it was May instead of October; spring instead of autumn. I started off like a schoolboy on his first holiday, keeping close to the mulberry-thickets, and passing through the fresh-blown starworts as far as the edge of the woods, where I could distinctly hear the calls and merry laughter of the women and children gathering beechnuts. I gathered honeysuckles from the hedges, filled

my pockets with nuts, ate wild-pears, and breathed the odor of the marjoram. Never, it seemed to me, had I so enjoyed existence as this autumn afternoon.

At sundown I turned my steps toward the valley and descended to where the road from Aprey to Chalancey crosses the Vingeanne and penetrates the forest of Charmois. From the bridge that spans the turbulent little stream one has a view of green meadows, skirted by a growth of underwood which has already begun to change color, and one sees in the distance Aprey, surrounded by a circle of blue smoke. Darkness began to envelop the hills as well as the valley; the cows, one by one, slowly wended their way toward the side of the meadows nearest the village, mingling the tinkling of their bells with the rippling of the water of the river. I leaned over the parapet and became absorbed in looking at the bunches of meadow-sweet, the crests of which were kept in continual motion by the current. In the little-frequented road, invaded by creeping briars, the crickets accompanied the rippling of the water below with their shrill notes. Little by little the sun had disappeared, the twilight had supervened, and above the beeches of Charmois the moon had risen, shedding her soft and friendly light over the silent landscape.

"Come, come, young woman," said I to myself, tearing myself away from the fairy scene, "it is high time for you to be hastening home!"

I had begun to gather up my honeysuckles, when suddenly I paused to listen.

In the direction of Aprey, from a turn in the road hidden from view by a clump of trees, a rustic song came up to me. At first it was just audible, but every moment the voice became more and more distinct. The rhythm and the *tournaire* were those of the peasant-song, but the voice was not that of a peasant. There was too much art in the manner in which the notes were united or detached; my Parisian ear recognized a method that could only belong to one schooled in the musician's art. And then, the nearer the singer came, the more it seemed to me I had somewhere heard the song before.

"Great Heaven!" I suddenly exclaimed, "can it be possible?"

My heart began to beat violently. The singer came nearer and nearer. I could now clearly distinguish his firm and cadenced step on the hard road. Just as he passed the last clump of trees he stopped singing; but he continued to approach, and, as he emerged from the shadow, the moon shone full upon him.

"What! do I dream," I gasp, "or is this really Pascal Nau?"

He came on, with the long, heavy stride peculiar to the peasant, beating time, with the cane

he carried, on the stony road. Now I could see him very distinctly; it was no longer possible to be mistaken. He, momentarily blinded by the sudden brilliancy of the moon, had not yet seen me. I stepped forward, and we stood face to face. He stopped, opened wide his big, honest eyes, and cried out, stupefied with amazement:

"Madame Geneviève!"

"Yes, it is I, strange as it evidently seems to you; but why do you look at me as though you were frightened out of your wits? I am not a phantom, but am really here in the flesh."

He had seized one of my hands and held it firmly in both of his.

"Heaven bless us! who would ever have thought of meeting you here?" he continued.

"I am here with Madame de Seigneulles," I replied. "Her château, the Brancherie, is only about a quarter of a league down the road yonder. But you, tell me how it is that I find you here, so far away from Grancey?"

"I come from Longeau, where I have been passing a few days in the family of—a friend. I shall pass the night at Chalancey, from where I shall return to Grancey early in the morning."

There was a moment of silence, during which the cries of the crickets and the rippling of the river were all the sounds that could be heard. At the moment when we had so much to say to each other, we both seemed to have lost the power of speech. Finally I found courage to speak.

"You have good reason to find fault with me," said I. "I ought to have written you long ago to thank you for your flowers and your song; but, despite my thankfulness and my regard for you, I have been in such a state of commotion nearly the whole time since last March, that—"

"March!" he interrupted, with a sigh, "March! To think that it is only six months since then! It seems to me that it has been a century since I bade good-by to you!"

"Yes, it is only six months; but in that short space of time what a world of things may happen—of things unexpected and sad! I hope, Monsieur Pascal, that these six months have brought you nothing but good."

"Oh," he replied, evasively, "I have had no reason to complain—from a material point of view, at all events. And you, madame? In speaking, just now, of things unexpected and sad, you did not speak of your personal experience, I hope?"

"Yes. I have recently passed through a very trying ordeal. Do you not see that I am in mourning?"

He started back amazed, and, in a tremulous tone, repeated:

"In mourning! Is M. La Guéprière—?"

"He is dead—he has been dead for two months," I replied, dropping my eyes.

"Two months!" he exclaimed, suddenly dropping my hand. "Two months! Great Heaven! why did I not know it?"

"I have been very remiss in not writing you, I know; but you told me you would return to Paris this winter, and you can understand that I should prefer to tell you of these things verbally—it was such a long story to write. Of course," I added, with a smile, "I shall expect to see you often when you return. Now, I trust your visits will be in no wise improper in the eyes of my good friend the scrupulous abbot."

He shook his head sadly, and made no reply.

"Well," said I, somewhat piqued, "are you dumb? One would suppose, from your manner, that this prospect is anything but pleasant to you."

"Alas! madame," he stammered, "there is something I must tell you. I shall not go to Paris—alone—I—am married."

A cold chill passed over my entire body, and I had to lean for an instant against the parapet of the bridge for support. I called into requisition all my powers of self-command in my endeavor to conceal my emotion. Finally, after a moment's silence, without turning my head toward him, I replied: "Ah! I congratulate you."

But, despite my effort to appear indifferent, there was something so bitter in my tone that he seemed to divine what I suffered. He approached me, and, while I nervously pulled the honeysuckles from my bouquet and threw them into the stream below, he continued, in a tone full of humility and despair:

"You commanded me so peremptorily to cure myself of my folly, that I did cruel violence to my feelings to obey you. You did not write me; I was, as a consequence, in entire ignorance of everything that concerned you. I sought to cure myself by resorting to an heroic remedy which you yourself counseled me to employ. I have married the daughter of a well-to-do farmer of Chalançay—we were married only ten days ago. I dreamed of something quite different, but—but I have married a good girl, and I ought, I suppose, to be very happy."

I had now fully recovered my self-control, and, though I felt that I was pale, I was able to reply, with the utmost calm:

"You have acted very wisely, Monsieur Pascal; I see that you listen more to the dictates of reason than I thought. I hope you will be very happy. It is getting late, and I must hasten to the château. Good-by!"

I took a few steps toward the road.

"Madame Geneviève!" he cried, in a suppli-

cating tone, "do not leave me thus; give me your hand, I beg of you!"

"Certainly! Why not?" I replied, extending a hand as cold as ice. "Good-by."

He fixed his eyes on me for an instant, with a strange, wild look, then he hastily pressed my hand to his lips once—twice—and fled from me, crying, "Good-by! good-by!" in a tone in which the sobs wellnigh drowned the articulate sounds.

In a moment he was lost to view. His steps grew fainter and fainter in the woods of Charmois, until I could hear them no more. Then I returned and looked again over the parapet; and the sighs of the water under the arches and the cries of the crickets in the grass now seemed louder than before.

November.—We left the Brancherie two weeks ago, and I am installed in Rue Cassette. It is eight o'clock in the evening, and the weather is detestable; the rain is flooding the balcony, the west wind whistles through the halls as often as a door is opened, and, that nothing may be wanting to make the general gloom complete, the great bell of Saint-Sulpice is slowly tolling a knell of death. The Abbot Micault dines with me, and now, ensconced in my arm-chair, he sips his little glass of Grenoble *ratafia*, before a meager wood-fire. The logs sizzle and smoke, and refuse to burn, seemingly that they may be in harmony with my situation. I am seated at the piano. With a somber mien I turn over sheet after sheet of music, playing a few bars of each with one hand, without finding anything in the melody of any that interests me. Suddenly, among the sheets in one portfolio, I come upon the last song of Pascal, the one in which occur the lines:

"L'amour, l'amour qu'on aime tant,
Est comme une montagne haute:
On la monte tout en chantant,
On pleure en descendant la côte."

I play mechanically the first measures, and then—no, I can not finish—the wound still bleeds too freely. Severe blows hurt but little at first: they simply stun. The real suffering, continued and acute, does not come till long afterward. When I parted from Pascal Nau at the bridge of Vingeanne, I was simply stunned, and I no longer remember what my feelings were when I returned to the Brancherie. To-day the wound is much more painful than it was then; my eyes are continually filled with tears, and I never cease to hear the rippling and bubbling of the river, and the shrill cries of the crickets. It is a sort of moral neuralgia, from which there is no respite, either day or night.

I close the piano and take a seat opposite the

abbot, my elbows on my knees, and my hand over my lips. He looks at me a moment, puts his glass on the mantel, and asks, in his kindest tone:

"Are you ill, my child?"

"I? No. Why do you ask?"

"Because you no longer have your former smile and vivacity."

"I fear I saw things then in a more favorable light than that in which they present themselves to me now."

"I can understand that the events of this summer must have had a certain saddening influence on you. I would be the last one to counsel a gayety that would be unbecoming a young woman whose widowhood is so recent. But you have the proud consciousness of having done your whole duty to the last, and have, so far as I know, nothing to reproach yourself with. It seems to me that now you may, with propriety, think of the indemnification the future has in store for you. I think I can see much that is bright in the future for you, my child, who are still young and now free."

I shrug my shoulders and remain silent. After a momentary pause the abbot continues:

"You never speak of your young friend the musician any more—M. Pascal Nau. What has become of him?"

"He is no longer in Paris."

"Ah! I'm sorry. I liked his appearance."

"One would never have suspected it from the manner in which you counseled me to put a stop to his visits."

"Last winter there were reasons why it was not well that he should come to see you often, which no longer exist. Should he come now, I see no impropriety in your welcoming him."

"The impropriety would be even greater now than then."

"How so?"

"He is married."

"Ah!"

The abbot was silent. I had turned away my head that he might not see the tears in my eyes, but now all was clear to him. He rose, and, laying his hand affectionately on my shoulder, said:

"My poor child!"

Then, after walking to and fro in the room, three or four times, he returned to me, and added:

"Come, come, you must not take the matter so to heart. There is still many a noble young fellow in the world, and, one of these days—I do not say immediately—we will find one who is worthy of you."

"No, my dear abbot," I replied, in a firm tone, looking him full in the face, "never! Happiness is a bird so rare that we meet with it hardly once in the course of our lives, and, if then we fail to secure it, it goes, never to return. It has been once within my reach, but, thanks to the humane fashion in which your laws are made, I was not allowed to seize it. Now it is too late; never again will it come my way; I shall continue to live as I have thus far lived—ALL ALONE!"

ANDRÉ THÉURIET.

THE INFLUENCE OF ART IN DAILY LIFE.

IV.—BEAUTY.

"There's beauty all around our paths,
If but our watchful eyes
Can trace it 'mid familiar things
And through their lowly guise."

IN the preceding papers it has appeared incidentally how beauty enters in many ways into our daily life—how in the building, decorating, and furnishing of our homes beautiful objects and arrangements minister to refined enjoyment. And the assumption was made, perhaps, somewhat gratuitously, not only that beauty has a bodily existence, but that it can be readily distinguished, taken possession of, and applied; and yet its positive entity is by some called in question, and people in general are content with the vaguest impressions, and know or care so little

that they can look even upon ugliness with impartiality and indifference. Nevertheless truly is it written that "beauty has been appointed by the Deity to be one of the elements by which the human soul is continually sustained." And it appears to me that in the present time we have special need for this high service. Just in proportion as the pressure of life, the heat and the burden of the day, become hard to bear; just in measure as the practical details of business and the hurry and worry of the world wear wearily on body and mind, is the need felt for such calming and healing beauty as nature and art can give. And it furthermore would seem that if beauty be a want we shall do well to discriminate between the true and the false, so that we may not be taking poison for food. And it is to be feared that in these matters the mind is peculiarly prone to deception, and that even when intent on

being guided aright it clings by some unaccountable perversity to the thousand and one forms of the unbeautiful that crowd and disfigure the world. I think, then, some practical good may be gained by a few simple suggestions, which, while eschewing metaphysical subtleties, shall serve to show what beauty—the life and soul of art—really is, and how it may be distinguished from its contraries.

How can Beauty be discerned—what are her outward signs? In the first place, I would premise that we are here not within the sphere of certainty or of positive science. There are no axioms or definitions by which Beauty can be precisely or dogmatically designated. Yet she can be described, presented by examples, and approached by way of probabilities. As to description or illustration, a classic capital, an Etruscan vase, a Gothic window tracery, are all beautiful, and yet the reason why it is not easy to say.

Accordingly all authorities, however otherwise they diverge, agree that the sign, if indeed not the very essence of beauty, is the pleasure it incites. The mind is made for beauty just as the eye is framed for light. A thing of beauty leads from joy to joy, bringing sunshine within the soul, and lighting up faculty after faculty till every chamber of consciousness glows with warmth and color. The mind greets with rapture the approach of Beauty, and garnishes a dwelling for her; the affections grow kindly, and the currents of life flow evenly and gently; unruly passions are laid to rest, and discords soften into harmonies. Beauty, too, like spring garlanded with flowers, is jocund and health-giving. Thus Addison, of such states of delectation, writes: "Delightful scenes, whether in nature, painting, or poetry, have a kindly influence on the body as well as the mind, and not only serve to clear and brighten the imagination, but are able to disperse grief and melancholy, and to set the animal spirits in pleasing and agreeable motion. For this reason, Lord Bacon, in his essay upon health, has not thought it improper to prescribe to his readers a poem or a prospect." In fine, the proof and the purpose of beauty is the pleasure it brings, the intent being to adorn life and add to the sum of human happiness.

I have sometimes felt it derogatory to the arts to hold that beauty, their vital breath, is chiefly, if not exclusively, pleasure-giving. But a sufficient reply seems to be that the pleasures of the mind become high or low according to the faculties called into play. There are not only the pleasures of the senses, but the poets sing of "the pleasures of hope" and "the pleasures of the imagination." Beauty has many phases or modes of manifestation; there is physical beauty as seen in a Greek athlete, æsthetic beauty as sometimes

found in highly wrought and artistic types of girlhood and womanhood, intellectual beauty as portrayed by the poet Shelley, moral and religious beauty as displayed by martyrs and saints, and depicted in sacred art. And these divers forms of beauty, corresponding with cognate states of mind, evoke varying pleasures. The beauty is of a base order that appeals to passion, but beauty becomes soul-moving when it inspires to worship. And the dignity of the arts may in like manner be appraised by the worth of the ideas delineated and of the emotions evoked. The doctrine has often been propounded, and is not destitute of reason, that there subsists an underlying union between beauty, truth, and goodness; beauty answering to the æsthetic sense, truth to the intellect, and goodness to the conscience, each and all being essential to a perfect work either of nature or of art. Beauty thus indissoluble from truth and goodness becomes ideal—it is without blemish, it stands the attribute of high minds, the source of pure and noble pleasure. The belief that mind alone inspires beauty finds expression in the following oft-quoted lines; the first are by Akenside, the second from Michael Angelo:

"Mind, mind alone, bear witness earth and heaven,
The living fountain in itself contains
Of beauteous and sublime."

"Deep in that source whence our existence flows,
Beauty's transcendent forms are all combined
Beyond all other attributes of mind."

And when once we have learned to think worthily of beauty we may next consider its distribution and favorite habitats. These are primarily in nature: and derivatively in art. And here I wish to guard against the notion that beauty is a boon "too bright and good for human nature's daily food." We are taught by the poet of nature that "the lowly have the birthright of the skies," that "heaven lies about us in our infancy," that "the meanest flower that blows can give thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears"; and so it is with Beauty, she is near and dear to the simple and true-hearted.

Perhaps it may be of some use to point out how we may distinguish beauty in nature and what the artist can do for us. In the world Beauty is scattered, unequally distributed, and often sorely defaced. To this her marred and mutilated estate may be applied Milton's famous simile concerning truth: "Her lovely form is hewn into a thousand pieces and scattered to the four winds," and artists and others, "imitating the careful search that Isis made for the mangled body of Osiris, have gone up and down gathering limb by limb as they could be found"; yet all the scattered fragments have not been found,

but still the search goes on, hoping that every joint and member may at length be molded "into an immortal feature of loveliness and perfection." Now, the function and mission of the artist has ever been to collect the dispersed beauties of nature into a consistent composition and a concentrated whole. And these the finer essences of created things, sculptors, painters, and art-workmen help to infuse into our daily life, mitigating its severity and ruggedness, and rarefying its denseness and grossness.

Let us recur for a moment to the practical question of how the beauties of nature may be assimilated. The main difficulty is that the majority of persons are not rightly attuned. The mind nowadays hankers after novelty and excitement, it becomes dissipated and distracted by vain shows, life is discolored and taste tortured by frivolous fashion, wild invention, and caprice, till at length the modesty, the law, and the order beloved by Nature are ignored by society. A wholesome mode of escape from "the busy dance of things that pass away" may be found in an excursion to the country with a volume of Wordsworth in hand. "The presences of nature in the sky and on the earth, the visions of the hills, and souls of lonely places" bring healing to the fevered pulse. Still better restorative is sketching among silent woods or babbling streams, for their beauty speaks as it were personally to the mind, and seems to enter at pencil-point and permeate through nerve and fiber till the artist or amateur grows into the life of nature.

When thus the mind, "by interchange of peace and excitation, finds in Nature its best and purest friend," the thoughts become attuned to beauty, and intuition is a sure guide. The perfections of nature find, so to say, replicas within the mind, and a thrill of delight announces the sense of the beautiful. But this rarer essence in created things is not left to the testimony of intuition only, Nature usually affixes some stamp as a visible sign. It will be found that the most highly developed forms, the perfected types, are usually beautiful, while ugliness attaches as a stigma to what is physically sickly or abortive. The observance of Nature's laws tends to the perfecting of animal and vegetative structures, in other words to the embodiment of beauty. And Nature appears in perpetual struggle to cast aside and obliterate what is faulty or unsound, and to strengthen and mature the higher germs of life, and so through successive stages to insure a progressive beauty. It would seem for us a profitable pastime in our daily walks to seek out diligently the latent beauties in the landscape and its living tenantry, so as to observe and inwardly muse over whatever is lovely in the forms and colors of animated nature, birds of the air, fore-

ground flowers, mountain distances, and sunset skies. The memory well stored with such images becomes a perpetual feast.

Beauty as placed in the world is not free from perplexities. Lord Bacon, with his usual breadth of vision, writes in view of these anomalies: "That is the best part of beauty which a picture can not express; no, nor the first sight of the life. There is no excellent beauty that hath not some strangeness in the proportion." The fact is, such strangeness perpetually crops up, owing to the presence of ugliness, which, as tares among wheat, grows up in the fields of beauty. It is not very easy to tell why all things were not created beautiful; it is not, for example, quite evident why some few women should be made ugly. But as we have the best authority for suffering the foolish gladly, so we shall not be far wrong in receiving the ugly with resignation. And Nature certainly makes kindly effort to recompense for occasional shortcomings; accordingly it is proverbial that she endows persons lacking in beauty with compensating goodness. Thus much it seems necessary to say, otherwise the objection might hold that the picture here drawn of beauty is wanting in truthful shadow and relief. And I think the contrast which nature and even art obtains in a certain small percentage of ugliness is not without a lesson. Beauty is apt to cloy; furthermore it may enervate; therefore the sweet is spiced with the bitter.

Beauty has received varying treatment from art. Unhappily some painters, such as Brauer and Jan Steen, instead of striving to express "the best part of beauty," have groveled in the mire, while others have glossed art with tinsel-show, ribbon, star, and belted rank. But the painter who works as Nature works will cast aside whatever in man is ignoble, and, seeking to carry out the general scheme of development, will improve upon the actual model and by felicity of invention push onward to the perfect type. And thus beauty in art as in nature becomes progressive—a beauty which rises in the scale of existence according to the worth of the idea it embodies.

Yet Sir Joshua Reynolds deploras that the artist must be content to suffer the sublime distress which a great mind alone can feel, "that, having dedicated his life to the attainment of an ideal beauty, he will die at last without having reached it." And Hogarth, in a more comic strain, relates how a certain "dancing-master once declared that, after much study and successive improvements, he still despaired of being able during the rest of his life to do complete justice to, or to bring out fully the capabilities of, his favorite dance." Whatever be a man's calling, singleness of devotion can not fail of re-

ward, and though to the end of life ideal beauty may still be beyond our reach, yet year by year it can be approached more nearly. The resolve is itself sufficient reward.

In our search after beauty much may be learned from the practice of the greatest artists in divers countries over long periods of time, and under diversified civilizations. The painter and sculptor are perpetually on the lookout for pleasing and perfect aspects in nature and in life, and thus the works that have been handed down may be said to serve as historic shrines or emporiums of beauty. And as good society is the best teacher of polished manners, and the reading of select authors one of the surest means of forming a good literary style, so the study of the master works of art is the most direct way of cultivating the taste and rectifying the sense of the beautiful. It will not be amiss, therefore, to enumerate a few examples in art which may be accepted as standards. Let us place in the front rank Grecian temples and Gothic cathedrals; some excel others, but all are more or less beautiful. Then consummate after their kind are Greek and Etruscan vases and tazze, and classic and Italian cameos and intaglios; also marble reliefs, of which the Elgin are nearly faultless. In the same category come ornamental compositions of foliage, flowers, and figures in classic, Italian, and French styles. Of course it will not be right to accept any work blindly; each component part must be examined critically, the chaff will have to be sifted from the wheat, and the essential beauty when found should be analyzed, and the effects referred to their causes. Nothing short of this is educational.

As types of the ideal, and as analytical exercises to bring out prominently the principles and properties of beauty, we can not do better than to take a few of the best-known pieces of sculpture, such as the Fates of Phidias, the Faun and Cupid by Praxiteles, the Venus of Milo, the Apollo Belvedere, the Lizard-Slayer, and the Antinous and the Genius of the Vatican. These and other figures are now happily made familiar to students and the public at large by casts in the class-rooms of art-schools throughout the country. They are rightly used as models of truth and beauty, and being raised above common nature, and freed from the accidents and flaws of individual humanity, they reach the generic and the immutable. Deformity, like error, dies out; while beauty, like truth, lives on. The student will do well to distinguish one species of beauty from another. In Greek and the best Roman sculpture the subtle essence is concentrated and sublimated; it dwells apart as in serene heights undisturbed by the tumult of lower spheres.

A new and inspired spirit of beauty dawned with the advent of Christian art. There would seem good reason to believe that the inward graces of faith, hope, and charity were, by the old painters, translated into form, and transferred to panel and canvas, so that the beauties of the soul, though in themselves invisible, became the objects of sense. And the foundation for this belief grows more assured from the well-accredited narrative that Fra Angelico went direct from prayer to his easel to paint the vision received from heaven, not daring to alter a line because all was given by God. Endless examples might be adduced of how many early, and a few late, Italian masters—Fra Angelico, Benozzo Gozzoli, Francia, Fra Bartolommeo, Da Vinci, and others—created and made eternal a world of beauty, and the revelation inspired a love and a worship. And, in these modern times, when beauty has become less spiritual and more carnal, it is no slight benefit that the masterpieces of early Italian art have been brought, by the publications of sundry societies, within the reach of rich and poor alike. Such supersensuous beauty, touching sometimes the confines of the supernatural, thrown into the quiet pauses of daily life, raises the mind above the level of common things. The subjects may pall somewhat by sameness, yet, besides such lovely and oft-repeated creations as Madonnas and Holy Families, a world of beauty opens on the sight in angels, and heavenly choirs, and winged creatures flocking the sky, or visiting the lower earth. In such pictorial compositions the lines and movements seem attuned to heavenly music. But again and again changes come over the spirit of the dream, and beauty, as conceived by Raphael, grows supremely symmetric, and even geometric; thus "Sibyls," and the figures in the "Poesia," perfect in equipoise, become wholly rhythmical, mind and body blending harmoniously, without jar or dissonance. And so the austere and self-immolating beauty of primitive epochs little by little relaxes, till we come, in the Venetian school, to such rapturous and passionate scenes as Titian's "Bacchus and Ariadne," "Venice Enthroned," by Veronese, "Mercury and the Graces," and "Ariadne and Venus," by Tintoretto. I wish to indicate how Italian painting unfolds not a narrow or exclusive, but a wide and representative beauty. And it becomes instructive to spell out and read the old pictures as if they were historic records of the conditions of churches and commonwealths, or as if they were books or so many pages transcribed from the life. The beauty which ever varied with the life and the faith of a highly sensitive people ministers all the more sympathetically with the pulsations of our own highly wrought existence.

The vital principle that has endowed with immortality the masterpieces of painting, sculpture, and architecture, inspires, though perchance in less degree, subsidiary and decorative handicrafts. The living spark of beauty which shines in the lowly flower animates the humblest work of art; and it is interesting to observe with what care and devotion smallest objects have been preserved and handed down through centuries, provided only they are impressed with beauty. The world hitherto has not been enamored by ugliness, nor has it as a rule sought to perpetuate deformity. But lovely objects, a jewel or a casket, or a piece of iron or brass, such, for example, as the treasures of metal-work in Westminster Abbey, are deemed priceless, for, if destroyed, the void felt could not be filled. Ugly forms are allowed to pass out of mind into oblivion, but the many illustrated volumes on decorative sculpture, on ivory or wood carving, on metal-work, tapestry, and textile fabrics, prove with how great solicitude designs of beauty are preserved, recorded, and handed down. Thus, by means of drawings, engravings, and reproductions, poetry of form and color are woven into the tissue and texture of our lives. And, if I may adduce my own experience, I would speak of the advantage of treasuring within the memory representative examples of the beautiful—some typical vase, some rare cameo or jewel, some choice form in glass or porcelain, some faultless arrangement in wall decoration, wood-work, or drapery. Such models of excellence serve as standards whereby to measure the departure from correct taste in ordinary and average households. In the present day there can be no excuse, when the furniture and decoration of a dwelling, when wall-hangings, mantel-pieces, chairs, couches, curtains, tablecloths, lamps, candlesticks, inkstands, paper-knives, etc., show themselves unsightly, because all things ugly in our surroundings stand reproved by a host of historic testimonies. And, judging from the experience of the past, it becomes positively sure that whatever works are malformed and hideous will gravitate downward, will pass from higher to lower grades in social life, from the palace to the cabin, till at last they are swept away and lost, while all things of beauty live on, and the older they grow the more they are revered.

Beauty has received loving regard from philosophers, poets, and painters alike. Lord Bacon takes an impartial but not wholly favorable view in the closing words to his essay, as follows: "Beauty is as summer fruits, which are easy to corrupt and can not last; and, for the most part, it makes a dissolute youth and an age a little out of countenance; but yet certainly again, if beauty light well, it maketh virtues shine and vices

blush." The poets toy with beauty, the term becomes clothed in metaphorical meanings; a landscape and a lady, a mountain and a monument, a piece of music, a poem and a picture, being esteemed indiscriminately beautiful. Instruction and delight come from the perusal of many metrical musings on beauty, and the mind does well ever and anon to pass from the literature of the subject to the visible embodiments in art. Some poets, such as Spenser and Shelley, pen hymns to intellectual and heavenly beauty, and, like Michael Angelo, drink deeply of the philosophy of Plato. Spenser writes:

"Therefore it comes that the fair souls which have
The most resemblance to the heavenly light,
Frame to themselves most beautiful and brave
Their fleshly bower, most fit for their delight."

"For of the soul the body form doth take;
For soul is form, and doth the body make."

Passing from poets to metaphysicians, we find that Sir William Hamilton has most nearly arrived at the abstract theory of beauty. His doctrine may be briefly stated as follows: "Beauty brings into action both the imagination and the understanding. Imagination has its delights in the variety of parts, while the understanding finds pleasure in combining the multifarious parts into a whole; the greater the number of parts given by the imagination, and the more complete the unity wrought by the understanding, the greater will be the pleasure excited, and the more perfect the beauty attained." Numberless are the passages bearing out this view, and certain artists, among whom stands conspicuous Hogarth, taking side glances at metaphysics, have dashed off specious theories. Hogarth, in his "Analysis of Beauty," written with "a view of fixing the fluctuating ideas of taste," believed he had discovered the whereabouts of beauty in variety, multiplicity, uniformity, regularity, symmetry, simplicity, and fitness. And this theory—if so it may be called—which fits loosely within Hamilton's definition, Hogarth was good enough to illustrate by diagrams. Thus, he sketched on a painter's palette a serpentine line, and wrote beneath, "The Line of Beauty"; and furthermore, on the title-page of the "Analysis" he delineated a pyramid, and within its three sides drew a serpent, and then wrote below, the word "Variety." And so we arrive at yet another manifestation of the ever-recurring maxim, "unity in variety." Again, I repeat, these ingenious speculations stand at dubious distance from practical results, and yet, I think, like the tentative outlines and first sketches which have come down to us from the old masters, they shadow forth permanent truths, and may be used as stepping-stones in the temple of beauty.

The ideas comprised within this short essay might with greater ease have been expanded into a volume. However, in settling the scheme of these papers, I deemed that beauty should find a prominent place, because I hold faith in its high function in life. An inevitable curtness in treatment may possibly have entailed confusion, or indeed incomprehensibility. I can only ask the reader patiently to consider what has been imperfectly expressed; and, to aid him in forming some definite conclusions, I beg to submit, as the issue of the preceding argument, the following propositions:

Forms accounted beautiful come with the greater sanction when they have been accepted over long periods of time, or over wide areas of space, or when they have been identified with high states of civilization. Such manifestations acquire an historic stability, and are more trustworthy than the phantoms of fashion or the devices of individual or momentary caprice.

Beauty usually accords with geometric proportions or numeric ratios; thus, in outline and composition it often falls within such figures as the circle, ellipse, or pyramid, and arranges itself according to numbers, such as 2, 3, 5, 7, etc. This numeric theory is supposed to have originated with Pythagoras, and in recent days it found a fanatic advocate in Mr. Hay, of Edinburgh. The conjecture has been that such ratios rest on the undulatory theory, and determine alike beauty of form, color, and sound; in other words, that the beauty of the human figure, of the prismatic rainbow, and of a Beethoven sonata obey like fundamental laws.

Forms of beauty, whether elementary or complex, are primarily found in nature, but the creative idea is often marred, dross debasing the pure gold. Yet Nature strives to purge away impurities, to cast out deformities, and to preserve and develop the normal type; whenever Nature reaches her standard of perfection she is beautiful.

Beauty constitutes the ideal, and the true

ideal in art corresponds to the perfected real in nature.

Outward and visible beauty is announced and determined by the response and approval of the mind, the mind being made for beauty as the eye is constructed for light: the inward intuitions planted in man pulsate, as cords of a lyre, to the vibrations or impressions from without.

Beauty obtains a twofold sanction when it exists as the perfection of outward nature, and when it obtains the approving response of the best minds.

Beauty stands in some undefined relation with truth and goodness. Partial and incomplete beauty often contains an admixture of error and badness, but perfect beauty is without alloy, and lies in continuity with truth and goodness; the three conjoined making an unbroken circuit, each fortifying the other.

All beauty becomes the more confirmed when it has been sanctioned and made manifest by the great artists of the world, and when it is embodied in the master works of the foremost architects, sculptors, or painters. Beauty resides within every true and good work of art, just as the soul dwells within the human body—it is there to a certainty—we have only to find it out.

And forms of beauty appear with overwhelming evidence when they obtain, as just indicated, a threefold warrant: when they possess the impress of the Creator in nature; when they have gained the approval of the artist by a place in universal art; and, lastly, when they have awakened within humanity an allegiance and a love.

And these manifold phases of Beauty declare what they are by the pleasure they impart: beauty always pleases, and what displeases is unbeautiful; it is her privilege to lead from joy to joy. The worth of any beauty is measured by the dignity of the emotions awakened; the use of beauty is to elevate, adorn, and add to the enjoyment of life.

J. BEAVINGTON ATKINSON (*Good Words*).

THE GROWTH OF SCULPTURE.

ORDINARY conceptions of art are apt to be a good deal warped by the prevailing impression among artists and critics that the origin of all things is to be sought for in Italy and Hellas, or, at best, in Egypt and Assyria. Take up an average history of sculpture, such as Lubke's, and you will find that the author imagines he has brought you face to face with the

cradle of art when he introduces you to the polished granite statues of Thebes, or the lively alabaster bas-reliefs of Kouyunjik. From the point of view generally adopted by the æsthetic world, Egypt and Assyria are the absolute beginning of every earthly art or science. But, with the rapid advance of anthropology and of what may be called prehistoric archæology during the last few

years, a new school of æsthetics has become inevitable—a school which should judge of art-products not by the transcendental and often dogmatic principles of Lessing or Winckelmann, but by the sober light of actual evolution. So to judge, we must push back our search far beyond the days of Sennacherib and Rameses, to the nameless artists who carved the figures of animals upon bits of mammoth-tusks under the shade of pre-glacial caves. We must consider the Egyptian and Assyrian sculptures not as rudimentary works, but as advanced products of highly developed art. We must trace the long course of previous evolution by which the rude figures of primeval men were brought to the comparative technical perfection of Memphian or Ninevite monuments; a perfection which sometimes only just falls short of the Hellenic model by its want of the very latest and lightest touch—artistic grace and freedom. In short, we must allow that barbaric art is but a step below the civilized, while it is very many steps above the lowest savage.

In the present paper, however, it is not my intention to do more than sketch very briefly, and in a merely prefatory manner, the primitive stages of plastic art. I wish, rather, here to point out sundry influences which, as it seems to me, have conspired to give their peculiar characteristics to the very advanced sculpture of Egypt, Assyria, Greece, and India. But, as a preliminary to such an exposition, it will be well to touch lightly upon sundry prior and necessary stages of early imitative art.

When a child begins spontaneously to draw, its first attempt is generally a rough representation of the human form. It draws a man, and a man in the abstract only. He is "bilaterally symmetrical," as the naturalists say; a full-faced figure, with all the limbs and features displayed entire. He has a round face, two goggle eyes, a nose and mouth, a cylindrical body, two arms held out at a more or less acute angle, with five fingers on each, and two legs, also divergent, with a pair of terminal knobs to represent the feet. This is the very parent of art, a symbolical or mathematical man, a rough diagram of humanity, reduced to its simplest component elements. It still survives as the sole representation of a man among our own street boys and among many savage races. Moreover, it affords us a good clew to all the faults and errors, the partial successes and tentative improvements, of subsequent artists. An Egyptian or Assyrian pond always consists of a square diagram of some water, surrounded by diagrams of trees, pointing outward from it in every direction, so that some of them are placed sideways, and some of them upside down. So, too, if you ask any

educated European, who is ignorant of drawing, to sketch you the figure of a chair, you will find that he fails just where the street boy fails in representing the human face. He is too abstract and mathematical; he lets his intellectual appreciation of the chair as possessing four legs and a back and a seat, all at right angles and in certain determinate planes, carry away his judgment to the detriment of the visual chair, whose angles are all irregular, and whose planes interfere with one another in extraordinary ways. He turns you out a diagram, a section, or an elevation of a chair, not a picture in the true sense. That is the stumbling-block of all early painters and sculptors, the difficulty which they had slowly to overcome before they could arrive at the modern truthfulness of delineation.

In the technical language of painting, such truthfulness of delineation, such correct imitation of the visual object in its visible as opposed to its geometrical relations, is known as *drawing*. It includes perspective, foreshortening, and all the other devices by which we represent the visual field on a flat surface. But the term can not, of course, be applied to sculpture, where something analogous nevertheless exists, especially in bas-relief. Accordingly, I propose in the present paper to employ the word *imitation* in this general sense as including accuracy of representation in either art. And such accuracy of imitation we may take as the real and objective test of artistic evolution, at least so far as the imitative arts are concerned. I shall give examples hereafter which will illustrate the difference between the application of this test and of those shadowy and artificial standards so generally employed by the transcendental school.

So far as I know, the Polynesians and many other savages have not progressed beyond the full-face stage of human portraiture above described. Next in rank comes the drawing of a profile, as we find it among the Esquimaux and the Bushmen. Our own children soon attain to this level, which is one degree higher than that of the full face, as it implies a special point of view, suppresses half the features, and is not diagrammatic or symbolical of all the separate parts. Negroes and North American Indians can not understand profile: they ask what has become of the other eye. At this second degree may also be placed the representation of animals as the Esquimaux represent them—a single side view, with the creature in what may be called an abstract position; that is to say, doing nothing particular. Third in rank we may put the rudimentary perspective stage, where limbs are represented in drawing or bas-relief as standing one behind another, and where one body or portion of a body is permitted to conceal another. Still,

the various figures are seen all on one plane, and stand side by side, in a sort of processional order (like that of the Bayeux tapestry), with little composition and no background; nor have they yet much variety of attitude. Successively higher steps show us the figures in different positions, as walking, running, sitting, or lying down; then, again, as performing complicated actions; finally, as showing emotion, expression, and individuality in their faces. At the same time the processional order disappears; perspective begins to come into use, and the limbs betray some attention to rough anatomical proprieties. Thus, by slow degrees, the symbolical and mathematical drawing of savages evolves into the imitative painting and sculpture of civilized races.

I wish to catch this evolving and yet undifferentiated art at the point where it is still neither painting nor sculpture, and where it has just passed the fourth stage in the course of development here indicated. From this point I wish to observe the causes which made it assume its well-known national plastic forms in Egypt, Assyria, Hellas, and India respectively. To do so, it will be necessary shortly to recapitulate some facts in the history of its evolution, familiar to most æsthetic students, but less so, perhaps, to the mass of general readers. Painting and sculpture, then, in their Western shape at least, started from a common origin in such processional pictures as those above described—pictures of whose primitive peculiarities the Egyptian wall-paintings and Etruscan vases will give us a fair idea, though in a more developed form. Setting out from this original mode, sculpture first diverged by the addition of incised lines, marking the boundaries of the colored figures standing out flat in very low relief. Then, the edges being rounded and the details incised as well as painted, bas-relief proper comes into existence. Corner figures, like those of the Assyrian bulls and gods, give us the earliest hint of the statue. At first, seated or erect, with arms placed directly down the side to the thighs, and legs united together, the primitive statues formed a single piece with the block of stone behind them. Becoming gradually higher and higher in relief, they at last stood out as almost separate figures, with a column at the back to support their weight. At last they assumed the wholly separate position. Side by side with these changes, the arms are cut away from the sides, and the legs are opened and placed one before the other. Gradually more action is thrown into the limbs, and more expression into the features; till, finally, the cat-faced Egyptian Pasht, with her legs firmly set together, and her hands laid flat upon her knees, gives place to the free Hellenic Discobolus, with every limb admirably molded into exact imitation of an ideally beauti-

ful human form, in a speaking attitude of graceful momentary activity.

Now, if we look for a minute at a few of the criticisms already passed by æsthetic authorities upon works of national art, we shall see how far they differ from those which must be passed by the application of this objective imitative test. There are in the British Museum some Assyrian bas-reliefs from Kouyunjik, of the age of Asshurbanipal, or Sardanapalus, concerning which no less a writer than Sir A. H. Layard delivers himself after this fashion: "In that which constitutes the highest quality of art, in variety of detail and ornament, in attempts at composition, in severity of style, and purity of outline, they are inferior to the earliest Assyrian monuments with which we are acquainted—those from the northwest palace at Nimroud. They bear, indeed, the same relation to them as the later Egyptian monuments do to the earlier." But the fact is that, if we accept imitation as our test, we must rank these very bas-reliefs as the highest products of Assyrian art. Any one who will look at the original works in the Museum can judge for himself. The animals in them are represented in very truthful and unsymmetrical attitudes, and often show considerable expression. A wounded lion seizing a chariot-wheel has its face and two paws given with a fidelity and an attention to perspective truly astonishing. The parts of bodies passing in front of one another are managed with high technical skill. A lion inclosed in a cage is seen through the bars in an admirable manner. And, though conventionalism is allowed to reign for the most part in the human figure, especially in the sacred case of the king, yet the muscles are brought out with considerable anatomical correctness, and the inferior personages are often in really decent drawing, even when judged as Europeans now judge. All these points betoken advance upon the older works. To put it plainly, Sir A. H. Layard seems to have set up as a standard certain rather ideal characters of art, to have erected the archaic Assyrian type with which he was familiar into an absolute model, and then to have found fault with these particular bas-reliefs because they were less "severe" and "pure"—that is to say, more highly evolved—than his artificial standard of national excellence.

Similarly, I find Herr Lübke placing Indian sculpture far below that of Egypt and Assyria. For this singular judgment he gives merely fanciful and, as it seems to me, mystical reasons. "It might, indeed, be asserted," he says, "that a touch of *naïve* grace marks the best of these works, but this grace breathes no animation of mind, nor power of thought or will; at the most it may be compared with the loveliness of the flowers of the field; there is nothing in it of moral

consciousness." I confess I find it hard to discover traces of moral consciousness in the Memnon or the winged bulls; but any child can see that while Egyptian statues are stiff, unnatural, symmetrical, and absolutely devoid of anatomical detail, many Indian statues are free in position, stand with arms and legs in natural and graceful attitudes, show in their faces individuality or even expression, and represent the limbs with anatomical correctness, only idealized into a somewhat voluptuous smoothness and rotundity. Here, again, we must suppose that a preconceived transcendental idea has blinded the critic to obvious excellence of imitation.*

One word to prevent misapprehension. I do not mean to say that such a rough test as that here employed can be used to measure the respective value of the highest artistic work. It can merely be employed to weigh nation against nation. In our own days, when good imitation is almost universal, when drawing, and perspective, and anatomy, are taught systematically to all our artists, we necessarily judge of æsthetic products by higher and mainly emotional standards. Mr. Frith does not differ much from Mr. Burne Jones, or M. Legros, or Sir Frederick Leighton, in mere technical ability to represent what he sees on a flat surface; but he differs greatly in sentiment and feeling. What we admire in one modern work of art, as compared with another, is its coloring, its composition, its beauty of thought and expression, its power of stirring the higher and finer chords of our emo-

tional nature. What we dislike is vulgarity of subject or treatment, crude or discordant coloring, low or commonplace emotion, and all the other outward signs of poverty in intellectual and emotional endowment. These higher tests can sometimes be applied even where the technique is far from perfect, as among many mediæval Italian painters, whose drawing, especially of animals, is often ludicrously incorrect, while they nevertheless display a fine sense of coloring, deep feeling, and profound power of expression. But they can not be applied to Egyptian or Assyrian handicraft, which thus falls short entirely of the specific fine-art quality as understood by modern æsthetic critics. The total absence of feeling and expression reduces the art of Egypt and Assyria to the purely barbaric level. That of Hellas, on the contrary, rises to the first rank. The origin of this remarkable difference forms the subject of our present inquiry.

A cheap and easy mode of accounting for such peculiarities, much in vogue among critics, is to refer them to "the national character"; which is about as explanatory as to say that opium puts one to sleep because it possesses a soporific virtue. If we take a single individual, the absurdity becomes obvious—no one would account for the excellence of Shakespeare's plays by saying that he possessed a play-writing character—but, when we talk of a whole nation, the trick of language imposes upon everybody. The real question, however, lurks behind all these shallow subterfuges, and it is this: Why is the national character artistic or inartistic, free or slavish, individual or conventional, as the case may be? The only possible answer lies in the physical condition and antecedents of each particular people. To put the concrete instance, Egyptian sculpture was what we know it to be, first, because the people were Egyptians, that is to say, Negroids; secondly, because they lived in Egypt; and, thirdly, because they had no stone to work in but granite or porphyry. Conversely, Hellenic sculpture was what we know it to be, first, because the people were Hellenes, that is to say, Aryans; secondly, because they lived in Hellas; and, thirdly, because they worked mainly in white and fine-grained Parian marble.

The first element, that of heredity, was the one which poor dogmatic, puzzle-headed Buckle so stoutly refused to take into consideration. But it is undoubtedly one of prime importance, though I can not here find room to lay much stress upon it. Of course heredity itself is ultimately explicable by the previous physical circumstances of each race; it means the persistent mental twist given to a nation by the long habits of its ancestors in their dealings with nature and surrounding peoples, which latter factor must, in the last

* In justice to Lübke I should like to add that he differs totally from Sir A. H. Layard as to the Kouyunjik sculptures, and agrees, on the whole, with my independently formed opinion. To show how greatly our doctors disagree on such points, I venture to transcribe the whole of his remarks on this subject. "If the works at Khorsabad," he says, "mark the transition from the strict old style to one of greater freedom, the latter acquires its full sway in the palace of Kujjundschi. It is true, even here, that the extent of subject-matter, the idea and its intellectual importance, remain unchanged. The Assyrian artists were compelled to restrict themselves, as their forefathers had done for centuries, to the glorification of the life and actions of their princes. But, while the ideas were limited to the old narrow circle, the observation of nature had increased so considerably in acuteness, extent, and delicacy, the representations had gained such ease, freshness, and variety, and the power of characterization had become so enlarged by the study of individual life, that an advance proclaims itself everywhere. At the same time, the art had lost nothing of its earlier excellences, except, perhaps, the powerful, gloomy grandeur of the principal figures; this was exchanged for the softer but in no wise feeble grace of a more animated style, and for the wealth of an imagination that had thrown aside its fetters in various new ideas and pregnant subjects." Here Lübke's own transcendental canons do not mislead him, and he therefore avoids the fanciful error into which Layard's canons have led the great explorer.

resort, be accepted as a result of their geographical position. This mental twist is physically registered in the brain. Now, the Negroid race (perhaps because it is cooped up in a large and compact continent, Africa, with no intersecting seas and little outlet for intercourse with surrounding peoples) has never displayed much plasticity of intelligence, and has only produced a civilized nation in its extreme northeastern branch, where it spreads over the rich alluvial valley of the Nile, and borders most closely upon the Semitic and Aryan races. Somewhat similar is the position of the great Mongoloid family, which has developed a civilization in China alone, among the fertile plains of the Hoang-Ho and the Yang-tse-Kiang. Both these races seem to represent an early checked development; their type of social organization remains low and stereotyped (though in different degrees); their ancestors appear never to have been placed in favorable conditions for calling forth the latent adaptability, the susceptibility to culture and evolution, of the human species. If we look at China especially, we see that its monosyllabic language, its religion of ancestor-worship, its ideographic mode of writing, its social system, all belong to an early and strangely fossilized type. The Aryans, on the contrary (and we might perhaps add, the Semites), have passed ancestrally through some unknown circumstances which have rendered them hereditarily the most plastic, the most intelligent, the most aesthetic, and probably the most organically moral of all human races. Thus, at the point where history first discovers them, the great families of men are already unequal in potentialities and in actual culture. The Aryan starts in the race with five ounces more of brain than the negro. The Bushman starts with five ounces less. It is by no means a matter of indifference, therefore, to the philosophy of history whether Egypt was peopled by Negroids or Aryans, whether China was occupied by Turanians or Andamanese, and whether the first Hellenic colonists settled down in Central Africa or in the islands of the Ægean. Each race is what it is partly in virtue of the peculiar brain and the correlated individuality handed down to it by descent from its remotest human ancestors.

Here the second element, which I must also pass over rapidly, steps in to complicate the account. Given a certain relatively homogeneous mass of Aryans, Turanians, or Negroids, that mass, as it splits up into minor tribes or groups, will again be further differentiated by the special physical conditions which surround it in its separate life. While each will retain the chief Aryan or Turanian peculiarities, as compared with other non-Aryan or non-Turanian tribes, it will acquire certain new characteristics of its own in virtue of

its new environment. The primitive Aryan nucleus, for example, divides into several hordes or colonies, each of which goes its own way from the common Central Asian home to find itself a new dwelling-place in some unknown land. A part threads its way through the passes of the Hindoo Koosh to the alluvial flats of the Indus and the Ganges; and there, settling down to a purely agricultural life, and mixing, in its lower castes at least, with the flat-faced aborigines, produces the modern Indian people—from the pure light-brown Aryan Brahman, with his intellectual features and profound speculative brain, to the degraded, almost non-Aryan, Chumar, with his flat nose, thick lips, and dull, material mind. Another colony strikes westward, and, making its home among the nearest islands and peninsulas of the Mediterranean, becomes the great civilized and commercial Helleno-Italic race, the true founder of our modern arts, our modern science, and our modern philosophy. A third branch lingers longer in the primitive home, and then ripens more slowly its intelligence among the forests of the Danube and the Rhine, till at length, borrowing a new civilization from its intercourse with falling Rome, it blossoms finally forth as the conquering Teutonic stock, which now divides with the Keltic all the culture of Western Europe. To trace in detail for each case the endless interaction of land on people, and of people on surrounding tribes, would be a task for innumerable volumes and encyclopedic knowledge; but, that to such interactions, however undiscoverable, the whole national character is due, no consistent evolutionist can reasonably doubt. While we allow that the Aryan blood of the Hellenes had much to do with the differences which mark them off from the Negroid Egyptians, must we not equally grant that Hellenic civilization would have been very different if the settlers of Attica had happened rather to occupy the valley of the Nile; and that the Egyptians would have become a race of enterprising sailors and foreign merchants if they had chosen to make their homes on the shores of the Cyclades and the Corinthian Gulf? The factors of the problem, though never, perhaps, actually determined, are yet in the abstract potentially determinable.

In every evolution the question of time is all-important, for each fresh step depends upon the steps already taken. At the moment when our investigation begins, the main center of civilization lay around the eastern Mediterranean. The other isolated civilizations—India, China, Mexico, Peru—had some of them little, and others no, connection with the Egyptian, Assyrian, and Hellenic culture. Navigation needed to be nursed first in the Ægean and then in the wider Mediterranean before it could trust itself upon the

vast Atlantic, and initiate that momentous revolution whereby the civilization of the world has been transferred from the Nile, the Archipelago, and the Tiber to the Seine, the Thames, the Rhine, and the Hudson. This important element of time is a factor whose value we must never forget in the history of evolution.

Now, just as the Aryan individuality is antithetical to the Negroid, so are the physical circumstances of Hellas antithetical to those of Egypt. When an Aryan colony settled among the islands and peninsulas of the *Ægean*, it settled (as it seems to me) in the very place which was, *at that exact moment of time*, best fitted to develop the Aryan type to its highest existing potential culture. As granite is to marble, and as the raw negro is to the raw Hellenic, such, I believe, was Egypt to Hellas.

The valley of the Nile, a long, narrow, alluvial strip, lies between two inclosing granite or limestone ranges, which cut it naturally off from all surrounding homes of men. On either side stretches the desert. Between them runs the great river, whose mud fills the valley and forms the Delta, whose water annually inundates and fertilizes the fields, and whose influence alone causes the difference between the belt of verdure, a few miles wide, and the dreary expanse of sand to right and left. This alluvial plain, like all other alluvial plains, was naturally predestined by its physical peculiarities to become the seat of an early agricultural community. As soon as evolving man had passed the stage of the mere hunter or shepherd, he necessarily made his first essays in tillage on the rich levels watered by the Indus, the Ganges, the Euphrates, the Hoang-Ho, and the Nile. As navigation must begin on rivers, lakes, and inland seas before it tempts the stormy ocean, so agriculture must begin on fertile and naturally irrigated lowland plains before it can drive its steam-plows along the bleak hillsides of the Lothians or the rocky slopes of the Alleghenies. Now, Egypt was specially marked out, even among such alluvial plains, as the natural seat of a great empire. All alluvial countries lend themselves readily to despotism: it is easy to overrun them, hard to defend them, difficult to encourage the natural growth of small nationalities. In Egypt the ease of consolidation, the difficulty of separation, reaches a maximum. From the Cataracts to the sea the country is naturally (like the French Republic) one and indivisible. Hence the distinguishing mark of Egypt is that it was a primitive, despotic, homogeneous Negroid community, organized on an essentially military type, but comprising a mainly agricultural populace. Whatever else than this it has ever been has depended upon changes brought about by the time-element; but this at

bottom it has really always remained. The Egyptian cultivator was ever and is now a soulless clod, born to till the soil and pay the taxes.

Developing freely at first, apart from foreign interference, the Egyptian community produced its own social system and its own artistic school in accordance with its own genius and the genius of the place. The richness of the soil permitted the reaping of harvests far greater than sufficed for the cultivators' use; but those harvests, instead of being exported (as at later dates) to feed the masses of Rome or England, were used to support vast bodies of native workmen. Then, as now, the despotic ruler appropriated to his own enjoyment all the surplus wealth of the country; but while the Khedive employs it in buying English yachts and hiring French opera companies, Rameses or Userthesen employed it in building splendid tombs, gorgeous palaces, and magnificent temples to their deified ancestors by the hands of Egyptian workmen alone. Thus Egyptian painting, sculpture, and architecture became wholly subservient to the royal pleasure, and the two former arts grew up simply as accessories to the latter in the decoration of the vast royal buildings.

I am afraid the reader will have fancied, during this long digression, that I have forgotten my promise to discourse concerning the growth of sculpture altogether. But I have really been keeping it in view the whole time. We now arrive at the third element in the evolution of Egyptian plastic art—the material with which it had to deal. This, I believe, is one of the most important factors in the whole problem, and yet it is the one most persistently overlooked. The idealists who write so glibly about the national character of Egypt and of Greece forget that even an Athenian sculptor could have done little with the hard granite masses of Syene, while even Egyptians would in all probability have produced far more truthful and natural works if they had always dealt with the fine and plastic marble of Paros and Pentelicus. It is not too much to say that Egyptian sculpture has been profoundly modified by the abundance of granite, Assyrian sculpture by the abundance of alabaster, and Hellenic sculpture by the abundance of marble.

Practically speaking, there are only two plastic materials in Egypt. The one is the mud of Nile, from which bricks can be made; the other is the hard, igneous rock—granite, syenite, or porphyry—of the boundary ranges. The geology of Egypt is as monotonous as its scenery. Marble or soft limestone nowhere occurs in any quantity. Granite, therefore, became the material from which the sculptured parts of temples, palaces, and tombs were constructed (though a

soft, durable sandstone was also employed for the ordinary building; and the national art, being all at bottom architectural, took its main impress from the artistic capabilities of this material. Even in our own times, granite makes an awkward statue; though by dint of long practice upon marble, and still more owing to the modern habit of modeling the original in clay, we are now able to turn out as good a figure as the rigid nature of the stone allows. But the Egyptians, so to speak, founded all their art on granite, and it accordingly colored even their painting, as I hope hereafter to show. "A sitting statue," says Sir Gardner Wilkinson, "was represented with the hands placed upon the knees, or held across the breast; and, when standing, the arms were placed directly down the sides to the thighs, one foot being advanced before the other, as if in the attitude of walking, but without any attempt to separate the legs." "The parts between the legs," says Dr. Birch, "in statues made of stone, are reserved or not cut away, said to be owing to the manner of working by stunning out the limbs." These peculiarities were almost necessitated by the nature of the stone itself, and they are familiar to all of us from the specimens in the courts of the Louvre and of the British Museum.*

I do not for a moment mean to deny that the national character, formed by the national circumstances, did much to determine the low grade of development in Egyptian plastic art; but I think it almost certain that the nature of the material also reacted upon the national character with considerable effect. In the first place, painting itself advanced in many ways beyond sculpture, and was probably retarded in its development by the fixity of its sister art. For instance, its choice of attitude was far more free and unrestricted; it represented arms and legs in positions which would have been impossible for granite statues. In the wall-paintings, figures *act*; in the sculptures, they passively *exist*. Then, again, as most of the highest architecture had also granite or sandstone for its "physical basis," the whole national art could never attain the plasticity of Hellenic genius—could never reach the grade of development which was naturally reached in the free and gracious marble temples of Ionia or Attica. But, above all, there are signs that Egyptian art did not always assume so rigid a form, and that in its earlier days it could sometimes attain far greater freedom and individuality, especially in connection with

more plastic materials. There is a little terracotta group in the British Museum—a man and woman seated—attributed to the ninth dynasty (a comparatively early period), in which the pose of the figures is so natural and unrestrained that one feels almost inclined at first to doubt their antiquity, and to suspect Hellenic influence. This group and a few like it used to puzzle me for many years, until I learned from late discoveries that the sculpture of the third and other early dynasties was decidedly more individualized and imitative than that of the great eighteenth and nineteenth dynasties, under which the ever-increasing conventionalism of Egyptian art reached its highest development. Besides the reaction of the solid material, which naturally induced stiffness of conception, we must attribute this increasing rigidity of Egyptian sculpture to its *hieratic* character.

In all despotisms a certain sacredness invests the king. In despotisms of the Oriental model, military societies which have crystallized at an early stage of development, this sacredness affects everything that concerns the king. In Egypt, especially, the concentration of all the energies of the country around the descendant of the sun made the sacred character of royal art very apparent. "Rameses conquering a city," "Amennoph driving his enemies before him," "Thothmes receiving the tribute of the Ethiopians"—these form the subjects of half the bas-reliefs and wall-paintings on tombs or palaces. Art being mostly restricted to the adornment of royal buildings, a caste of royal artists grew up, who learned from one another the conventional principles of their art. For conventionalism means the continuous copying of a primitive and inaccurate attempt at imitation of nature. Hence both sculptors and painters worked by an hieratic canon, which prescribed the relative proportions of the body, and from which it would have been sacrilegious to diverge. Especially in dealing with the gods and the king, the fixed models alone could be permitted, and no variation, even in posture or feature, could be allowed. In mediæval Europe somewhat the same fixity prevailed in the representation of the Madonna and the saints, as it still prevails in the wooden *pietàs* and *bambinos* of Continental churches. A like fixity also existed, apparently, in prehistoric Hellas. But while in Italy a Cimabue, a Giotto, and a Leonardo could be found successively to break through the various conventional ideas of their age; while in Hellas a series of nameless sculptors could discard the cow-faced Here and the owl-headed Athene for ideal human figures, which grow into individuality under the hands of Dipœnus and Scyllis; in Egypt no single original plastic genius ever ventured to omit the panther-

* The Egyptians did very sparingly employ a native coarse black marble; but no quarries of this stone existed at all comparable to the great masses of *rosso antico* porphyry at Syene.

features of Pasht or the ibis-beak of Thoth, to sever the arms and legs of a Memnon, or to throw expression into the lifeless eyes of a Sesostris.

How could it be otherwise? Everywhere the total amount of originality is small, and the number of innovators is infinitesimal compared with the number of those who follow "the best models." The history of Greek sculpture or Italian painting shows us how each epoch-making artist only advanced a trifle upon the work of those who preceded him. Yet, to get even such slow improvement, the elements of progress must be at work throughout an entire nation, leavening the whole mass. These elements were as wholly wanting in ancient Egypt as they are in modern China. The Egyptian peasant or artisan lived in a monotonous and narrow plain, studded with little villages, each of which, like those of the Gangetic plateau in our own days, contained absolutely identical social factors—the cultivators, the potters, the weavers, the bakers, and the priests. Up and down the river, life was exactly the same. There was no intercourse with unlike communities, no foreign trade, no exchange with neighboring villages, nothing to arouse thought, individuality, original effort. Each man learned his craft from those who went before, and the sculptor or the painter learned his like the rest. Thus there was no advance, no progress, no alteration almost. The whole of life crystallized naturally into a set conventional system, controlled from above by the king, in which spontaneous individuality would have seemed very like a disease. Yet it is noticeable that in art this fixed system, with its regular canons, affected most the high personages of the stereotyped governmental and religious hierarchy, while it left the lower ranks comparatively free. The stiffest and most invariable figures are those of the gods, where innovation is absolutely inadmissible. Next comes the sacred form of the king, always represented in certain conventional attitudes as performing certain ordinary official acts, but still allowing of some variation in detail. The priests and high functionaries may be permitted a certain relaxation from the absolutely formal attitudes; and, when we reach the bas-reliefs or pictures which show us the people engaged in every-day work, we meet with comparative freedom of treatment. Lastly, animal shapes, the least common of all, and so the least liable to harden down into conventionality, are often represented with much technical skill, and occasionally even with something approaching to spirit.

When we turn to Assyria, we arrive at a sort of intermediate stage between Memphis and Athens. Judged by the imitative standard, the plastic art of Nineveh is decidedly in advance of that of Egypt. The human face and figure are

far more naturally treated. A rude perspective is suggested, and sometimes realized with considerable skill. The muscles are represented with some approach to accuracy. In Egyptian art, figures walking always have the soles of *both* feet planted flat upon the ground; in Assyrian bas-reliefs, the toe alone of the hinder or retreating foot touches the earth. "Assyrian art," says Lübke, justly, "is distinguished even in its earliest works from the Egyptian by greater power, fullness, and roundness in the reliefs, by a fresher conception of nature, and by a more energetic delineation of life; but it lacks, on the other hand, the more delicate sense of form and the stricter architectural law that marked the other." I think, if we regard the question from the evolutionary standpoint, we shall admit that even the last-named points are really marks of freedom and progress. "This may be traced," continues the historian, with a rare outburst of common sense, "in the first place to a difference of character, of their relations to nature, and of their artistic taste; but it was induced also, undoubtedly, by the slighter connection with architecture, and by the more tractable material for work afforded by alabaster." There we get the whole solution of the problem summed up in a nutshell.

Moreover, Assyria differs also from Egypt in this, that from the earliest monuments at Kalah Sherghat to the latest at Kouyunjik we can trace a continuous and constant improvement. The despotism of Nineveh never became so conventionalized and crystallized as that of Thebes. Egypt was stationary or retrograde; Assyria was slowly progressive.

The valley of the Tigris, like that of the Nile, naturally gave rise at an early period to a great semi-civilized agricultural community. But the Assyrians were a Semitic people, and the difference of race counted for something in Mesopotamia, even as it has counted for something among the monotonous flats of Upper India. In addition to this primary differentiating cause, there was a second cause in the physical conditions. Assyria is not so wholly isolated as Egypt. Though an inland country, it is not utterly cut off by the desert from all mankind, and compelled to mature its own self-contained civilization within its own limits like China or Peru. The great river formed a highway for communication with the kindred culture of Babylon, while lines of commerce connected the Assyrian capital with the Phœnician, Hellenic, and Hebrew worlds, as well as with the primitive Persian, Median, and Indian empires. Hence, while the type of organization remains, as in Egypt, military and despotic, there is more individual thought and action among the people. It is true the existing remains of Assyrian art refer even more exclusively to the

life and deeds of rulers than do those of Egypt; but then they are mere fragments from royal palaces, far less numerous and varied than the rich relics of Karnak or Beni-Hassan; and they display far greater originality and individuality on the part of the artists than any of the Egyptian remains.

"Strata of alabaster abound in Assyria."

This geological fact gives us the one remaining point necessary to the comprehension of Ninevite work. Using limestone instead of granite in their purely architectural work, the Assyrians used alabaster for their strictly plastic compositions. Starting thus from the same primitive basis as the Egyptians—the incised bas-relief painting—it is easy to see how the nature of their material, combined with the greater freedom of their intellects, led them soon to higher flights. The archaic sculptures at Arban, wrought in a coarse limestone, show us the gradual attempt at emancipation on the part of the early artists. The features display a Negroid type, which, perhaps, points back to Egyptian models,* and the treatment is far more angular than in later works. One of the lions—a corner statue, forming part of a slab flanking a doorway—has a curious peculiarity which marks transition from a still more ancient and conventional style to a comparatively free and modern treatment. It has five legs. Four of these are visible as you view the animal in profile, and they are placed one behind the other, as though the creature were advancing; but two are also visible in front, one being the foremost of the previous four, and the other an abnormal fifth leg, which gives it the appearance of standing still when viewed from this aspect. Evidently the sculptor could not reconcile his mind to giving up the proper complement of legs from any point of view, and so compromised the matter by running two contradictory conceptions into one. In the well-known winged bulls, this anomaly settles down into a regular conventional practice, owing to their architectural position. The sculpture of these colossal figures in their best day is, however, far more rounded, and the detail much more exquisitely carved, than would be possible in granite figures. But Assyrian statues seldom attain any great importance, because they have never wholly emancipated themselves from architectural trammels, and it is only in a few isolated figures that we get an idea of what the artists might have done. It is in the soft alabaster bas-reliefs, however, that the Assyrian genius finds its fullest development. Their delicacy of carving, frequent truth of delineation, and occasional glimpses of spirited treatment,

place them second only to the archaic Greek sculptures.

Even in alabaster, however, the Assyrian hand was cramped by hieratic conventionality. The deities retain their eagle-heads or bulls' bodies. The sacred figure of the king and those of the attendant eunuchs never lose their primitive stiffness. In the monuments of Sardanapalus himself, only the huntsmen and other inferior personages show any approach to free treatment. "The human form maintains its old typical and conventional constraint, and, with all their genius, the artists of this last Assyrian period never succeeded in breaking through the ban which frustrated in the East the representation of free, thoughtful human life. The animals of the late Assyrian art are far superior to the men in nobleness of structure, in power and grace of action, and even in depth of expression." But it was something if only to have attained to the ease and faithfulness of representation which we find in the well-known wounded lioness of Kouyunjik.

On the other hand, if we wish to measure the effect produced by so plastic a material as alabaster, we have but to look at the contemporary Assyrian "cylinders" in hard stones such as jasper, onyx, and agate. These, though cut with immense care, display a primitive and almost savage style of art which contrasts ludicrously with the finished sculpture of the bas-reliefs.

But no place could better illustrate the importance of material than Babylon. More commercial and probably more civilized than Nineveh, Babylon stood in the midst of a far wider alluvial plain, where no building material except brick was procurable. Marble, alabaster, granite, were all unknown. Building stone, Sir A. H. Layard tells us, could only be brought from a distance, and it consisted chiefly of black basalt from the Kurdish mountains, used for ornamental details alone. The city, as a whole, was built of brick and mud. Hence no plastic art ever developed in Babylon. Its ruins consist of mere shapeless mounds, inclosing colored enameled tiles and other traces of varied æsthetic handicraft; but sculpture utterly failed for want of a "physical basis." No doubt pictorial and industrial arts took somewhat diverse developments from those which they would have taken had the architectural style been more similar to that of the Assyrian capital. Tapestry seems to have been to Babylon what sculpture was to Athens and painting to Florence.

Turning at last to Hellas, we have to deal with a very different people, a different country, a different material. The Aryan Hellenes took with them to their island homes the same primitive intellectual, philosophical, and subtle minds which the Brahmans took to India and the Kelts

* In like manner the earliest Greek sculpture gives Semitic or Assyrian features to its figures.

to Ireland. All we know of the Aryan race shows us that it could nowhere be content with such a purely external life as that of the Egyptians and Assyrians. Men of that race must reflect more and feel more, and their art must, therefore, mirror more of their internal life. But these universal Aryan qualities are not by themselves sufficient to account for the specific Hellenic art. We must look for that in the physical peculiarities of Hellas itself.

I say *Hellas* because I do not mean *Greece* in its modern geographical sense. Dr. Curtius has taught us that the true Hellas of the old Hellenes was not the peninsula, but the *Ægean*. It included Ephesus, Miletus, Mitylene, Rhodes, and the Cyclades: it did not include *Ætolia*, *Acarania*, or the wild *Epirote* mountains. This true maritime Hellas—a labyrinth of landlocked bays, narrow straits, long headlands, grouped or scattered islets, and peninsular heights—was bound together everywhere by the interlacing sea. Argos, Corinth, Athens, Thebes, the Chalcidian and Thracian colonies, Delos, the Sporades, the Ionian bays, Crete, and Corcyra formed its natural boundaries. The water did duty as its highway, and ships as its beasts of burden. It was the true cradle of navigation for Phœnician and Hellene alike. Its outliers soon spread, always by sea, to Sicily and Campania, North Africa and the Rhône, the Euxine and the Bosphorus. Cyrene, Massalia, Sinope, formed its advanced outposts. No land was ever better adapted to stimulate the intellect and the energies of its people, to foster originality and individual effort. Mountain-ranges, shutting off each little basin from its neighbors, rendered impossible the rise of a great central despotism, such as those which spread so easily over the wide Asiatic plains. Only when military science had greatly advanced, and roads through mountain countries had become practicable, could a Philip overrun the free valleys of Attica and Bœotia. Xerxes wasted his enormous strength in vain on the narrow guts of the Euripus and the miniature passes of Thermopylæ. Thus each Hellenic city remained always a separate state. On the other hand, the merchants and sailors of the Hellenic people early acquired that wealth which makes subjects the practical equals of kings, that freedom of mind which comes from intercourse with many nations, that knowledge which naturally arose from constant commercial relations with the older culture of the Asiatic coast and interior. Hence the separate Greek states quickly threw off the regal form of government in favor of the oligarchic, and finally of the democratic, type. With it they threw off the monarchical organization—an organization always limited among the primitive Aryans by the council of freemen, but which the example of

Persia and India shows us to be capable, even among Aryan nations, of easily assuming the purely despotic form under favorable conditions. Henceforth, their progress in all industrial or æsthetic arts was rapid and splendid. The Homeric poems show us the primitive Achæans in a stage of culture hardly superior to that of the common Aryan stock: the era of Pericles shows us the unexampled development of a wholly new and utterly unrivaled culture, containing elements quite unknown in the older civilizations of Egypt and Assyria.

Such I believe to be the true secret of the magnificent Hellenic nationality. It was an Aryan race, starting with all the advantage of the noble Aryan endowments; and it occupied the most favorable situation in the world for the development of navigation, commerce, and free institutions, at that particular stage of human evolution. At an earlier date, navigation would have been impossible: at a later, it must fix its center in Italy (the focal point of the Mediterranean basin), in northern Europe (the focal point of the Atlantic basin), and, perhaps, hereafter in some unknown region of the Pacific. But just at that moment Hellas formed its natural home. It was the great emporium where met the tin of Cornwall, the gold of Iberia, the amber of the Baltic, the myrrh of Arabia, the silphium of Libya, the glass of Egypt, the pottery of Phœnicia, the lapis lazuli of Persia, and the ivory of Ethiopia or the East. The free and plastic Hellenic genius was formed by the action of a natural commercial focus, a maritime position, and an individual political life upon the free and plastic but less developed old Aryan subjectivity.

The material, however, which mainly contributed to the due æsthetic development of this free Hellenic genius was undoubtedly marble. Had the Greeks, with all their other circumstances left the same, possessed no stone to sculpture except the hard porphyry or syenite of Egypt, can we for a moment suppose that they could ever have produced the Aphrodite of Melos or the torsos of the Parthenon? Indeed, what little we know of their chryselephantine work leads us to suppose that even in this comparatively manageable material their plastic art fell decidedly short of their marble figures. But, if the Hellenes had been entirely deprived of the pure and even-grained stone from which they constructed not only their statues but also their great architectural works, can we possibly believe that their whole æsthetic development would not have been something entirely different from that which we actually know it to have been? Among ourselves, the sculptor is a specially trained artist, who supplies a purely æsthetic want, felt only by a small fraction of our cultivated classes. But in

Hellas, where noble marble temples continually rose on every side, and where the demand for images of the gods was a common demand of ordinary life, every craftsman in wood or stone grew naturally into an artist. The material upon which the stone-cutter worked gave free play to the native genius of the race. Those who seek to explain Athenian art by the Athenian character alone, forget to take into account this important physical factor given us in the white cliffs of Paros and Pentelicus.

Without going too deeply into the vexed question of the exact links—Phœnician, Hittite, Lydian, and Ionian—which are variously supposed to connect Oriental with Hellenic sculpture, we may recognize the fact that the earliest Greek art started from the same primitive form as the Egyptian and Assyrian. The most ancient Greek bas-reliefs, like those from the temple of Assos now in the Louvre (for the famous Lion Gate at Mycenæ may possibly be the relic of a still earlier race), are thoroughly Assyrian in type, but far inferior in execution and imitative skill to the Ninevite works. They show us figures in the same processional style, sculptured in coarse limestone, extremely disproportionate in size, and grotesquely angular in attitude. But, as the Italians after Cimabue altered and vivified the conventional Byzantine models which they imitated, so the Hellenes altered and vivified Assyrian sculpture. In the marble monument of Aristion, at Athens, a bas-relief of the archaic type, we find a distinct advance. Though the hair and beard strikingly recall the stiff rows of Assyrian curls, the pose of the arms is natural and almost graceful. In the similar monument of Orchomenus, probably a trifle later, the limbs and the drapery display marked freedom and character, though the face is still, to a great extent, devoid of individuality or expression. The exquisite reliefs from Thasos, in the Louvre, attributed to the sixth century, finally show us almost perfect technical command over the presentation of the human figure—a command which becomes supreme a hundred years later in the frieze of the Parthenon. Such rapid advance bears the impress of the quick Hellenic originality; but it also marks the collateral value of so plastic a material as marble.

It was not in bas-relief, however, but in isolated statues, that the Hellenic genius and the quarries of Paros were to prove their united potentialities. The statue, I believe, has two separate origins. The one origin, from the bas-relief through the seated or supported figure, I have already traced, and its history is now a commonplace of æsthetic chronicles. But the true relations of the second have apparently been hitherto little noticed in connection with the first.

All nations make themselves images of their gods in wood or clay, and, where these materials are unattainable, in feathers, like the Hawaiians. Now, the earliest Greek gods were in wood; and from these doll-like wooden gods, as has often been noticed, descended the chryselephantine statues of Phidias, overlaid with ivory to form the face and limbs, and with gold to represent the drapery. It is quite in accordance with the usual archaism of all religious usages that these essentially wooden statues continued to the last the representatives of the chief gods in the most important temples—the protecting Athene of the Parthenon, and the Pan-Hellenic Zeus of Olympia. Nor is it a less striking fact that the chryselephantine statues seem always to have retained some traces of archaic conventionalism; that their drapery hung in folds which concealed the whole figure; and that the Zeus of Olympia himself, the most reverend god of universal Hellas, was represented, like most very ancient statues, in a sitting attitude. It is the glory of Hellenic sculpture that it ventured even in its gods to discard the sacred forms sanctified by antique usage: yet even in Hellas itself some traces of the conservatism natural to religion must inevitably be expected to exist.

But the marble statues—which form, after all, the real symbol of Hellas in all our minds—are the lineal descendants of the bas-reliefs, and so had a purely architectural origin. Whereas, however, in Egypt and Assyria the separate stone statue flanking a doorway or gate always remained more or less architectural in character and use, and never really took the place of the wooden image, in Greece the marble figure—owing no doubt in part to the plasticity of the material—became at last wholly individualized, separated itself on a pedestal from the architectural background, and practically superseded the wooden or chryselephantine figure for all but the most venerable purposes. The archaic marble colossi from Miletus, in the British Museum, represent Hellenic sculpture in an almost Egyptian stage, the stage in which Hellas received the rudiments of art from Assyria. The figures are seated in the attitude which we all know so well as that of Pasht. "They are stiff and motionless, the arms closely attached to the body, and the hands placed on the knees; the physical proportions are heavy and almost awkward, the execution is throughout architecturally massive, and the organic structure is but slightly indicated." The drapery wholly conceals the human form. There is not a touch in these ungainly figures which at all foreshadows the coming freedom of Greek art. They are simply conventional, and nothing more. But the ancient sitting statue of Athene preserved in the Acropolis at Athens, though much mutilated, is the first example of the new style.

lated, shows an immense advance. The attitude is unconventionalized; the foot, instead of being planted flat as in the Miletan colossi, is lightly poised upon the toes alone; the limbs are partially uncovered; and the undulating folds of the drapery are clearly prophetic of the later Athenian grace. The nude standing figure known as the Apollo of Tenea (in the Glyptothek at Munich) gives us in some respects a still further progress. The anatomy is excellent; and the attitude, though stiff, is surprisingly free for an unsupported and isolated figure of so early date. The arms still hang by the side; but they hang free in marble, instead of being welded to the body as in porphyry. Both soles are firmly planted, but one foot is in advance. Altogether we have here a statue caught in the very act of *becoming Greek*. It is, in fact, an accurate but awkward and ungraceful representation of a real man, standing in a possible but ugly attitude. Note, too, the important fact that this figure is *nude*. Most of the archaic Greek statues are fully draped, and the conventionality of religious art kept many of the greater gods draped to the last. The Zeus of Phidias wore vestments of gold, and, even in the freest days, no sculptor ever ventured to disrobe the wedded majesty of Here, or the maiden majesty of Pallas. But there were two great gods whom even the antique conventionalism represented in the nude—Apollo, and perhaps Aphrodite; while, with Hermes and Eros, as well as in the lesser figures of Heracles, Theseus, and the heroes generally, individual imagination took freer flights. The bronze Apollo of Canachus, to judge from preserved copies, though still largely adhering to a conventional type, yields evidence of some feeling for beauty of nude form. Thenceforward Hellenic sculpture rapidly advanced, especially in its nude productions, toward the perfect grace of the Periclean period. The isolated nude statue is, in fact, the true ideal of plastic art: it represents the beauty of form in its purest organic type. The groups from the pediment of the temple at Ægina are admirable examples of the struggle between conventionalism and freedom in the developing Hellenic mind. In the very center stands a fully draped Athene, conventional in treatment and awkward in proportions, with a lifeless countenance, and graceless figure wholly concealed by the stiff folds of the robe. The great goddess still retains her archaic and time-honored type. But at her feet lies a nude warrior of exquisite idealized proportions, in a natural and graceful posture, and carved with anatomical accuracy which would not have disgraced the glorious sculptor of the Parthenon himself. To trace the growth of the art from this point on to the age of Phidias would involve questions of that higher æsthetic criticism

which I wish in the present paper to avoid. We have reached the point where Hellenic sculpture has attained to perfect imitation of the human figure: its further advance is toward the higher excellence of ideality, expression, deep feeling, and perfect appreciation for abstract beauty of form.

And now let us look for a moment at the part borne by Greek individuality, Greek freedom, and Greek democracy in this æsthetic evolution. While in Egypt, as we saw, the regal and hieratic influence caused the primitive free manner to crystallize into a fixed conventionalism; while in Assyria it checked the progress of art, and restricted all advance to a few animal traits; in Hellas, after the age of freedom, it became powerless before the popular instinct. While Egyptian and Assyrian gods always retained their semi-animal features, in Hellas the cow-face of Here and the owl-head of Athene fell so utterly into oblivion that later Hellenic commentators even misinterpreted the ancient descriptive epithets of the Achæan epic into *ox-eyed* and *gray-eyed*. Only in conservative Sparta did Apollo keep his four arms; only in half-barbarian and enslaved Ephesus did Artemis keep her hundred breasts. In European and insular Hellas, for the most part, the sculptors chose to represent the actual human form, and, in their later age, the nude human form by preference over all other shapes. In Egypt and Assyria the king in his conventional representation was the central figure of every work. But in Hellas, even in the archaic period, we find plastic art in the employment of private persons. The monument of Aristion represents a citizen, in the armor of a hoplite, sculptured on his own tomb; the Orchomenian monument similarly represents a Boeotian gentleman in civic dress. In the later Athenian period portrait busts of distinguished citizens seem to have been usual. But it was on the gods, as the common objects of devotion for the whole city, that the art of the republican Greek states mainly expended itself. And here again we see the value of Hellenic individuality. For while in Egypt a Pasht from Thebes was identical with a Pasht from Memphis, and while even in Hellas itself Zeus and Athene and the other national gods tended to retain conventional types, yet in each city the special worship of the local heroes—Theseus and Cephissus, and Erechtheus and Heracles (rendered possible by the minute subdivisions of Hellenic states)—permitted the sculptor to individualize and originalize his work. From this combination of causes it happens that Greek sculpture is modeled from the life. Egyptian artists probably never worked from natural models; they worked apparently from their own imperfect recollections, or copied

the imperfect recollections of their predecessors. The Greek sculptor worked from the human figure, familiarized to his eye in the contests of the palaestra, and we see the result in the frieze and metopes of the Parthenon. At length we get sculpture almost wholly divorced from religion in the Discobolus and the Narcissus, the Niobe and the Thorn-extractor. Hellenic art discovers its full freedom when it shakes off its religious trammels, and when its purpose becomes merely æsthetic in the service of the wealthy and cultivated Greek gentleman. The older school gives us gods and heroes alone; the later school gives us simply ideal figures and *genre* pieces. As the Renaissance emancipated Italian painting from the perpetual circle of Madonnas and St. Sebastians, so the Periclean awakening emancipated Athenian sculpture from the surviving conventionalism of Heres and Hestias.

Finally, we must remember that Hellenic art flourished most in the great commercial cities. It is not in Dorian Sparta, with its conservative, kingly, and military organization, that we must look for the miracles of sculpture. As Thucydides predicted, Sparta has passed away and left nothing but the shadow of a great name. It is

at Athens, Corinth, Rhodes, and the Ionian colonies that plastic art produces its masterpieces. And even the most careless thinker can hardly fail to remember that it was not in feudal Paris or London, but in the similarly mercantile cities of mediæval Italy and the Low Countries, that modern painting went through the chief stages of its early evolution.

I have thus, I hope, given their full value in each case to the original characteristics of race and to the subsequent reactions of the physical and social surroundings. But the point which I have especially endeavored to bring out in this paper is the immense concomitant importance of a suitable material for the embodiment of the national feeling. Just as it seems to me that porcelain clay has colored all the art-energies of China, and feathers all the art-energies of Polynesia, so does it seem to me that granite has directed the whole æsthetic handicraft of Egypt, and marble the whole æsthetic handicraft of Hellas. My text has been too large to expound otherwise than in a rapid sketch; but I trust the broad outlines, such as they are, will bear filling in from the memory and observation of the reader.

GRANT ALLEN (*Cornhill Magazine*).

LITERARY SUCCESS A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

THOSE who in these days "tamper with the Muses" must find a fruitful source of vexation in the perusal of the letters and memoirs of certain literary persons who flourished a century ago. If there were then no instances of a prize poem leading to an ambassadorship, as in the case of Prior, or of good places being given away in return for a fairly creditable copy of verses, there were abundant examples of a splendid social position and ample pecuniary rewards being gained by writers whose abilities we should now consider of the most commonplace order. But let any disappointed genius, who feels himself or herself inadequately rewarded by the admiration of perhaps a small clique in this much-divided literary world of London, be thankful to avoid stumbling on the "Life and Letters of Mrs. Hannah More." Almost exactly a hundred years ago she, "impelled by the consciousness of superior powers," came to London. She did not enter it as a perfect stranger, for, to quote Mr. Roberts, her biographer, "Society, in its most engaging form, was extending its arms to receive her."

At this time Mrs. Hannah More was a comely woman of eight-and-twenty, and she had written the "Search after Happiness," a pastoral drama

of the feeblest description, and some translations from Metastasio and Horace, and, on the strength of these achievements and some good introductions, she carried the town. Her favorite amusement as a child had been to turn a chair into a coach, seat herself in it, and invite her sisters to drive with her to London, to see publishers and bishops; and now her childish sport became a reality, and she not only was able to hold her own with publishers when the time for bargaining came, but took sweet counsel with every bishop on the bench, and, during the whole course of her life, gave them large help in holding up the pillars of Church and state. Another ambition of her childhood had been to have a whole quire of writing-paper given to her at once. This wish had been granted, and on half the quire she had written letters to depraved characters (imaginary ones), pointing out the evil of their ways; and, on the other half, answers from the same, owning the convincing force of her arguments, and proclaiming their sincere repentance and intention of amendment. This juvenile amusement was also the foreshadowing of her chief employment in after-years.

At first, it must be owned, Miss More was

just a little dazzled by the great world and the great people she met, and no wonder, for both were at her feet. Night after night she went to parties "composed entirely" (to use her own words, though it is unkind of her to make such a marked distinction) "of wits and bishops, with scarcely an expletive person among them." Garrick was one of her first friends, and, in spite of his calling, the friendship between them lasted as long as he lived. She met Dr. Johnson at a party given by Sir Joshua Reynolds. Her host had forewarned her that it was just possible the Doctor might be in one of his moods of sadness and silence. She was therefore—and now we use the words of her biographer—"surprised at his coming to meet her as she entered the room, with good humor in his countenance, and a macaw of Sir Joshua's on his hand; and still more at his accosting her with a verse from a Morning Hymn, which she had written at the desire of Sir J. Stonehouse. In the same pleasant humor he continued the whole of the evening."

This is rather a different account of the meeting from that given by Mrs. Thrale: "When she (H. More) was introduced to Dr. Johnson not long ago, she began singing his praises in the warmest manner, and talking of the pleasure and the instruction she had received from his writings, with the highest encomiums. For some time he heard her with that quietness which a long use of praise had given him. Then she redoubled her strokes, and, as Mr. Seward calls it, peppered still more highly, till at length the Doctor turned suddenly to her, with a stern and angry countenance, and said, 'Madam, before you flatter a man so grossly to his face, you should consider whether or not your flattery is worth having.'" If, during this first interview, Dr. Johnson did administer such a sledge-hammer rebuke, he certainly took a liking to Miss More afterward, for we hear of his calling her child, and little fool, and love, and dearest, and with him these epithets were synonyms.

This conquest of Dr. Johnson was by no means the end of Hannah More's social successes. She soon became acquainted with "all the great and greatly endowed." She was introduced to "her sex's glory, Mrs. Montagu," and describes her in a letter to her sister as "not only the finest genius, but the finest lady I ever saw. She lives in the highest style of magnificence. Her apartments and table are in the most splendid taste," etc. We, in these more fastidious modern times, have some doubts as to the genius, and, when we read her letters, many as to the fine taste of the lady; but in Hannah More's days the approval of Mrs. Montagu was a kind of hall-mark which was absolutely necessary to any one who wished to make a figure in the world

of letters. She could crush an aspirant by a word. She herself describes the manner in which she addressed a lady who was trying to shine in conversation in her presence. "Mr. B——'s wife put out all her strength to be witty, and, in short, showed such a brilliant genius that I turned about and asked who it was that was so willing to be ingenious." The great lady was, however, very civil to Miss More; and, besides this triumph, Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Chapone, Mrs. Trimmer, and Mrs. Vesey hailed her as a kindred spirit, while Mrs. Boscawen crowned her with laurels, and "that pleonasm of nakedness," as De Quincey called Mrs. Barbauld, "wrote her letters full of elegance and good nature." The sublime and beautiful Burke honored her with a morning call. Baretti, of the Italian Dictionary, followed Johnson, of the English, Lord Howe, Lord Rodney, Oriental Jones, Mythology Bryant, Dr. Solander, Boswell (then called Corsican Boswell), Warton, Walpole, Windham, Sheridan, the Thrales, Burneys, and the learned and ingenious Mr. Cambridge (who must have had something beyond the common in him, for he had a natural antipathy to an ode)—all made much of her; the King got her to copy her MS. poems for him, the Queen sent her flattering messages, Prime Ministers made her welcome in their houses, the Lord Chancellor said civil things to her, and as for bishops, peers, and peeresses, if we seek to give a list of those who were on terms of friendship with her, or to chronicle their compliments, we find their name is legion. She knew Lord Erskine, whose speeches could not always be reported because the printer's stock of *I's* ran out, and, in her turn, found him "fond of talking of himself." She was even acquainted with De Lolme; and, when we have said that, we have mentioned a name which has awed us from very childhood!

All this great society was perhaps a little thrown away upon Miss More, for in one of her letters she says, "For my own part, the more I see of 'the honored, famed, and great,' the more I see of the littleness, the unsatisfactoriness of all created good." In another place she says she has remarked that "wits, when they get into a cluster, are just as dull as other people." Perhaps the occasion on which she made this remark was that on which "the spirit of the evening was kept up on the strength of a little lemonade till past eleven, without either scandal or politics."

However, whether she despised it or not, her success in the literary world of London was a fact, and when she went into the country she received equal homage. She herself describes a visit into Norfolk, and how the first Sunday she was there she was, "when the service was over, politely accosted by every *well-dressed* person in

the congregation," all desiring to see her at their houses. From thence she went to stay in a country house full of visitors, and a friendship commenced between herself and every one of the guests, which lasted during their respective lives!

All her letters at this time seem to be full of a chastened worldliness, or rather of a desire to cultivate two opposing worlds at once. She had shown it even in childhood when she wished to go to London to see publishers and bishops. She showed it afterward in the worldly wisdom with which she criticised her own title of "Sacred Dramas." "The word *sacred* in the title is a damper to the dramas. It is tying a millstone about the neck of sensibility, which will drown them both together." She showed it by going to Sunday parties, and abusing the people who gave them as soon as she returned home, and asking Elijah (i. e., herself) what he had been doing there. In fact, the way in which the little woman sipped the sweets of pleasure at this time, and quarreled with their taste, is very droll. "Pleasure," says she, "is by much the most laborious trade I know, especially for those who have not a vocation to it. I worked with great assiduity at this hard calling on Monday. The moment I had breakfasted I went to Apsley House, where I staid till near two. I then made insignificant visits till four, when I went to Mrs. Boscawen's to dinner, where I staid till eight, and from thence went to spend the evening at Mrs. Vesey's, where there was a small assemblage of about thirty people, and all clever." In another place she naively says: "Mrs. Boscawen came to see me the other day with the duchess in her gilt chariot with four footmen. It is not possible for anything to be more agreeable to my taste than my present manner of living."

While at home in Bristol after one of these triumphant visits to London, she one day said laughingly to her sister, "I have been so fed with praise that I really think I will venture to try what is my real value by writing a slight poem and offering it to Cadell myself." In a fortnight after the idea was started she had completed "Sir Eldred of the Bower," to which she added a short poem of "The Bleeding Rock." Cadell at once (publishers always do) offered her a price which far exceeded her idea of its worth, very handsomely adding that, if she could hereafter discover what Goldsmith obtained for "The Deserted Village," he would make up what he had given her to the same sum, be it what it might. Dr. Johnson sat from nine till twelve at night reading and criticising "Sir Eldred"; he even added a stanza of his own to it; and, when we say that the *poem* does not suffer from the introduction of this, we have said enough to give an idea of its style and merit.

In 1777 she wrote "Percy"; Garrick composed and spoke the prologue and epilogue. In a letter to her sister she tells how "several very great ones made interest to hear him read the play before it was acted, but he peremptorily refused." Miss More was present at the first night's performance, and had the delight of witnessing a brilliant success. "One tear," she writes to her sister, "is worth a thousand hands, and I had the satisfaction of seeing even men shed them in abundance." (Tears, not hands, we hope; but the gifted author leaves the point unsettled.) When the play was over, the critics met as usual at the Bedford to "fix its character," and, that being satisfactory, and more than satisfactory, Miss More received praise and admiration on all sides. Dr. Percy (the Bishop) was sent at once by the Duke of Northumberland and Earl Percy to thank her for the honor which she had done their family. Four thousand copies of the play sold in a fortnight. All the great people went to the theatre night after night, and some of them accepted no invitation without making a proviso that they should be at liberty to break the engagement if a desire to go to see "Percy" again came into their heads. M. de Calonne, Prime Minister of France, translated it into French, some one else into German, and for months its popularity was unbounded. How cheaply this success was gained, any one who has the courage to read "Percy" may see for himself. To give an idea of the story: Elwina, daughter of Earl Raby, is betrothed to Earl Percy. He goes to the Crusades (these Crusades, by the by, occur, despite chronology, after the battle of Chevy Chase). During Earl Percy's absence, Earl Raby insists on Elwina's marrying a new suitor, Earl Douglas—to use the fair Elwina's own words—

"He dragged me trembling, dying to the altar,
I sighed, I struggled, fainted, and—complied."

Earl Douglas, after a while, finds Elwina's heart is not his, is jealous, and asks her if "no interior sense of guilt confounds her"? And so the play pursues its feeble course to the dreary end. We know "Percy" to be a tragedy because three people come to a violent death in the last act, and because miseries are "pulled down" on guilty heads. Had it not been a tragedy, it would have been sufficient to *draw* them down. It is written in the prosiest of prose; and yet it was an undoubted success. Mrs. Siddons as Elwina drew tears from Fox, and Mrs. More drew six hundred pounds from Cadell, the publisher. She wrote another play, called "The Fatal Falsehood." It was not quite so successful. Garrick, too, was dead, and thus Mrs. More had lost the one link which reconciled her to a profession of which her

judgment disapproved, and she gave up all play-writing or play-going. Very nearly all play-reading, also; though in a preface to her own tragedies, written in after-years, she "ventures to hazard an opinion that, in company with a judicious friend or parent, many scenes of Shakespeare may be read, not only without danger, but with improvement." But she had no very hearty appreciation of the peerless genius, no comprehension how entirely he stood alone; for she speaks of "Shakespeare and other writers of the same description."

Her own "poems," as she calls them, are of the most commonplace order. "Any one of moderate capacity," to quote Dr. Johnson's dictum on some one else's work, "could write reams of such stuff, if he did but abandon his mind to it." Let not the reader think for a moment that Dr. Johnson said this of Hannah More's poems. After reading the "Bas Bleu" in MS. (admire the large and glorious patience of an age in which authors could read each other's productions in MS.!), he told her that he wanted to see her to "praise it as much as envy could praise," and that there was "no name in literature that might not be glad to own it." Johnson, however, wrote "Lives of the Poets," in which place was found for Smith and Sprat, and none for Spenser, Beaumont and Fletcher, Webster, Ford, or Marlowe. He knew how to appreciate virtuous sentiments and big dictionary words in a poem; but he had no ear for its music. Not for music of any kind, for, as Macaulay humorously says, "he just knew the bell of St. Clement's from the organ"; and in this deficiency Miss More seems to have shared, for thus she wrote to one of her sisters:

"Bear me, some god, O quickly bear me hence
To wholesome solitude the nurse of—

'sense,' I was going to add, in the words of Pope, till I recollected that *pence* had a more appropriate meaning, and was just as good a rhyme. This apostrophe broke from me on coming from the opera—the first that ever I *did*, the last, I trust, I ever *shall*, go to. For what purpose has the Lord of the universe made his creature man with a comprehensive mind? Why make him a little lower than the angels? Why give him the faculty of thinking, the powers of wit and memory, and, to crown all, an immortal and never-dying spirit? Why all this wondrous waste, this prodigality of bounty, if the mere animal senses of sight and hearing (by which he is not distinguished from the brutes that perish) would have answered the end as well? And yet I find the same people are seen at the opera every night—an amusement written in a language the greater part of them do not understand, and performed

by such a set of beings. . . . Going to the opera, like getting drunk, is a sin that carries its own punishment with it, and that a very heavy one."

A bit of "high falutin" like this, even though it occurs in a private letter, shows that Mrs. H. More deserved all credit for earnestness, but not a very exalted place in literature.

Her essays, which were highly thought of in her own day, aim at being logical expositions of the evils of the various vices and follies of which they treat; but they wander away from the point woefully, and she is very fond of using logical terms of which she does not apprehend the meaning. Yet the Bishop of London (Porteus), after reading a little book of hers which she had published anonymously, wrote to her: "Aut Moros, aut Angelus, it is in vain to think of concealing yourself: your style and manner are so confessedly superior to every other moral writer of the present age that you will be immediately detected by every one that pretends to any taste in judging of composition." We do not wish to question Miss More's claims to be considered as a woman who spent a very long life in doing her very best to do good to her fellow creatures, but we do question the morality, not to speak of the taste, of such a passage as the following: "Oh, if women in general knew what was their true interest, if they could guess with what a charm even the appearance of modesty invests its possessor, they would dress decorously from mere self-love, if not from principle. The designing would assume modesty as an artifice, the coquette would adopt it as an allurements, the pure as her appropriate attraction, and the voluptuous as the most infallible art of seduction."

When Sydney Smith read this passage he said that, "if there were any truth in it, nudity would become a virtue, and no decent woman for the future would be seen in garments." It is to be read in Mrs. H. More's "Cœlebs in search of a Wife"—a book which is in many parts very brightly written, and which shows considerable powers of observation, but errs in drawing an absolutely fixed line of demarcation between the good and the bad of this world, which line neither the one nor the other ever overstep by so much as the breadth of a hair. The good are all good, the bad entirely bad. "Cœlebs in search of a Wife" is a semi-religious novel, and was immensely popular in its day. It will still repay reading. The first edition sold in a fortnight. Twelve editions came out during the first year. In all, twenty-one thousand copies were sold in England, and thirty thousand in America. It was translated into every Continental language—even into Icelandic. This success of "Cœlebs" was by no means a piece of exceptional good fortune. Miss More's books usually did sell by twen-

ty and thirty thousands, and were translated into Persian, Mahratta, Icelandic, and even Cingalese, by way of unexpected languages. Sometimes a large edition of a book of hers was entirely sold in four hours. Naturally, after hearing of such facts, we wish to learn if the author did not reap some substantial benefit from so much popularity, and are glad to learn from her biographer that she made a fortune of thirty thousand pounds, and that, though the wish of her heart from youth had been to have a house of her own in which a clock could not stand upright, she was able, from her own earnings, to build one of much more commodious dimensions, in which she and her sisters ended their days.

Her books brought her honors of all kinds, as well as money. The Queen consulted her about the education of the Princess Charlotte; the Duchess of Gloucester gave her a public breakfast; the Academy of Arts, Sciences, and Belles-Lettres in Rouen elected her a member. If she scribbled a pencil translation of an Italian piece at a concert, it was snatched from her hands and put into the principal magazine of the day; and her letters, though composed only "for the fireside and the bosom," were eagerly copied by those who saw them. Then, to crown her triumphs, no doctor would ever take a fee from her; and actually, when the course of the mails between Bristol and Exeter was being altered for some good reason, Sir Francis Freeling was especially charged by the royal family to ascertain if the alteration would be inconvenient to Mrs. More, in which case the project was to be abandoned.

Hannah More's success being an undoubted fact, it remains to consider in what kind of a world it was won. London was at her feet; but the London of those days was something very like a small country town now, and the circle of wits was limited. Mrs. More often went to parties from which it was remarked that not one woman in London distinguished for taste or literature was absent. It was as easy then to count the heads in which was to be found a little wit and learning, as for Ali Baba in his tree to number the robbers down below; for society was composed of one small, select, though by no means refined, circle, the members of which were all well known to each other. A moderately good play, poem, or novel then met with a recognition more complete than would now be accorded to a work even of genius. Society is, in fact, now split up into circles innumerable, some of which touch and meet, but others remain apart to all eternity; and it would be quite possible for a work which moved the members of one circle to its very outermost and innermost rings, to remain for ever unknown and unheard of by all the members of the other. Besides, when con-

sidering Hannah More's popularity, it is hardly possible to make sufficient allowance for the mighty and all-conquering power of commonplace. In all ages it has stirred thousands to enthusiasm. Really good and great books always make their mark sooner or later, but not with such steady certainty as a good bit of commonplace work which surprises you by no unexpected ideas, but jogs on comfortably on a level with your own intelligence, without disturbing you by requiring any thought. Who are the poets of the present day who can stand the test of being asked to produce their literary balance-sheets? Has any one made as much money as Tupper? Have Carlyle's essays been half so popular as those of A. K. H. B.? Added to this, there are innumerable people who think it a duty to pass their Sundays in a "dim religious light" of dullness. They must not read anything but good books, by which they understand the Bible, sermons, essays on moral culture, and feeble volumes of religious verse. It must, therefore, be readily seen that a writer who supplies these persons with a change of reading which they like is sure of both fame and fortune. In Hannah More's days there were hardly any of these books to be had (the taste of the age was not elevated enough to find pleasure in the grand old sermons of Jeremy Taylor and the men of his time), and it must be owned, besides, that every one, high and low, did want a great deal of teaching, and very rudimentary teaching, too, as is proved by Sir Joshua's complaint that nearly all the visitors who came to his studio to see his "Infant Samuel" had to ask him who Samuel was. And, to give an idea of the depth of ignorance existing among the lower classes, when Hannah More, with noble disregard of personal comfort, went miles and miles on Sundays to teach the semi-savages in the villages near Cheddar, the parents resisted her endeavors to secure the children's attendance at school, because they were sure that she wished to steal them away to sell them as slaves.

She persevered, however, and in time did an immense amount of good in benighted regions which had not known the care of a clergyman for nearly a century. This was only one among many of her patient and unselfish efforts to help others, and we are glad to chronicle it, and especially anxious, besides, to declare that we feel a sincere reverence for Hannah More, and believe her to have been a very earnest, good woman, though we can not but wonder at the success which she obtained as a writer during the earlier part of her life, when, if ever, she was judged as a writer merely. One person seems to have shared our opinion even in those days; for, when poor Mrs. More set her dress on fire, and was only saved by the courage of a friend, the an-

nouncement of this fact and that the dress she wore at the time was made of a stuff called *lasting*, which did not burn readily, provoked the following epigram from "some heartless pretender to wit":

"Vulcan to scorch thy gown in vain essays;
Apollo strives in vain to fire thy lays;
Hannah! the cause is visible enough:
Stuff is thy raiment, and thy writings stuff."

This was met by the following happy rejoinder from a partisan of the lady's:

"Clothed all in filth, lo! Epigram appears,
His face distorted by a thousand sneers;
Why, this attack is visible enough—
The scribbler envies Hannah's *lasting stuff*."

MARGARET HUNT (*Gentleman's Magazine*).

A COLORADO SKETCH.

IT would appear that the American Continent was originally of considerably larger dimensions than it is at present. It was probably found to be altogether too large for comfort or convenience, and it was reduced by the simple process of pressing or squeezing it together from the sides—an operation which caused it to crumple up toward the center, and produced that great, elevated, tumbled, and tossed region generally and vaguely known as the Rocky Mountains. If this simple theory of the formation of a continent sounds somewhat infantile, it must be remembered that I am not a scientific man, and that it is not more unscientific than many other theories of creation. There is no such thing as a chain of Rocky Mountains. Under that name are included various ranges and belts of mountains and hills, which embrace within their far-stretching arms fertile valleys, arid deserts, sunny hill-slopes clothed with valuable timber, parks full of pastoral beauty basking beneath a sun that warms them into semi-tropical life, but which never melts the virgin snow whitening the hoary heads of the mountains that for ever look down upon those smiling scenes. Rich and extensive plains, tracts of inhabitable land almost large enough to be the cradle and home of nations, are included in the Rocky Mountains. Among all the States and Territories that lie wholly or partially within the borders of this vast, upheaved region, there is none, so far as I am aware, more favored by nature, and, at the same time, more accessible to man, than Colorado. It is easily reached from all the great cities of the Eastern States; its scenery is varied, beautiful, grand, and even magnificent. Crystal streams of pure, wholesome water, rush down the hillsides, play at hide-and-seek in the woods, and wander deviously through the parks. The climate is health-giving—unsurpassed, as I believe, anywhere—giving to the jaded spirit, the unstrung nerves, and weakened body, a stimulant, a tone, and a vigor that can

only be appreciated by those who have had the good fortune to travel or reside in that region.

The parks of Colorado constitute its special feature: there is nothing elsewhere on the American Continent resembling them in natural characteristics. They are not valleys; they are too flat and too extensive for that. They can not be called plains, for they are not flat enough; and, besides, plains are generally bare and destitute of trees, while the parks are rich in timber, with beautifully undulating surfaces, broken up by hills, spurs from the parent range, and isolated mountains. The term "park" is usually applied to ground more or less artificially made; and these places are very properly called parks, for they look, if it be not rank heresy to liken nature to art, as if ground naturally picturesque had been carefully laid out and planted with most consummate skill and taste. Some of them are of great size, such as the North, Middle, South, and St. Louis Parks; others—and it is with them I am best acquainted—are comparatively small.

There are many things to arouse deep interest in that favored region. Where you find lofty mountains, foot-hills, plain, valley, forest, and quick-flowing stream, in a southern latitude, you have in combination all that can gratify the scientific student, as well as all that can content the eye of man, in the way of scenery. The philosopher who devotes himself to the study of atmospheric conditions could nowhere find a more fitting field for observation. The mountain-ranges and extensive level spaces comprised within their limits are important factors in the economy of nature. The great masses of heat-radiating rock temper the winds that blow over them, and shed genial warmth far and wide. The whole region is one vast brewery of storms. Chemical changes are constantly going on. Electricity is working with exceptional vigor, riving the solid rocks, devastating trees, and putting forth most vividly the awful and mysterious manifestations of its

strength. Hot currents and cold currents fight aerial battles round those patient peaks, that stand unmoved amid the roar and racket of elemental strife. Frequent lightnings blaze or flicker round the mountain-heads; continuous thunder crashes on their slopes, and rolls and rumbles in the caverns and valleys that seam their sides. Tempests shriek round the crags, and moan dismally as they toss the gnarled and matted branches of the stunted trees that force their adventurous way up the broad shoulders of the range. Snow in winter, rain and hail in summer, pour upon the higher summits; while, beneath, the land is glowing under a cloudless sky. Contending air-currents of different density discharge their moisture on the hills. The sun draws up fresh moisture from the valleys, like drawing water from a well. All nature seems seething in that region of heat and cold, sunshine and tempest, dryness and damp, constantly fabricating those great cloud-masses that, breaking away from their cradle, carry rain and fertility over thousands and thousands of miles. Sometimes they over-exert themselves, carry their good intentions too far, exceed their proper limits, and, transgressing the boundaries of their native land, cross the wide Atlantic and pour their accumulated store of rain upon those already sodden little islands, Great Britain and Ireland.

The parks and valleys which spread out beneath the mountains, or nestle cosily amid the warm folds of the forest mantles which clothe them, play also an important part. They act as reservoirs; they catch the little, tiny, ice-cold rills that trickle out from under the ever-melting but never-melted snow, gather them together, hold them till they grow strong enough to carve their way through the granite flanks that hem them in, and launch them out into the world, forming rivulets bright and sparkling, flecked with light and shade, over which the quivering aspen bends from banks sweet and bright with flowers; growing into brooks down which lumber may be rafted; swelling into streams which carry irrigation and fertility to arid wastes; becoming rivers upon which steamboats ply and ships ride at anchor.

Physical geography is a fascinating science; and to the student of it nothing can be more interesting than to stand upon some commanding mountain-top, and, with a large, comprehensive view, study the configuration of the country that gives birth to those rivers that, in their course, determine the natural geographical features of a continent, and, consequently, shape the destiny of a race. From many a peak in Colorado the geographer can trace the devious line of the "water-shed," the "divide" that separates the rivers and sends them out, each on its appointed

course; and can see, shining like silver threads, the rivulets from which they spring. Looking westward, and to the north and south, he can see the fountains of both Plattes, of the Rio Grande—the Grand River—the Arkansas, the Blue, the White, and the Bear rivers, and other streams which unite to form that most extraordinary of all rivers on the American Continent—the Colorado. Turning to the east, a very different scene greets his eye; there, spread out like an ocean beneath him, lies the prairie, that great deposit of gravel, sand, and unstratified clays, the *débris* of the mountain range on which he stands.

Where could the geologist find a region more suitable for the exercise of his peculiar branch of science than one which combines the vast deposit of the prairies with mountain masses obtruded from the bowels of the earth, and deep cañons exposing broad sections of the earth's crust to his view? And where is the mineralogist more likely to be rewarded for his pains? As to the botanist, I would almost warn him from visiting those scenes, lest he should never be able to tear himself away; for the variety of the flora is infinite, ranging from Alpine specimens blooming amid everlasting snows, to flowers of a very different character, growing in rich luxuriance in deep valleys under a subtropical sun.

I have not included hunting among the sciences, but in reality I might have done so. It is a very exact science, and one in which excellence is rarely obtained. Many men never become, never can become, good hunters. They are not endowed with the necessary faculties; and those who are gifted with them require years of study and hard work before they can be entitled to call themselves masters of the art. I hope no one labors under the delusion that hunting is a mere barbarous, bloodthirsty sport. Every good hunter will agree with me that it is not the killing of the animal that gives pleasure. The charm lies in overcoming difficulties—in matching your natural intelligence and acquired knowledge and skill against the instinct, cunning, intellect, and reason of the animal you are endeavoring to outwit. The reward of the hunter is the same as that of the student of languages, of the archæologist, of the geologist—in fact, of all scientific people. His triumph is the triumph of unraveling a mystery, tracing and discovering a hidden fact, grappling with and overcoming a difficulty. It is the fact of overcoming, not the act of killing, that brightens the hunter's eye, and renders his occupation so charming. The hunter's craft gives health, its surroundings are beautiful, it calls forth some of the best qualities of man, it is full of fascination, and it is no wonder that primitive races find it difficult to emerge from the hunting condition. It is most annoying that everything that is plea-

sant is all wrong. We all know that peoples, in their progress toward civilization, advance from the hunting to the pastoral state, from the pastoral to the agricultural, and from thence to a condition of existence in which the manufacturing instincts of man are fully developed. This is the sequence—hunting, cattle-tending, sheep-herding, fresh air, good water, lovely scenery, wholesome excitement, healthy lives, and—barbarism; agriculture, manufactures, great cities, hideous country, poisoned water, impure air, dirt, disease, and—civilization. It is difficult sometimes to know exactly what to say when preaching civilization to the savage. It is certain that, so far as the masses of the people are concerned, the highest aim of civilization is to secure to a large number the same blessings that a small number obtain, freely and without trouble, in an uncivilized state.

It was sport—or, as it would be called in the States, hunting—that led me first to visit Estes Park. Some friends and I had visited Denver at Christmas, to pay our proper devotions to the good things of this earth at that festive season, and, hearing rumors of much game at Estes Park, we determined to go there. We spent a day or two laying in supplies, purchasing many of the necessities and a few of the luxuries of life, and wound up our sojourn in Denver with a very pleasant dinner at an excellent restaurant, not inaptly styled the "Delmonico" of the West. During dinner one of those sudden and violent storms peculiar to that region came on. When we sat down the stars were shining clear and hard with the brilliancy that is so beautiful in those high altitudes on a cold, dry mid-winter night, and not a breath of wind disturbed the stillness of the air; but, before we had half satisfied the appetites engendered by the keen frosty atmosphere, the stars were all shrouded in cloud, the gale was howling through the streets, and snow was whirling in the air, piling up in drifts wherever it found a lodgment, and sifting in fine powder through every chink and cranny in the door. It did not last long. Before morning the sky was clear, cloudless, steely, star-bespangled as before, and, when we left by an early train for Longmont Station, the sun was shining undimmed upon fields of freshly fallen snow.

By way of enlivening the journey we were treated by thoughtful Nature to a magnificent spectacle—a beautiful exhibition of that phenomenon known, I believe, as a parhelion. The sun was only a few degrees above the horizon. The sky was very clear and intensely blue overhead, but slightly clouded with a thin gauzy film round the horizon, and, on looking up, one could see that the air was full of minute crystals of ice. It was tolerably cold—probably about fifteen or twenty

degrees below zero—and perfectly calm. All round the horizon ran a belt of pure bright white light, passing through the sun. This belt was not exactly level, but dipped a little to the east and west, and rose slightly to the north and south. The sun was surrounded by a halo showing rainbow colors on the inside, which faded into white light on the outside edge. A bright perpendicular ray of white light cut through the sun, forming, with the belt that ran round the horizon, a perfect cross. There was a similar cross in the west, and another in the north, but none in the south at first, but, after an hour or so, a fourth cross formed in that quarter also. Right overhead was a partially formed horizontal rainbow, the colors of which were very bright. Sometimes this rainbow would develop into an almost perfect circle; then, again, it would diminish till there remained only a small segment of the circle. The points where the solar halo cut the belt which encircled the horizon were intensely brilliant—almost as bright as the sun—and rays of white light struck down from them. As the sun rose the halo surrounding it became very dazzling, and assumed the colors of the rainbow, and a second rainbow-tinted circle formed outside it. The rainbow in the zenith increased at the same time in brilliancy, and a second circle formed outside that also. The whole phenomenon was very beautiful; it continued some hours, gradually fading away, and finally disappeared about three in the afternoon.

The next morning we loaded up a wagon with stores, and started on our toilsome expedition to the Park. It is very easy work—it is not work at all, in fact—to get into the Park nowadays. It was a very different affair at that time. There are two good stage roads now; there was no road at all then—only a rough track going straight up hill and down dale, and over rocks and through trees and along nearly perpendicular slopes, with the glorious determination to go straight forward of an old Roman road, but without any of the engineering skill and labor expended upon the latter. It was a hard road to travel, covered with snow and slippery with ice; but, by dint of literally putting our shoulders to the wheel up hill, by chaining the wheels down hill, and by holding up the wagon by ropes and main strength on precipitous hill-sides, we got to our destination very late at night with only one serious accident—the fracture of a bottle containing medical comforts.

The road from Longmont to the Park traverses the level plain for about fifteen miles, and then enters a cañon flanked on either side by strange-shaped masses of bright red sandstone, outcropping from the surface, and in some places tilted nearly on end. It then follows the bank

of the St. Vrain River—teeming with trout—crosses that stream, and works its way with many curves and twists up through the foot-hills, along grassy slopes, through pine-forests, past fantastic masses of rock, crosses a little creek hiding deep among aspens and poplars, and, after plunging down two violent descents and mounting up again, enters a long valley rejoicing in the euphonious title of "Muggins's Gulch." I do not know who Muggins was—no doubt an honest citizen; but he should have changed his name before bestowing it upon such a pretty spot. You ascend this valley at an easy gradient till you reach the summit, when suddenly a lovely view bursts upon you, and the Park lies spread out at your feet. On the left the hill-side rises steeply, crowned with a buttress of frowning rock. On the right a mountain of almost solid rock stands naked and savage. In front, beyond the Park, the main range of mountains rears itself, topped with snow, rent in great chasms, pierced by the gloomy, heavily timbered depths of black cañon. On the extreme left and in the distance, Long's Peak towers above its fellows; and beneath you, in strange contrast with the barren foot-hills through which you have passed, and the savage, stern grandeur of the range, lies the Park—undulating, grass-covered, dotted with trees, peaceful and quiet, with a silver thread of water curving and twining through its midst.

A log-house is comfortable enough at any time; and on that particular night it appeared eminently so to us, as, cold and wearied, we passed the hospitable threshold. What a supper we devoured, and what logs we heaped upon the fire, till we made the flames leap and roar on the open hearth! and then lay down on mattresses on the floor, and listened to the howling of the wind, till the noise of the tempest, confusedly mingling with our dreams, was finally hushed in deep, unbroken sleep.

The winter weather in northern Colorado is most enjoyable. At the high altitude of Estes Park, between seven thousand and eight thousand feet above sea-level, it consists of alternate short storms and long spells of fine weather. You will have several days of bright clear weather, hard frost, the thermometer very low, but the sun so powerful that you can lie down and go fast asleep, as I have frequently done, on a warm, sunny, and sheltered bank in the very depth of winter. Then the clouds begin to accumulate, growing denser and denser, till they break and descend in a snow-storm of some hours' duration. The cattle, which before dotted all the open ground, disappear as if by magic, seeking and finding shelter in little hidden gulches and unnoticed valleys, and the land looks utterly desolate. The snow-storm is invariably succeeded by a violent

tempest of wind, which speedily clears the ground of snow, heaping it up in drifts, and blowing the greater part of it into the air in such a thin, powdery condition that it is taken up by the atmosphere and disappears completely. So dry is the air and so warm the winter's sun that snow evaporates without leaving any moisture behind it. Another period of clear, still, cold weather then follows after the gale.

The violence of these tempests is very great. Many a night have I lain awake listening to the screams and clamor of the gale; now rising suddenly to a shriek as a fresh gust of wind came tearing down the level plain, snatching up pebbles and stones, sending them hopping over the ground, and hurling them against the log-house; then sinking to a long melancholy moan; whistling shrilly around the walls, hoarsely howling in the wide chimney; while, under all, the low continuous roar of the tempest raging in the distant forest sounded like a mighty bass note in the savage music of the storm.

That is the time to appreciate the comfort of a warm weather-proof house, to snuggle up in your blanket and idly watch the merry sparks fly up the chimney, and the warm ruddy flicker of the fire casting shadows on the rough brown pine-logs; gazing and blinking, listening and thinking, one's thoughts perhaps wandering very far away, and getting less and less coherent. The storm chimes in with your fancies; mingles with your dreams, till with a start you open your eyes, and find to your astonishment the level rays of the rising sun lighting up a scene as calm and peaceful as if the tempest had never been.

In spring and summer the scene and climate are very different. Ice and snow and withered grass have passed away, and everything is basking and glowing under a blazing sun, hot, but always tempered with a cool breeze. Cattle wander about the plain—or try to wander, for they are so fat they can scarcely move. Water-fowl frequent the lakes. The whole earth is green, and the margins of the streams are luxuriant with a profuse growth of wild flowers and rich herbage. The air is scented with the sweet-smelling sap of the pines, whose branches welcome many feathered visitors from southern climes; an occasional humming-bird whirrs among the shrubs, trout leap in the creeks, insects buzz in the air; all nature is active and exuberant with life.

I and a Scotch gillie, who had accompanied me from home, took up our abode in a little log-shanty close to the ranche-house, and made ourselves very cosy. There was not much elegance or luxury in our domicile, but plenty of comfort. Two rough rooms—a huge fire-place in one of them—two beds, and no other furniture of any

kind whatever, completed our establishment. But what on earth did we want with furniture? We were up before daylight, out hunting or fishing all day, had our food at the ranche, sat on the ground and smoked our pipes, and went to bed early. One's rest is a good deal broken in winter-time, and it is necessary to go to bed early in order to get enough sleep, because in very cold weather it is highly advisable to keep a fire burning all night; and, as yet, hunters have not evolved the faculty of putting on logs in their sleep. It would be most useful if they could do so; and, according to the law of evolution, some of them by this time ought to have done it. However, I was not much troubled; for Sandie, who slept by the fire, was very wakeful. I would generally awake about two or three in the morning to find the logs blazing and cracking merrily, and Sandie sitting in the ingle smoking his pipe, plunged in deep thought.

"Well, Sandie," I would say, "what kind of a night is it, and what are you thinking of?"

"Oh, well, it's a fine night, just a wee bit cheely outside [thermometer about 25° below zero]; and I'm thinking we did not make that stalk after the big stag just right yesterday; and I'm thinking where we'll go to-day to find him." Then we would smoke a little—*haver* a little, as Sandie would call it—and discuss the vexed question of how we made the mistake with the big stag; and having come to a satisfactory conclusion, and agreed that the stag had the biggest antlers that ever were seen—which is always the case with the deer you *don't* get—we would put out our pipes, and sleep till daylight warned us to set about our appointed task, which was to find a deer somehow, for the larder wanted replenishing.

In those days you had not far to seek for game, and you could scarcely go wrong in any direction at any season of the year. In winter and spring the park still swarms with game; but it is necessary in summer to know where to look for it, to understand its manners and customs, to go farther and to work harder than formerly, for Estes Park is civilized. In summer-time beautiful but dangerous creatures roam the park. The tracks of tiny little shoes are more frequent than the less interesting, but harmless, footprints of mountain sheep. You are more likely to catch a glimpse of the flicker of the hem of a white petticoat in the distance than of the glancing form of a deer. The marks of carriage wheels are more plentiful than elk signs, and you are not now so likely to be scared by the human-like track of a gigantic bear as by the appalling impress of a number eleven boot. That is as it should be. There is plenty of room elsewhere for wild beasts, and nature's beauties should be

enjoyed by man. I well remember the commencement of civilization. I was sitting on the stoop of the log-shanty one fine hot summer's evening, when to me appeared the strange apparition of an aged gentleman on a diminutive donkey. He was the first stranger I had ever seen in the park. After surveying me in silence for some moments he observed, "Say, is this a pretty good place to drink whisky in?" I replied "Yes," naturally, for I have never heard of a spot that was not favorable for the consumption of whisky, the State of Maine not excepted. "Well, have you any to sell?" he continued. "No," I answered, "got none." After gazing at me in melancholy silence for some moments, evidently puzzled at the idea of a man and a house but no whisky, he went slowly and sadly on his way, and I saw him no more.

On the morning that Sandie and I went out, it was not necessary to go far from the house. We had not ridden long before we came to likely-looking country, got off, unsaddled and tethered our horses, and started on foot, carefully scanning the ground for fresh sign. Soon we came upon it—quite recently formed tracks of three or four deer. Then we had to decide upon the plan of operations in a long and whispered conversation; and finally, having settled where the deer were likely to be, and how to get at them, we made a long circuit, so as to be down wind of the game, and went to work. The ground to which I am referring is very rough. It slopes precipitously toward the river. Huge masses of rock lie littered about on a surface pierced by many perpendicular jagged crags, hundreds of feet high, and long ridges and spurs strike downward from the sheer scarp that crowns the cañon of the river, forming beautiful little glades—sheltered, sunny, clothed with sweet grass—on which the deer love to feed.

In such a country there was no chance of seeing game at any distance; so we had to go very cautiously, examining every sign, crawling up to every little ridge, and inch by inch craning our heads over and peering into every bush and under every tree. In looking over a rise of ground it is advisable for the hunter to take off his head-covering unless he wears a very tight-fitting cap. I have often laughed to see great hunters (great in their own estimation) raising their heads most carefully, forgetting that a tall felt hat, some six inches above their eyes, had already been for some time in view of the deer. Many hunters seem to think that the deer can not see them till they see the deer.

The sportsman can not go too slowly, and it is better to hunt out one little gully thoroughly than to cover miles of ground in the day. If he walks rapidly he will scare heaps of deer, hear

lots of crashing in the trees and scattering of stones, and perhaps see the whisk of a white tail, or the glance of a dark form through the trees, but never get a shot for his pains. We pursued a different plan—took each little gulch separately, and carefully crept up it, searching every inch of ground, using redoubled caution toward the end where the bush is thickest, and especially scanning the north side; for, strange to say, deer prefer lying on the north side of valleys in the snow, even during the coldest weather, to resting on the warm sunny grass on the southern slopes. Patiently we worked; but our patience was not well rewarded; for not a sign of anything did we see till our entirely foodless stomachs and the nearly shadowless trees indicated that it was past noon. So we sat us down in a nice little sheltered nook, from whence we commanded a good view of the precipitous cliffs and gullies that led down to the tortuous and ice-bound creek some thousands of feet below us, as well as of the face of the mountain that reared itself on the opposite side, and betook ourselves to food and reflection. It is very pleasant to lie comfortably stretched out with nothing to do but to gaze with idle pleasure and complete content upon grand and varied scenery. The eye, now plunging into the abyss of blue crossed at intervals by swiftly moving clouds, now lowered and resting on the earth, pauses for a minute on the dazzling snow-white summits, then travels down through dark green pine woods, wanders over little open glades or valleys gray with withered grass, glances at steep cliffs and great riven masses of rock which time and weather have detached and hurled down the mountain side, and falls at last upon the pale green belt of aspens that fringes the river, white with snow where spanned with ice, but black as ink where a rapid torrent has defied the frost. Nor is the eye wearied with its journey; for mountain, valley, cliff, and glade are so mingled, and are so constantly changing with light and shade, that one could look for hours without a wish to move. The mind goes half asleep, and wonders lazily whether its body is really there in the heart of the Rocky Mountains leading a hunter's life, or whether it is not all a dream—a dream of schoolboy days which seemed at one time so little likely to be realized, and yet which is at length fulfilled.

It must not be supposed that, because we were half asleep and wholly dreaming, we were not also keeping a sharp lookout; for in a man who is very much accustomed to take note of every unusual object, of every moving thing, and of the slightest sign of any living creature—more especially if he has roamed much on the prairies where hostile redskins lurk and creep—the facul-

ty of observation is so constantly exercised that it becomes a habit unconsciously used, and he is all the time seeing sights, and hearing sounds, and smelling smells, and noting them down, and receiving all kinds of impressions from all external objects, without being the least aware of it himself. However, none of our senses were gratified by anything that betokened the presence of game, and, after resting a little while, we picked up our rifles and stole quietly on again. So we crept and hunted, and hunted and crept, and peered and whispered, and wondered we saw nothing, till the pine-trees were casting long shadows to the east, when suddenly Sandie, who was a pace or two in front of me, became rigid, changed into a man of stone, and then, almost imperceptibly, a hair's-breadth at a time, stooped his head and sank down. If you come suddenly in sight of game, you should remain perfectly motionless for a time, and sink out of sight gradually; for, if you drop down quickly, the movement will startle it. Deer seem to be short-sighted. They do not notice a man, even close by, unless he moves. I never saw a man so excited at the sight of game, and yet so quiet, as Sandie. It seemed as if he would fly to pieces; he seized my arm with a grip like a vise, and whispered, "Oh, a great stag within easy shot from the big rock yonder! He has not seen me." So, prone upon the earth, I crawled up to the rock, cocked the rifle, drew a long breath, raised myself into a sitting position, got a good sight on the deer, pulled, and had the satisfaction of seeing him tumbling headlong down the gulch, till he stopped stone-dead jammed between two trees.

Leaving Sandie to prepare the stag for transportation, I started off as fast as I could, and brought one of the ponies down to the carcass. It was pretty bad going for a four-footed animal; but Colorado horses, if used to the mountains, will go almost anywhere. The way they will climb up places, and slither down places, and pick their way through "wind-falls," is marvelous. They seem to be possessed of any number of feet, and to put them down always exactly at the right moment in the right place. I do not suppose they like it, for they groan and grunt the while in a most piteous manner. My pony was sure-footed and willing, and, moreover, was used to pack game; so we had little trouble with him, and before long had the deer firmly secured on the saddle and were well on our way home. It was well for us that we killed the deer in a comparatively accessible place, or we should not have got him in that night or the next day. It was almost dark when we topped the ridge, and could look down into the park and see the range beyond, and there were plenty of signs there to

show that a storm was at hand. Right overhead the stars were shining, but all the sky to the west was one huge wall of cloud. Black Cañon, the cañon of the river, and all the great rents in the range were filled with vapor, and all the mountains were wrapped in cloud.

When we left the ranche that night after a good supper, a game of euchre, and sundry pipes, it was pitch-dark, and light flakes of snow were noiselessly floating down to the earth; and, when we got up the next morning, behold! there was not a thing to be seen. Mountains, ranche-house, and everything else were blotted out by a densely falling white, bewildering mass of snow. Toward noon it lightened up a little, and great gray shapes of mountains loomed out now and then a shade darker than the white wall that almost hid them; but the weather was not fit for hunting, and, as there was nothing else to be done out of doors, we made a *fête* of it, as a French Canadian would say, and devoted ourselves to gun-cleaning and spinning yarns.

When deep snow lies upon the higher grounds surrounding Estes Park, wapiti come down into the park in considerable numbers. The wapiti is a splendid beast, the handsomest by far of all the deer tribe. He is called an elk in the States—why, I do not know; for the European elk is identical with the American moose, and a moose and a wapiti are not the least alike. But I presume the wapiti is called by the Americans an elk for the same reason that they call thrushes robins, and grouse partridges. The reason, I dare say, is a good one, but I do not know what it is. The wapiti enjoys a range extending from the Pacific sea-board to the Mississippi, and from the northwest territory in British possessions down to Texas, and he formerly was found all the way across the Continent and in the Eastern States. He is exactly like the European red deer—only about twice as large—carries magnificent antlers, and is altogether a glorious animal. Wapiti are very shy. They require quiet and large undisturbed pastures; and they are hunted with a thoughtless brutality that must shortly lead to their extermination in civilized districts. They do not accustom themselves to civilization as easily as do moose or antelope, but resent deeply the proximity of man—that is to say, of civilized man, for Indians do not interfere with them very much. Indians, as a rule, are not really fond of hunting; they hunt for subsistence, not for plea-

sure, and, where buffalo are to be found, never trouble their heads about smaller game. Elk are plentiful in any Indian country that suits them; in fact, as a rule, there is very little use in hunting wapiti in any country that is not exposed to Indian incursions, and, the more dangerous the country, the better sport you are likely to have. But this is not an invariable rule. There are some places where wapiti may be found in quite sufficient numbers to repay a sportsman's labor, and where he need not incur the smallest risk to life or limb. I imagine there are more wapiti to be found in Montana and the adjacent territories than in any other part of the United States. Wapiti are to be met with in forests of timber, among the mountains, and on the treeless prairie. They are, I think, most numerous on the plains, but the finest specimens are found in timbered districts. One might suppose that branching antlers would cause inconvenience to an animal running through the tangle of a primeval forest; but the contrary appears to be the case, for in all countries the woodland deer carry far finer heads than the stags of the same species that range in open country. The size of the antlers depends entirely on the food which the animal can procure. Where he is well fed, they will be well developed; where food is scarce, they will be small. In a timbered country there is more shelter than on the plains, the grass is not so deeply covered with snow in winter, and consequently food is more plentiful at that time of year, and the animal thrives better. You always find heavier deer in woodland than in an open country. Early in the fall the stags gather large herds of hinds about them; about the end of October they separate, and the big stags wander off alone for a while, and then later on join in with the big bands of hinds and small stags. During the winter they run in great numbers—it is not unusual to find herds of two or three hundred together, and I have seen, I believe, as many as a thousand different wapiti within a week. A large herd of these grand animals is a magnificent sight, and one not soon to be forgotten. They are to be killed either by stalking them on foot, or partially on foot and partially on horseback, or by running them on horseback like buffalo. I have been fortunate enough to kill wapiti by all these methods, and hope to relate some of my experiences in a future article.

DUNRAVEN (*Nineteenth Century*).

THE LIFE AND PASSION OF HECTOR BERLIOZ.

"BERLIOZ," says M. Gounod, in the charming introduction which he wrote to the recently collected letters of the great composer, "was one of the profoundest emotions of my youth. He was fifteen years my senior; he was, therefore, thirty-four at the time when I, a boy of nineteen, was studying composition at the Conservatory, under the direction of Halévy. I well remember the impression then produced upon me by Berlioz and his works, rehearsals of which were often given in the concert-hall of the Conservatory. No sooner had my master Halévy corrected my lesson than I hastened from the class to go and hide myself in a corner of the concert-room, and there I grew wild over that strange, passionate, convulsive music which opened before me such new and nobly colored horizons. One day I had been present at a rehearsal of the then unpublished symphony of 'Romeo and Juliet,' which Berlioz was to produce in public for the first time a few days later. I was so struck with the amplex of the great *finale* of the reconciliation of the Montagues and Capulets that I went out, carrying away entire in my memory the superb phrase of Friar Laurence, '*Jurez tous par l'auguste symbole!*' A short time afterward, I called upon Berlioz, and, sitting down at the piano, I played the above-mentioned passage. He opened his eyes very widely, and, looking sharply at me, he said, 'Where in the world did you get that?' 'At one of your rehearsals,' I answered. He could not believe his ears."

This little paragraph serves to show how sincere is the admiration of the composer of the opera of "Faust" for the great eccentric master who wrote the "Damnation de Faust," which Gounod himself qualifies as "magnificent." M. Gounod speaks with tender affection of the extravagant, fantastic nature of Berlioz, of the nervous anger which prompted him to rail at Bellini and Cherubini, and of the honest, confiding manner in which he poured out the secrets of his soul to his friends. In the letters now published the reader will find the impress of the real Berlioz in almost every line. Some time since, a volume, very carefully edited by M. Daniel Bernard, and treating of the labors and travels of Berlioz, appeared in Paris. It gave but a poor idea of the man of genius and his work, compared with that which may be obtained from the composer's own correspondence with one of his most intimate friends. A perusal of these fiery letters fully justifies the conclusions at which M. Gounod arrived after reading them, and which he has chronicled as follows:

"There are, in humanity, certain beings gifted with particular sensitiveness, who feel nothing in the same manner or degree as other people feel, and for whom the exception becomes the rule. In the cases of these persons, their peculiarities of nature explain those of their lives, which, in their turn, explain those of their destiny. Now, these are the exceptions which lead the world; and it should be so, because these are the ones who pay with their battles and their sufferings for the movement and the enlightenment of the human race. . . . Berlioz was, like Beethoven, one of the unfortunate victims of the dolorous privilege of being an exception, and he paid dearly for this heavy responsibility." And here M. Gounod indulges in some sharp remarks upon the revolt of the masses against any one who, in the fine arts, dares to show individuality, or to decry and desert conventional methods. "Was it," he cries, "the crowd which formed Raphael and Michael Angelo, Mozart and Beethoven, Newton and Galileo? The crowd! the mass! It passes its whole existence in judging and taking back its judgment, in condemning in rotation its repugnances and its fascinations; and how can you expect it to be a competent judge? No—the crowd first flagellates and crucifies, and then reviews its decrees with a repentance which, generally, is not that of the contemporary generation, but of later ones; and it is on the tomb of the man of genius that the crowns of *immortelles* which were refused his brow are heaped. The definite judge, which is posterity, is but a superposition of successive minorities. Contemporary success is usually only a question of fashion; it proves that the work is up to the level of its time, but by no means that it ought to survive it; there is consequently no reason to be very proud of it. Berlioz was a man all of one piece, without concessions or compromises; he belonged to the race of 'Alcestes,' and naturally he had all the 'Orontes' against him. Heaven knows how numerous the 'Orontes' are! People have found him crabbed, quarrelsome, fierce—I don't know what else! But, in order to understand this excessive sensitiveness pushed to the verge of irritability, it would be necessary to take account of all the irritating things, the personal trials, the thousand rebuffs suffered by this fiery soul, incapable of humble servility and cowardly toadying; and it is noteworthy that, however harsh his judgments may have seemed to those upon whom they were pronounced, none of them were ever attributed to the shameful motive of a jealousy which would have been

entirely incompatible with the majestic proportions of this noble, generous, and loyal nature. The trials which Berlioz had to encounter as competitor for the chief prize of Rome were the faithful image, and like the prophetic prelude, to those which he had to meet later in his career. He had to compete four times, and did not obtain the prize until 1830, when he was twenty-seven years old, by sheer perseverance and despite obstacles of every kind. The same year in which he took the prize with his cantata of 'Sardanapalus,' he produced a work which showed clearly the height which he had already reached in artistic development, as to conception, color, and experience. His 'Symphonie Fantastique' (episode from the life of an artist) was a veritable musical event, of the importance of which some idea may be gained from the fanaticism of its supporters and the violent opposition of its enemies. However much discussion there may be over such a composition, it certainly reveals, in the young man who produced it, absolutely superior faculties of invention, and a powerful poetic sentiment which is found in all his other works. Berlioz drew into musical circulation a considerable number of orchestral effects and combinations unknown until he appeared, and which very illustrious musicians speedily adopted; he revolutionized the demand of instrumentation, and in this respect, at least, he may be said to have formed a school. Yet, despite remarkable triumphs, in France as in foreign countries, Berlioz was fought against all his life; in spite of performances to which his personal direction as chief of orchestra and his indefatigable energy added many chances of success, and many elements of clearness, he never had any but a partial and restrained public; that public, that *everybody*, that gives to success the character of popularity did not come to him, and Berlioz died of this lack of popular success. 'The Trojans,' that work which he had foreseen would prove the source of so much chagrin for him, 'The Trojans' finished him; it may be said of him, as of his heroic namesake Hector, that he perished under the walls of Troy. . . . In Berlioz's nature, all impressions, all sensations, were carried to extremes; he knew neither joy nor sadness, except at delirious pitch. As he said of himself, he was a "volcano." Sensitiveness carries us as far in sorrow as in joy; Thabor and Golgotha are similar. Happiness does not consist in the absence of suffering, any more than genius consists in the absence of defects. Great geniuses suffer and ought to suffer, but they are not to be pitied; they have known ecstasy unknown to the rest of men, and, if they have wept in anguish, they have also shed tears of ineffable joy; that alone is a heaven for which one can never pay dearly enough."

The letters which give the most accurate picture of the life and passion of Hector Berlioz were nearly all written to a single friend, M. Humbert Ferrand. To him the fiery composer poured out his soul for long years—during his early struggles and his later triumphs, in distress, in hopefulness, in despair. Berlioz seems to have sought refuge from the fierce sorrows and passions which at times threatened to consume him in correspondence with his beloved friend. Here, in these hurried epistles, is his real autobiography, written as few men, even of genius, have ever written theirs before or since. The correspondence begins at the epoch when Berlioz was struggling for the prize mentioned by M. Gounod, and when he was at the same time studying medicine in Paris. His family was indignant at his devotion to music, and his father, quite a noted physician, located at Côte-Saint-André, in the Isère, cut off his pension when he learned that he had neglected his medical studies to attend the Conservatory of Music. The result was that young Berlioz, who had been rather delicately brought up, was reduced to sad straits for a short time. But he went bravely into the chorus at the Nouveautés Théâtre, thus earning a wretched pittance of fifty francs per month, while he followed the courses of Reicha and Le Sueur at the Conservatory. He brought out a mass, and, although it yielded him nothing at all, he determined from the moment that this work had been produced to devote himself entirely to music. Meantime, he appears to have had the good sense to go home into the country and make an effort to change the hard-hearted decision of his parents. The stomach of youth will not listen to reason, and Berlioz, at twenty-two, might possibly have sacrificed his dignity rather than live on bread and cheese, while at thirty-two neither Chambertin nor costliest meats would have made him waver an inch. He was already an iconoclast, at the time of this journey home, as the following extract from his letter to his friend amply proves. In the omnibus which conveyed him from the diligence station to the country village where his parents resided, he found two young persons "who looked to him like *dilettanti*, and whom, as such, he resolved not to enter into conversation with.

"But presently," he wrote, "they informed me that they were going to the Saint-Bernard Mountain to make some sketches, and that they were pupils of MM. Guérin and Gros: whereupon I told them, in my turn, that I was a pupil of Le Sueur. They complimented me much on the talent and character of my master, and one of them happened to hum a chorus from 'The Danaïdes.' "'The Danaïdes'!" I cried, 'then you are not a *dilettante*!' 'I a *dilettante*!' he answered. 'Why, sir, I have seen Derivis and

Madame Branchu thirty-four times in the rôles of Danaüs and Hypermnestra.' 'Oh!' And we were good friends from that moment, without further preamble. . . . 'But, gentlemen,' said I to them, 'how does it happen that—not being musicians—you have not been infected with the virus of *dilettantism*, and that Rossini has not made you turn your backs on common sense and everything natural?' 'It is,' they replied, 'because, being accustomed to seek in painting the grand, the beautiful, and the natural especially, we have not been able to overlook them in the sublime *tableaux* of Gluck and Saliéri, nor in the tender and pathetic accents of Madame Branchu and her worthy rival. Consequently, the music at present fashionable does not seduce us any more than the arabesques and *croquis* of the Flemish school do.' 'Now here,' adds Berlioz, in enthusiastic vein, 'are people who are worthy to go to the opera, worthy of hearing and understanding "Iphigénie en Tauride!"'

Young Berlioz alarmed his parents very much by his open criticism of the great, and they endeavored to force him back into practical life. He was obstinate in his refusal to have anything further to do with pills, and his mother, who appears to have been of exceedingly nervous temperament, thought it her duty to frighten him with her malediction. It was terrible while it lasted—the mother fancying that her religion compelled her to cut him off if he persisted in his determination to write music for the theatre; but after a time her heart relented, and it was, doubtless, largely due to her influence that he succeeded in obtaining permission to return to Paris and to begin anew his musical studies. The good mother provided him with certain very needful moneys, which the father was not disposed to accord, and probably gave him a double blessing, because her conscience had once compelled her to curse him. But this reconciliation lasted only a few months. The father continued to reproach him, by letter, and at last, when Berlioz refused to obey a peremptory summons to return home, definitely turned him adrift. It was then that the young composer saw the wolf at the door, and that he was compelled again to sing in a theatrical chorus.

But he labored, as few composers have labored, and in the midst of every conceivable discouragement. On the 29th of November, 1827, he wrote to his friend M. Ferrand, giving him an account of the second hearing of his new mass in the Church of Saint-Eustache, and also a report of the manner in which he had failed in a *concours* at the Institute. "My mass was performed," he wrote, "on Sainte-Cecilia's day, with double the success of the first time. The few corrections which I had made had very materi-

ally improved it. The morceau (*Et iterum venturus*), especially, which had failed the first time, was brought out on this occasion in a thunderous manner, with six trumpets, four horns, three trombones, and two ophicleides. The song of the choir which follows, and which I have had executed by all the voices at the octave, with a blare of brass in the middle, produced a terrible impression on everybody. For my part, I had preserved my calmness up to that point, and it was very important that I should not be troubled. I was leading the orchestra; but, when I noted that picture of the last judgment, that announcement of the coming, sung by six *basses-tailles* in unison, that terrible *clangor tubarum*, those cries of the frightened multitude represented by the choir—everything, in short, rendered exactly as I had conceived it—I was seized with a convulsive trembling, which I had the force to control until the end of the morceau, but which constrained me then to sit down and to let my orchestra repose for some minutes. I could stand alone no longer, and I feared lest the *bâton* should fall from my hands. Ah! why were you not there? I had a magnificent orchestra. I had invited forty-five violins, and thirty-two were present; and there were eight altos, ten violoncellos, and eleven *contre basses*; but, unluckily, I had not quite enough voices for such an immense church as Saint-Eustache. . . . However, I have succeeded beyond my hopes; at last I have a real party to support me at the Odéon, at the Bouffes, at the Conservatory, and the Gymnase. . . . I had sent letters of invitation to all the members of the Institute; I was anxious to have them hear the execution of what they are pleased to term *inexecutable* music; for my mass is at least thirty times more difficult than my competitive cantata, and you know that I was obliged to withdraw from the competition because M. Rifant could not play me on the piano, and M. Berton hastened to declare that I could not be interpreted by an orchestra. My great crime in the eyes of this old and cold classical world is trying something new. 'It is a pure chimera, my dear fellow,' said one of the old school to me the other day; 'there is nothing new in music; all the great masters submitted to certain musical forms which you are not willing to adopt. Why seek to do better than the great masters?' And we can imagine Berlioz, with that wealth of language for which he was renowned, replying to this disciple of the conventional, and horrifying him with the vehemence and the hardihood of his sentiments.

The decided preference of Berlioz for the romantic school in music was greatly increased in volume by the appearance, in Paris, in 1827, of a beautiful English actress named Smithson, who

introduced the heroines of Shakespeare to the Parisian public on the stage of the Odéon. Kean, Macready, and Kemble were in the company in which Miss Smithson achieved signal triumphs, and so great was the charm of her acting for the French that they rather ignored the merits of her associates. Berlioz saw her for the first time in the character of Ophelia. He wrote to his friend Ferrand that "the effect of her prodigious talent or of her dramatic genius on my imagination and my heart can be compared only to the commotion which my first acquaintance with the works of the poet whom she so nobly interprets produced in my soul. Shakespeare stunned me. . . ." Berlioz loved Miss Smithson at first sight, but, as he was poor and unknown and she was then at the summit of fame, he despaired of ever making his love known to her. He raved, in his letters to Ferrand, about her; he quoted Shakespeare; he wrote music in which he sought to embody Shakespeare's noblest conceptions; he was Shakespeare-mad. The force of his passion made him ill; and, when he recovered, he decided to make a supreme effort to attract the favorable notice of his idol. He endeavored to do something which no French composer had ever tried before him—to give a concert, composed of his own works, at the Conservatory. The enemies of his style placed obstacles before him, but he overcame them all. The concert was a gratifying success, and Paris was excited and pleased with the "Overture to Waverley," the "Resurrexit," and the "Francs-Juges." "Ah, when the 'Resurrexit' from my mass was produced, as you have never heard it since I corrected it, and with thirty male and fourteen female voices, the hall of the Royal School of Music for the first time witnessed the players in the orchestra leaving their places as soon as the last strain was played, in order that they might join in the applause of the public. The violin-bows fell like hail on the *basses* and *contre basses*; the ladies in the chorus cried out; when one round of cheers was finished, another began. I threw myself down on the cymbals in my obscure corner of the orchestra, and burst into tears." In the heat of his triumph, the youthful composer indulged in the most extravagant language in his letters to Ferrand, who, by the way, was the author of the libretto of the "Francs-Juges." His sentences were hysterical; his jubilation was boisterous. He recited the emotions of each member of the orchestra, and represented them as even more excited, if possible, than he himself was. He rejoiced in the remark that one of the singers at the opera had made—that a certain effect in the "Francs-Juges" was the most *terrible* thing he had ever heard. His ecstasy was so great that for a time he forgot that he had ar-

ranged the concert expressly to bring himself before the notice of the beautiful English actress. Miss Smithson remained indifferent to his homage, and he was heartbroken when he had descended from his seventh heaven and noticed the fact. He grew melancholy, and took to wandering in the fields around Paris at night. Liszt and Chopin, who were then both in the capital, followed him about all one night in the plain of Saint-Denis, fearing that he would try to kill himself.

In June of 1828, while he was planning an opera on the story of Virginius, his conduct was wilder than ever before. His nerves caused him constant pain. He dashed out one morning from his apartment and walked to Villeneuve Saint-Georges, and back, more than twenty miles, just to unstrain his nerves. Then he wrote a long letter to Ferrand, describing his emotions: "Oh! how lonely I am! All my muscles tremble like those of a dying man! O my friend, send me some work: send me a bone to gnaw! How beautiful the fields are! What abundant light! All the living people whom I saw on the road during my walk looked so happy! The trees trembled softly, and I was all alone in the immense plain. . . . Space, forgetfulness, sorrow, rage, surrounded me one by one. Oh! despite all my efforts, life is escaping from me: I only hang on to it by the shreds!" Among his enemies he was accounted a madman. In 1829, while struggling with poverty, he made a supreme effort to reach his heart's idol, and succeeded in placing his pretensions before her. But she was alarmed at his extraordinary behavior, and her family took care to keep her out of his sight. Miss Smithson went to Holland to play Ophelia for the Dutchmen, and Berlioz, in despair, wrote to Ferrand: "All my hopes were frightful illusions. She has gone, and as she went—without pity for my anguish, which she witnessed for two whole days—she left me only this answer to my suit, 'Nothing could be more impossible.'"

But now his reputation began to grow with wonderful rapidity. From Germany and England came flattering testimonials to his greatness. At the Institute he could make no headway; the masters would not accept his innovations. Boieldieu said to him: "My dear boy, you had the prize in your hand, and now you have thrown it away. I came to the trial with the firm conviction that you would get the prize; but, when I heard your music—! How can you expect me to give a prize for music concerning which I have not the slightest idea? I don't understand one half of Beethoven, and yet you wish to go further than Beethoven has gone!" Boieldieu was honest in his lack of appreciation, and he added, in the kindest manner: "Come and see me often; I

want to study you." All this made Berlioz rage terribly. Auber said to him: "You are afraid of the commonplace; but, my dear friend, there is not the slightest danger in your case of that; therefore the best advice that I can give you is to try to write in an ordinary manner, and, when you have produced something which you will consider horribly flat, the chances are that it will be about right." The impassioned Hector laughed this counsel to scorn. "Now, why," he said, "if they wish us to write for bakers and seamstresses, do they give us such subjects as the death of Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt, and her dying meditations?"

What with the pangs of his despised love, his poverty, and his ambition, Berlioz led a terribly wearing life. His friend Ferrand founded a review, and employed him as musical critic. Berlioz wrote well, and was fond of biting criticism. His articles on Gluck, Spontini, and Beethoven, were full of admiration; but, when he attacked an enemy, he was almost imprudent in his rage. In the spring of 1830 he heard that the fair Miss Smithson, who had returned to London from her long continental tour, did not appear insensible to the addresses of certain persons who besieged her with their passions. He flew into violent rage, overturned his idol and shattered it, and wrote his "Symphonie Fantastique," into which he wove his love, his despair, his disappointment, his frenzy, with masterly skill. This strange creature, who seemed made of fire and dew, wrote best when he suffered most. He proposed to bring out the symphony at the Théâtre des Nouveautés, with an orchestra of two hundred and twenty musicians. He became so excited in writing the "Witches' Sabbath," with which the symphony closes, that his friends feared for his reason. Ophelia, conducting the orgies of the infernal crew, personated Miss Smithson. "I think you will be pleased with the plan of my symphony," he wrote to Ferrand. "The vengeance is not too harsh. Yet it is not in a spirit of vengeance that I wrote the 'Witches' Sabbath.' I don't want vengeance. I pity and despise her. She is an ordinary woman, dowered with an instinctive genius for expressing that anguish of the human soul which she has never felt, and incapable of conceiving of an immense and noble sentiment like that with which I honored her!"

Berlioz did not bring out his symphony. The theatre was too small for the symphony. The next episode in his life was a passion for Mademoiselle Camille Mooki, who afterward became the wife of Pleyel. He fancied that he loved her, and was anxious to marry her. But now came new successes, and the *grand prix* at the Institute—tardy reward of many and laborious trials.

At last he was to see Italy! But the perverseness and oddity of his disposition led him to say that he would not, *could* not, go to Italy. He wished to give concerts at home, to obtain the consent of his "dear Camille's" parents to marry her. He proposed to write an overture to Shakespeare's "Tempest." He returned to the idea of bringing out the "Symphony" at a monster concert, and, in a letter to Ferrand, dated August 23, 1830, he wrote, in a *postscriptum*, "That unhappy girl, *Smithson*, is here once more. I have not seen her since her return." He carefully avoided her, and devoted himself assiduously to Camille, who had taught him, he said, to understand and to put into music the character of Ariel.

In 1831 Berlioz went to Italy as *prix de Rome*. His heart was filled with love for Camille: he still expressed only pity for Miss Smithson, who had been unlucky in her second trip to Paris, and was on the verge of financial ruin. His parents, who seem to have been fair-weather friends, were kind to him, and he entered Italy as if he had come to conquer it. "His Camille" had promised to write to him daily, but when he reached Rome, where he expected to find a bundle of letters from her, there were none for him. He was wild with grief and passion, and determined to return to France at once. It was in vain that Horace Vernet, who was then the director of the Academy, explained to him that, if he left Italy, he would probably be crossed off from the list of pensioners, and would lose the brilliant opportunities for which he had struggled so hard. He left for the North at once. In Florence he was ill eight days, and from his sick-bed he wrote to Ferrand, "You are the first Frenchman who has given me any sign of life since I entered this garden, peopled with monkeys, which they call *La belle Italie*!" He filled page after page with passionate invectives against the platitude of modern politics, the feebleness of modern music, and he had sharp words for Italian composers. "Here, in Florence, when I was first passing through the city," he wrote, "I saw an opera called 'Romeo and Juliet,' by a little rogue named Bellini! And the shade of Shakespeare comes not to exterminate this myrmidon! Alas! the dead return not! . . . Then a miserable eunuch named Paccini, has written a 'Vestal'—Licinius was played by a woman. I had just force enough, after the first act, to leave. I pinched myself, to be sure of my identity. . . . I tried in Rome to buy a piece by Weber. The music-dealer said, '*Weber, che cosa è?*' 'Don't you know?' I cried. '*Maestro italiano, francese, ossia tedesco?*' '*Tedesco*,' I answered, as calmly as I could. My man hunted for a long time on his shelves; then, turning around with satisfied

air, he said, 'Nothing by Weber, no such music as that, my dear sir. But, here we have *la Straniera, I Montecchi Capuleti del celeberrimo maestro signor Vincenzo Bellini!*' " And here Berlioz drew a lively picture of the furious manner in which he rushed out of the shop, leaving the dazed Italian repeating "*Weber? Che cosa è?*"

Berlioz received a letter at last, but not from his "dear Camille." It was from her mother, announcing the marriage of her daughter with M. Pleyel. The letter enraged him so that, according to his own confession, he left Florence for Paris, determined to kill first the mother, next the daughter, and third himself. When he reached Genoa, he went to take one of his furious promenades on the ramparts. His foot slipped, and he fell into the Mediterranean. This bath cooled him. When he was fished out, he no longer thought of vengeance. He went on to Nice, and from there determined to return to Rome. At Nice he wrote his overture to "King Lear," and then went back to Rome with his soul in the seventh heaven of artistic delight. His pension as an Academy student had not been taken away from him, probably because the director foresaw that his mad capers would not last long. The composer studied little at Rome. He absorbed Italy into his soul, but he detested Italian music. "The air which I share with these *industriels* of the Academy does not suit my lungs," he wrote to Ferrand; "I try to breathe a better one when I can. I take an old guitar, a gun, some books of ruled paper, and the germ of a great work which I hope to make blossom, and I pop off into the woods."

His head was filled with vast projects. In a letter written a few months after he had returned to Rome, he confided to Ferrand his plan of a colossal oratorio, to be produced at a musical festival given in Paris, either at the Opera or the Pantheon, or in the courtyard of the Louvre. "I must have three or four solo actors, choruses, one orchestra of sixty musicians in front of the stage, and another of two or three hundred behind it, arranged in an amphitheatre." This is the subject which Berlioz proposed to represent with his orchestras and choruses. "Men, arrived at the lowest stage of corruption, give themselves up to every kind of infamy; an anti-Christ governs them despotically; a small number of the just, led by a prophet, rebel against the general depravity. The despot torments them, carries away their women, insults their faith, and, in the midst of an orgy, destroys their holy books. The prophet comes to reproach him for his crimes, and to announce the end of the world and the last judgment. The irritated tyrant casts the prophet into prison, but, while he is

indulging anew in unholy pleasures, he is surprised at a festival by the terrible trump of resurrection. The dead leave their tombs, the living utter cries of anguish and fright, the world crumbles, angels cry from the clouds—and this will form the *finale* of the musical drama. We shall have, as you can readily see, to employ entirely new means. Besides the orchestras, we must have four groups of brass instruments at the four cardinal points of the place. The combinations will all be new. . . . Not much recitative—few *airs seuls*." And so he wrote on, dozens of pages, sketching his colossal improvisations. They remind one of Rubens at his best.

In November of 1832 Berlioz returned to France, a special authorization of Horace Vernet allowing him to depart from Rome six months before the expiration of the customary two years sojourn. He hastened to Paris. At Lyons he went to the Grand Theatre, where he "felt a profound and painful emotion in hearing, in an ignoble ballet, an ignoble orchestra play a fragment of the 'Pastoral Symphony' of Beethoven." Once back in the capital, he felt lonely and oppressed. The critics had ceased to speak of him. He was impatient to reconquer fame. While he was organizing a concert at which he proposed to produce his monodrama of "Lelio," a kind of sequel to the "Symphonie Fantastique," he one day found himself face to face with the fair Miss Smithson. The Ophelia of his early adoration was returning from a professional tour in the North of Europe. She had been unlucky, and was likely to continue so in Paris. Berlioz felt all his old love come back with vehemence. Mutual friends so arranged matters that Miss Smithson attended the concert given by Berlioz in December of 1832, and the "Symphony" was produced on that occasion. She at once recognized the fact that she was the Ophelia of this strange, magnificent production. At last she consented to receive his addresses. She was a virtuous and good woman, and the tender charm which enveloped her had a soothing effect on Berlioz's stormy nature. While the fiery composer was in the full strength of his impetuous courtship, the actress fell and broke one of her legs. She was obliged to retire from the stage, and was harassed with debts. She repelled his advances, doubtless because she feared to burden him. Her family and his family endeavored to dissuade them from marrying. She tried to send him away for ever; he poisoned himself before her very eyes, and was saved only by miraculous skill. Finally she gave her heart to him, and in October of 1833 they were married. After their marriage she told him of the scandals which had been sent her concerning him—that he had epileptic fits—that

he was mad, etc. She loved him well, but he frightened her. "My dear Humbert," wrote Berlioz to his friend some time after his marriage, "Henriette is a delicious creature. She is Ophelia's very self: not Juliet; she has not Juliet's passionate temperament; she is tender, sweet, and *timid*. I have never imagined such impressionability as she possesses, but she has no musical education; and, would you believe it? she even likes to hear certain bits of Auber's nonsense!" It is unpleasant to be compelled to relate that years afterward Berlioz gave his wife such good cause for jealousy that a separation was rendered necessary. But in the early days of his married life he was entirely faithful to her. He labored to help pay her debts. He gave concerts at the Théâtre-Italien for this purpose. It was at the second of these concerts that Paganini first saw him. The great artist was so charmed that he asked Berlioz forthwith to write him an alto solo. Berlioz did this with only partial success, and subsequently made the solo the basis of "Harold in Italy."

The years between 1833 and 1840 were years of incessant toil for Berlioz. The development of the opera of "Benvenuto Cellini" began in 1834, and absorbed the composer's attention. The "Symphonie Fantastique" was published under the direction of Liszt, and was bitterly attacked by critics who were incompetent to read even its alphabet. In May of 1835 Berlioz chronicles the fact that he has begun "an immense work entitled 'Funereal Musical Offering to the Memory of the Illustrious Sons of France.'" From time to time he was in relations with the Director of the Grand Opera, but that worthy always found means to set aside his projected works on the ground that they were too risky. In April of 1836 he wrote to Ferrand, "Every poet in Paris, from Scribe to Hugo, has offered me operatic librettos; it is only the stupid *canaille* of directors who hindered me from getting on." The government from time to time gave Berlioz some proof of its approval. The Minister of the Interior ordered a requiem of him for the anniversary of the melancholy Fieschi attempt. At Leipzig the "Francs-Juges" began to make its way. The "Requiem," produced at the Invalides in 1837, was an electric success. It brought Berlioz into such popular favor that the administration of the Opera reluctantly consented to produce his "Benvenuto Cellini."

And here began a new series of vexations, disappointments, and troubles. Rich in all the elements of a durable work of art as was "Benvenuto Cellini," it was remorselessly hissed by the public, led on by the critics who hated Berlioz, both because he was an innovator, and be-

cause he was a contributor to a ministerial journal—the "Débats." This misfortune almost broke the composer's heart, and placed him in cruel financial embarrassment, as he had relied upon "Benvenuto" to mend his broken fortunes. In this strait, M. Ernest Legouvé, who had known him in Italy, came to his aid. Berlioz was slowly recovering his courage when he one morning received an enthusiastic letter from Paganini, telling him to persevere. A folded paper fell from the epistle to the floor; Berlioz took it up and opened it, to find that it was a check on the house of Rothschild for twenty thousand francs. This generous deed of Paganini's, added to M. Legouvé's help, enabled Berlioz to devote himself with renewed energy to his favorite topics. In seven months he completed the superb symphony of "Romeo and Juliet," which he dedicated gratefully to Paganini. Every moment that he could spare from composition he devoted to the defense of "Benvenuto" and his other completed works. "That which the critics call my system," he wrote to Ferrand, "is none other than that of Weber, Gluck, and Beethoven." And here he added a detail or two which show the extreme care with which he worked. "I wrote an overture to 'Rob Roy,' which seemed to me to be bad after it was brought out: I burned it. I then finished a solemn mass, the *ensemble* of which I judged to be inferior: I burned that also. There were three or four bits in our opera of the 'Francs-Juges' which I destroyed for the same reason. But, when I tell you that that score is filled with all the qualities which give vitality to a work of art, you may, and I am sure you will, believe me. The same may be said of the score of 'Benvenuto Cellini.'"

M. Legouvé, who so kindly came to the aid of Berlioz, when the composer was ill and poor, after the failure of "Benvenuto," has given a spirited account of the manner in which he first made the acquaintance of the eccentric genius. He had heard him much talked of, during a visit to Rome, at the academy from which Berlioz had just departed, and where he had left the reputation of a man who prided himself on his eccentricity. M. Legouvé took a letter of introduction from the wife of Horace Vernet to Berlioz, and on his return to Paris hunted for him in vain for a long time. But one day, being in the shop of an Italian barber, he heard some one say, "M. Berlioz has left his cane." Legouvé committed his letter of introduction to the barber's care, to be handed to Berlioz. That evening he attended the performance of the "Freischütz" at the Opera, and, just as Gaspard was in the middle of his famous *ritournelle*, a gentleman sitting near Legouvé sprang up, and shouted

out to the orchestra, "Not two flutes, wretches! Not two flutes! Oh, the brutes!" Then he sank back into his seat, overcome with rage at the error in the orchestration, and entirely unconscious of the excitement which his remarks had created. "I turned around," said M. Legouvé, "and saw not far from me a young man, trembling with anger, his hands clenched, his eyes sparkling—and his hair! Hair? no—it was rather an immense umbrella of a hirsute nature, which overhung an enormous nose, like the beak of a bird of prey. The face was both comical and diabolical. . . . Next morning I heard a ring at my door, went to open it, and I had no sooner seen my visitor than I said, 'Sir, were you not at the "Freischütz" last evening?' 'I was.' 'In the second gallery?' 'Yes.' 'Was it not you who cried out to the orchestra?' 'Of course. Did you ever hear of such savages? They don't know the difference between—' 'Then you are Berlioz?' 'I am.'" An intimacy sprang up at once. "Everything," said M. Legouvé, "our ages, our taste, our common love for the arts, brought us together. We both belonged to what Præault called the 'tribe of the pathetic.' Berlioz adored Shakespeare, as I did; I worshiped Mozart, as he did; when he was not composing music, he was reading verses; when I was not making verses, I was composing music. And, as the greatest bond between us, I had enthusiastically translated 'Romeo and Juliet,' and he was desperately enamored of Miss Smithson, the great actress who played Juliet." Eugene Sue, Berlioz, and Legouvé frequently sat up all night, discussing their plans for the future, and Berlioz often made the other members of the trio tremble at the vehemence of his sentiments.

Eccentricity can scarcely be regarded as a serious blemish of character, and it did Berlioz no harm to be known as an oddity while he was fighting his early battles. After his marriage with Miss Smithson he was less romantic in action, and, before he began his triumphal tour through the various countries to which he was called, little was left of his old manner except his incapacity to control his emotion when excited by music. He would weep like a child over the successful performance of one of his own works. In 1840 he began, in Belgium, the series of journeys which lasted until his death in 1869. He was far from happy in these years; his separation from his first wife caused him much pain, and, in his declining years, the death of the son who was a pledge of her affection caused him bitter anguish. He was married a second time, to a good and sensible woman, who knew as little of his extraordinary nature as he knew of the practical world. Her sudden death in 1862 was a great blow to him.

He spent a portion of his time in penning long condemnations of the Government for its neglect of himself and other men of genius. The applause of the stranger was doubtless sweeter to him than it would have been had he had ampler recognition at home. "You have probably heard," he wrote to Ferrand in 1841, "of the *spaventoso* success of my 'Requiem' in St. Petersburg. It was given entire at a concert arranged by the Lyric theatre, at the Chapel of the Czar, aided by a chorus of two regiments of the Imperial Guard. The performance, as directed by Henri Bomberg, is said to have been of *incredible majesty*. In spite of the pecuniary dangers of the enterprise, this brave Bomberg, thanks to the generosity of the Russian nobility, made five thousand francs profits. Commend me to despotic governments for the arts! If in Paris I should try to bring out the 'Requiem' according to its merits, I should lose more than Bomberg has made." At another time he wrote, bitterly, "If I get old and incapable, they will make me director of the Conservatory. But, so long as I am valid, I must not dream of such a thing." His journeys to Russia between 1842 and 1847 were very successful; he spoke of his reception as "imperial." When he was about to leave for England in 1847, he wrote to Ferrand; "France is becoming more and more *bête* about music, and, the more I see of foreign lands, the less I love my own country. Forgive the blasphemy, but art is dead in France, ay, and putrefied! So one must go where it is. It appears that a singular revolution has taken place in the musical sense of the English nation within the last ten years."

His heart was very sore at the outrageous treatment of the "Damnation de Faust" by French critics and public. He went down to his grave convinced that his countrymen would never do him justice. But scarcely two years after his death the "Damnation de Faust" enjoyed a popularity in France which has been accorded to the works of few French composers. In Germany, in 1853, the "Faust" was acclaimed as one of the greatest works of the age. Berlioz wrote to Ferrand of the "delirium" of the public at Brunswick; at Baden the number of listeners was immense; in some towns ladies kissed the composer's hands as he left the theatres. In Hanover the king and queen sat four hours at a concert, and the poor blind king cried out, "What a director you are! I can not see you, but I can feel you direct!" From 1856 to 1858 Berlioz labored on the opera of "The Trojans," which he intended for his master-piece. "I don't know, Ferrand," he wrote, "what will become of this immense work, which for the moment has not the least chance of representation. The Opera is in disorder. It has become a kind of private

theatre of the Emperor, where only the works of persons who are adroit at slipping into his favor can be represented. The work is done; I have written it with a passion which you will quite understand, you, who also admire the great Virgilian inspiration." A short time afterward he wrote: "The Emperor cares too little for music to interfere directly and energetically. I shall have to submit to the ostracism which that insolent theatre (the Opera) has always inflicted, without knowing why, on certain masters, such as Mozart, Haydn, Mendelssohn, Weber, Beethoven, who all would have been glad to write for the Opera of Paris, but could never obtain that honor. After all, what does it matter? The work exists, and, as Clio says in the epilogue, '*Stat Roma.*' It will be known one day. But to be compelled to put up with the insolence of idiots!" In 1861 "*The Trojans*" was received at the Opera by the director, but the Minister of State was the authority on whom its representation depended. The Minister of State was Count Walewski, who was angry with Berlioz because he had refused to direct the rehearsals of "*Alcestis*." "I had declined that honor," said Berlioz, "because of the transpositions necessary in order to fit the rôle to the voice of Madame Viardot. Such a course was irreconcilable with the opinions which I had professed all my life. I am therefore not in favor at court. But the musical world of Germany and Paris admits that I am in the right." All this time Berlioz was very ill, and his lack of success with "*The Trojans*" increased his illness. One evening, at the Tuileries, the Empress asked him when she was to have the pleasure of hearing "*The Trojans*." Berlioz answered very sharply, "I don't know, madame; but I begin to think that one must live a hundred years to get anything produced at the Opera!" After many more unsuccessful efforts, he withdrew "*The Trojans*" from the Grand Opera, and gave it to the Lyrique, where it was brought out in November, 1863. Berlioz was at first delighted with its apparent success; but in 1866 he writes, sorrowfully, "It would have been better for me to have written one of Offenbach's villainies!" In Germany, meantime, the triumph of Berlioz continued. The composer chronicles a "furious emotion," which he felt when, at Lowenberg, the orchestra of the Prince of Hohenzollern executed his symphony of "*Romeo*

and Juliet," "and the leader, sobbing, cried out in French, 'No, no, no, there is nothing finer!' Then the whole orchestra rose, and made a thunderous noise of instruments, an immense applause. . . . It seemed to me that I saw in the air the serene face of Shakespeare, and I wanted to cry out to him, 'Father, are you content?' " The opera of "*Beatrice and Benedict*" was also highly successful at Baden, Weimar, and in other German towns. In France, to-day, it is comparatively unknown, but M. Gounod predicts for it a wide popularity in the future.

Berlioz heard with delight of the success of "*Harold*" in New York in 1864. "What has got into the heads of these Americans?" he wrote to Ferrand. In 1867, just before his visit to Russia, the last triumphal journey that he ever made, he chronicled an offer made him by an American *impresario* to pass six months in America. The sum offered as compensation was one hundred thousand francs. But he did not dare to undertake so long a journey. His health was thoroughly shattered by his incessant labors, excitements, and disappointments. He was lodged in a palace in Russia, and treated with the utmost care, but the fatigue there, nevertheless, so wore upon him that, when he returned to Paris, Nélaton, whom he consulted, told him that he had not long to live. Until March 8, 1869, when he died, he was a martyr to nervous disease. One or two French towns gave festivals in his honor, and crowned him with laurels, but their homage came too late. Paris gave him a magnificent funeral, and then forgot him for ten years. Now she is at last awakening to a proper appreciation of his great genius.

Berlioz was an egotist. A careful perusal of the intimate correspondence which he maintained for half a century with M. Ferrand establishes that fact. But he has given the world a vast volume of wonderful music—inspired, passionate, profound harmonies—which will last as long as civilization lasts. There are spots upon his career, as there are spots upon the sun. But we may charitably say of him, as he said of Spontini, "The temple may perhaps be unworthy of the Deity which inhabits it, but the Deity is always deity." We bow at the shrine of Berlioz's genius, without bestowing too critical attention upon the marks of storm and time which stain the shrine.

EDWARD KING.

THE NEW RENAISSANCE; OR, THE GOSPEL OF INTENSITY.

SOME apology is due to readers for the title chosen for this paper. "Renaissance" is perhaps too inclusive a word to be used, as we intend to use it here to signify the new birth of certain phases of art and literature. Attention is naturally directed to the great Italian revival of learning generally denoted by our title, and we hesitate to admit its significance as applied to the ephemeral changes of fashion which mark the present time.

Nevertheless, there may be rebirths of every variety of magnitude, and one such has begun in England during the last thirty years. During that time there has hardly been one belief, however firmly held, which has not been severely questioned; one habit of life which has not been altered or swept away; or any department of art, science, or literature which has not undergone the most vital changes. One result of these changes is undoubtedly a sense of uncertainty and unrest—a disposition to hesitate in the formation of beliefs, and to give to them, not an absolute, but a provisional, assent; to maintain, or at all events feel, that we are doing, not the best, but the best under present circumstances. The notion of development, snatched hastily from its first province of natural science, has quickly overspread the whole field of thought and action, and opens out, to us all, vistas of possible glory, as beautiful, and perhaps as unsubstantial, as the lands of purple and gold which we see—

" . . . beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars."

We travel sixty miles an hour instead of six; we speak by electricity across the globe, and have the voices of our friends passed to us through an interval of two or three hundred miles as we sit by our own fireside; we have magnified sound till by its means we can detect disease, and imprisoned it till we can reproduce a lost voice years after its accents have faded; every power of earth, air, and water has been pressed into our service, and analyzed by our ingenuity; nay, even the last great problem has found claimants for its solution—and there be those who believe that means have been found to generate life itself.

At the very moment in which I write these lines a scientific Englishman, by a fast of forty days, is engaged in demonstrating that it is possible for a man to live without eating, and almost without drinking; and probably ere long sleep

will be eliminated from the catalogue of indispensables, and it will be shown to have been only a vulgar error which has made us pass a third of our lives in dull oblivion.

But if the conquests and discoveries of science have been fruitful of change, a no less wonderful transformation has taken place in the region of the mind; though here, from the very nature of the case, the effects are not so clearly evident at first sight. If the whole field of the physical universe has been thrown open to science, the whole field of the mental universe has likewise been attacked. In philosophy, in morality, and in religion, the movement of the century has stirred the depths to an almost unparalleled extent; beliefs, the inheritance of ages, seem to have grown old, withered, and vanished almost in a day, and, instead of the calm, and perhaps a little unthinking, belief of our fathers, we now hear on every side—

"Obstinate questionings
Of self, and outward things";

and, as one of the most typical of present writers once said, there is "no child now but can throw stones at the windows which Colenso has broken." What the world has been for ages before our chronology takes it up; what it will be for ages after our race has done its work and gone its way; the evolution of mind from matter, of life from lifelessness—the great doctrine of the conservation of energy, and the still greater theory of evolution—all these speculations, theories, discoveries (call them by what name we will, according as we accept or dispute the grounds upon which they rest) have terribly shaken the old formulas of life. Every day a fresh attack seems to be made upon some hitherto secure position of thought, and the air is filled with the din, as the earth is covered with the ruins, of falling temples.

It is not my purpose here to enter upon any discussion as to the endurance or the ultimate result of the state of things which has been briefly indicated above; indeed, such a discussion would be premature and certainly futile. We are at present, to use the old simile, as soldiers in a hand-to-hand conflict, hearing the noise and seeing the dust of the battle, striking perhaps a hard blow now and then (we hope upon our rightful enemy), but getting no clew to the general issue, much less the purpose, of our combat. The question asked so frequently now,

"Is life worth living?" must be left for solution to the future generations—the most we can hope to do being to make it more "worth living" for them; and not the least efficient way of so doing will be to clear the path of the sham philosophies and sensational fashions which have sprung up thickly in the place of the ancient creeds.

At a time, such as we have described, when all things are being put to the test of fresh investigation, it was not to be expected that the wave of change would leave poetry and painting untouched; but rather that those factors in man's life, sensitive as they are by their nature to every passing influence, would show, perhaps more quickly and plainly than could be seen elsewhere, some of the effects of the new theories. In this paper I propose to trace, as briefly as possible, the way in which one special phase of poetry and painting developed under the influences which surrounded it, and say a few words upon some of the results which the cultivation of this special phase has brought about. If in the course of such narration I am forced to linger somewhat long over a "twice-told tale"—that of modern pre-Raphaelitism—I hope my readers will bear in mind that the subject is one upon which there has always been much misconception; and that though pre-Raphaelitism, in its pure and original form, has passed away, its dead carcass is still left with us, and is a source of corruption which can not be too soon fully understood. The claims of the modern gospel of intensity, and the critical theories of pure sensuousness which are proclaimed so loudly just now, have their curiously unfitting root in the pre-Raphaelite movement; and it strangely happens that the action taken by three or four clever art students, toward a reformation in art as healthy as it was needful, has ended in breeding phases of art and poetry which embody the lowest theory of art-usefulness and the most morbid and sickly art-results. And, as might be expected, the evil is spreading from pictures and poems into private life; it has attacked with considerable success the decoration of our houses and the dresses of our women; and, if it has not founded an actual creed, it is less because disciples are wanting than that its elements are so heterogeneous as to be incapable of easy consolidation. If this hybrid pre-Raphaelitism has not yet erected itself into a rule of conduct, it has become in some sort effective as a standard of manners; and there may now be seen at many a social gathering young men and women whose lack-luster eyes, disheveled hair, eccentricity of attire, and general appearance of weary passion, proclaim them to be members of the new school. What that school is, and how it arose and flourished, I will now endeavor to state; but to do so I must first beg you to

carry your imagination back for about thirty years.

Even now, when much of the bitter antagonism on the one side, and enthusiastic exaggeration on the other, which alike helped to conceal the real motives of the young artists known as the pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, has cleared away, few people have a clear idea as to what were the objects at which the artists aimed, or what were the really vital characteristics of the art which they produced. More of the laity still connect the word pre-Raphaelitism with visions of gaunt, melancholy women, and pale, cadaverous men, standing or lying in more or less uncomfortable attitudes, in landscapes painted with minute chromatic accuracy of detail. There are but few who remember or believe that the object of the early pre-Raphaelite work was simply to paint things as they were, and that the crudeness of color and harshness of form, which in some cases resulted, were as much deplored by the artists themselves as by the most bitter of their opponents. Too proud to explain their shortcomings to those who misrepresented their work; too much praised by their friends, as well as vilified by their enemies, to have a chance of quietly working out their principles, the three artists who at first formed the association went on for some time endeavoring to paint as well as they could without reference to the praise bestowed as frequently upon their faults as their merits, and the blame which comprehended fault and merit alike in one anathema.

The point which needs to be insisted upon in speaking of this early time is, that the movement was not only an original, but a thoroughly healthy one. It was the protest of young, enthusiastic artists, who felt a pride in their profession, against being restricted to the conventional subjects, and to the conventional manner, of the English figure painters. They asserted their right to range at will over the whole field of human passion and natural beauty; they resolved that no problem of color should be shirked, no manifestation of human feeling be considered unsuitable, no fact of nature rendered inadequately, as far as lay in their power. They saw, or thought they saw, that painting had gone astray from its devotion, begun in the Renaissance times, to the antique ideal, and they sought, with a devotion perhaps too blind, to gain that simple directness of purpose and *naïveté* of treatment which had characterized Italian art previous to the great classic revival. No doubt the movement had its ludicrous side; no doubt the three young artists, challenging the practices which had been accepted as unquestioned (and unquestionable) for three hundred years, did present to the mass of graver and older painters a specta-

cle of absurd conceit. It is easy to be wise after the event; we can all see that failure was certain, now that failure has occurred. But, as I have said, the movement was undoubtedly honest, and as undoubtedly in the right direction. Let it be mentioned, too, in passing, that it gave us some of the grandest pictures of this century. When we think of the "Ophelia," the "Eve of St. Agnes," "The Scapegoat," "The Light of the World," "The Huguenots," and "The Finding of Our Saviour in the Temple," we are forced to acknowledge that, were it only for the production of such works, we should owe a considerable debt of gratitude to Messrs. Millais and Hunt.

But far more was accomplished than this, for perhaps one of the greatest influences for good which have touched the art of the present day sprang from the book illustrations which were executed at this period by the pre-Raphaelites, and, above all, by Mr. Millais. Not to speak of his illustrations to the "Parables" (because of the comparative smallness of circulation of that book), the drawings made by this artist for Mr. Anthony Trollope's three novels of "Framley Parsonage," "The Small House at Allington," and "Orley Farm," probably laid the foundation of the enormous progress in wood-engraving and book-illustration which ultimately gave us such work as Pinwell's and Frederic Walker's drawings for Jean Ingelow's poems and Thackeray's "Philip." Indubitably these works by Mr. Millais form some of the very finest art of the age. Manly and powerful in the extreme in their treatment of the subject and enforcement of its meaning; simple, as befits such work, with a frank simplicity which omits no essential point; with a grasp of character and power of depicting emotion which the present writer, at least, has never seen equaled and rarely approached; gentle in the highest sense of the word, giving a portrait of English gentlemen and English ladies such as we might well be proud to think them; essentially true to the spirit of the author's work, and yet as free and spontaneous as if they sprang alone from the artist's imagination—with all these merits, and many more, which it is beyond our province to dwell upon here, these works form, rightly understood, the strongest testimony that could be given to the perfect health and right intention of the early pre-Raphaelites. And it is the more necessary to remember this, as the movement was soon to change its character.

What happened after a while is perhaps best expressed shortly by saying the cause was given up, though probably no specific yielding ever took place. Mr. Millais, the healthiest, if not the greatest genius of the three, gradually worked less and less in his early manner, till he

became practically the same in method as the ordinary run of academic painters. Mr. Holman Hunt, touched with the ambition of painting great religious pictures, and confining himself more and more to problems of light and color, set up his easel in the sacred city itself, and faded from the view of the majority of the picture-loving public. Mr. Rossetti, from causes which it would be impertinent to dwell upon, retired from public exhibitions altogether.

The brotherhood, as a brotherhood, was at an end; the cause, in so far as it hoped to propagate itself, was lost, and all that remained was the bray of the ferocious criticism which had been roused by the young artists' work, and the effect which had been produced upon contemporary art. Such was the first stage of pre-Raphaelitism: something at least had been achieved; men's minds had been shaken roughly out of the conventional grooves in which they had long traveled with sleepy contentment. New vistas of natural beauty and new phases of thought and feeling had been laid open to artists; above all, the first brunt of the battle of unconventionality had been borne, and the way was made comparatively smooth for innovators of less boldness or less ability.

Probably the society never had had much life in it as a society; the elements were too incongruous, the individualities of the founders too strong, to work together with much unity of purpose. A common bond of discontent with art as it was and the teaching they received had united them for a brief space; but probably no two ways of looking at life and art were more thoroughly opposed in spirit than those of Messrs. Millais and Rossetti, and Mr. Holman Hunt had little in common with either. The future direction of the movement, or rather of the results of the movement, was mainly determined by the influence of a group of Oxford men, who in the three lines of painting, poetry, and criticism allied themselves to the dying cause, and who, though they entirely forgot the idea with which it had been started, and perverted its main doctrines, succeeded in endowing it with new life.

At this moment pre-Raphaelitism died as an instrument for regenerating art, and was at the same time re-born as a phase of artistic life, and furnished by the exertions of two or three poets and critics with new formulas. Many artists, too eccentric, too earnest, or to self-confident to work in the old methods, found a ready resting-place under the new banner, and it soon grew to be considered a sufficient claim to be a pre-Raphaelite if the artist's work showed a disregard of ordinary artistic principles and an adherence to archaicism of treatment. In fact, at this moment

the movement, so to speak, crystallized—it became an end rather than a means—it began to extol mediævalism in itself, not because of the qualities of simplicity, truth, and earnestness which had first led to the works of that period being selected as models.

To return, however, to the new influences: these were chiefly embodied in Messrs. Swinburne, Pater, and Burne Jones—a poet, a critic, and a painter—all of them Oxford men, and all (if I remember right) contemporaries at the university. The painter's career was begun under the auspices of Mr. Rossetti, and soon showed the direction to be taken in the future by the school in question. The slightest acquaintance with this artist's pictures, especially his early works, suffices to make evident the enormous difference in aim which had now taken place. Perhaps the difference of spirit between Millais and Burne Jones in pre-Raphaelitism may be fairly likened to that between the art of Giotto and that of Botticelli, in which there is evident on the one side a loss of purpose and frankness of treatment, and, on the other, a growth of sumptuous color and detail, and the substitution of over-refinement and sweetness of expression for the vivid energy of the older painter. One curious resemblance to Botticelli which belongs to Mr. Burne Jones's work may indeed just be noticed in passing, which is the assimilation of the types of male and female; it is difficult, if not impossible to tell, in many instances, in either painter's work, the sex of the person represented. In what proportion the character of Mr. Jones's art was first determined by the influence of his master Rossetti, or by the poetry of his friend Mr. Swinburne, it would be excessively difficult to say: probably a genuine love of mediæval art and a somewhat melancholy temperament co-operated with both these causes; but it is certainly the case that in many ways Swinburne's poetry does leave its accurate reflection in the painter's pictures, and that from this time forward the same note is continually struck by both men.

It is unnecessary to enter into any detailed account of the merits and defects of Mr. Swinburne's poetry; both are by this time generally acknowledged, and the venomous criticism and exaggerated praise bestowed so liberally upon the young author on the first appearance of his "Poems and Ballads" have given way to more temperate judgment. No one now denies the beauty of many of the poems; no one either—at least no sensible person—denies the unhealthy tone of the book as a whole. What concerns us here is not to pass a judgment upon either its beauty or its *morale*, but to explain very briefly what that *morale* was, because it formed one of

the key-notes to all the melodies of the later pre-Raphaelites, and furnished the elements of the new "Gospel of Intensity." Whither that gospel leads us, in art, in criticism, and in poetry, we can at present only guess, but I hope at some future day to bring some of its first infantile results before you.

The following verse from one of the "Poems and Ballads," entitled "The Triumph of Time," puts the articles of the new creed before us plainly enough:

"Sick dreams and sad of a dull delight;
For what shall it profit when men are dead
To have dreamed, to have loved with the whole
soul's might,
To have looked for day when the day is fled?
Let come what will, there is one thing worth
To have had fair love in the life upon earth,
To have held love safe till the day grew night,
While skies had color, and lips were red."

Such is the note struck throughout these poems of Swinburne's; sometimes with fierce repining, sometimes with dull resignation, but always to the same intent. What shall it profit? That is the question he has to ask. What shall honor, truth, energy, unselfishness, whatever you will, that men have agreed to seek and honor, what shall they profit "when the day is fled"? Turn in imagination from this verse to one of the later pre-Raphaelite pictures—all have had an opportunity of seeing them since the opening of the Grosvenor Gallery—and think whether there could be a more accurately beautiful reflection of a poet's feeling than the reflection to be seen in, say, the great picture by Mr. Burne Jones, entitled, "Laus Veneris." Very beautiful is this work, perhaps as beautiful as any picture that has been produced in our time; but what a sad, weary, hopeless beauty it is. Struggle against the impression as we will, the composition enervates and depresses us, in exactly the same way as the poet's words above quoted do. And now, if one would feel the full difference between this and true pre-Raphaelite art, think for a moment of this view of love and the one taken by Mr. Millais in that most beautiful and poetic of his pictures, "The Huguenots." Note that in the first picture we are supposed to be looking at a scene of joy, and in the second at a scene of grief, and then let us ask ourselves whether we would not prefer the grief of the Huguenot, lightened as it is by the influence of truth and honor, to the joy of that Venus choir where truth and honor, and indeed all else, seem but "the shadow of a dream." And the sentiment of the picture is:

"All passes, naught that has been is,
Things good and evil have one end;

Can anything be otherwise
Though all men swear all things would mend
With God to friend?"

I do not intend to say a word on this philosophy beyond the statement of its motive, or rather its want of motive. What concerns us here is its enforcement by the new school. Rossetti's poems also were published about this time, and are in the main imbued with the same spirit, though they are neither so powerful nor so frankly material as those of Mr. Swinburne. The same melancholy hopelessness is in them as in the work of the younger poet, but expressed less vividly and with far less spontaneity of feeling. Sensuousness is still the main thing to be desired, as melancholy is still the inevitable end of all things; but the sensuousness is of a cultivated intellectual type, hesitates here and there between the philosophic and the amatory—sometimes even fades out of sight in the enjoyment of the literary or artistic aspect of legend or nature. Love interrupted by death is the main subject of the majority of the poems, sometimes even love dreaming of a possible reunion beyond the grave. On the whole, Rossetti's poems glorify the passion of love in its abstract, instead of in its concrete, sense. The moral element is perhaps even more absent than in Swinburne, whose very rebellion against morality seems to indicate a sense of it, which Rossetti appears to lack, unless the poem of "Jenny" be taken as an instance. In "Jenny," however, the moralizing is wholly *ab extra*.

So that here we have two great literary factors to take into account, the one a volume of poems inculcating a weary and hopeless passion, expressed in the most seductively beautiful music of which even our language can boast, and dedicated to an artist whose pictures express in color, form, and intention, the same ideas; and the other, an artist, publishing in mature years a volume of beautiful poems, written (we believe we are accurate in saying) chiefly under a sense of personal bereavement, and inevitably shadowed by such loss. Both books melodious in the extreme, both almost purely sensuous, both connected—one through friendship and kinship of feeling, the other through the author himself—with the new pre-Raphaelite idea.

Now, it would have mattered little that Messrs. Swinburne and Rossetti, preachers as they were of a dreary gospel, should have been connected with and champions of a style of art which was tinged by the same melancholy as their poetry, had it not been the case that the very faults both of the poetry and the art were such as to chime in with the deep intellectual unrest and shaken beliefs of the more thoughtful portion of our countrymen.

It was, to say the least, excessively unfortunate that, at the very moment when a general desire for art had been awakened and a general doubt of ancient formulas of belief aroused, there should be presented for acceptance by society an art of great beauty, but of inherent weakness, backed by a poetry which took as its chief tenet that nothing was worth the doing but "love."

There were but wanting now two things to aid the little group of poets and artists in the consolidation of their principles to render the lately vanquished pre-Raphaelite school a working social power. These were a sympathetic criticism, which, while omitting all the more debilitating effects of the poetry and art, should point out its essential beauties, and some link with practical life, whereby the influence could be extended over those people who cared little for poems and pictures, or for the criticism which expounded them.

Nature, we are told by scientific authorities, never creates a want without creating also the means for its supply, and accordingly, in the instance before us, both requisites were forthcoming. A criticism of the required kind sprung up, headed by Mr. Pater and Mr. Swinburne, and the genius of Mr. William Morris, himself a poet and an artist, gave its main attention to the invention and supply of good decorative designs in accordance with mediæval theories.

The criticism which now started in aid of the new poetry and art was, in some ways, very notable. It was sympathetic in the highest degree with the objects of its laudation, and subtly suggestive of thought rather than actually thoughtful. It was, as we might have expected from its origin, scholarly almost to affectation, and was expressed with a seemingly accurate choice of beautiful words, the very sound of which was pleasant. It had, however, some great vices. Its praise was almost exclusively given to out-of-the-way people and things; poets and artists of very minor merit, long since forgotten, were dug up and held forth to the admiration of the disciples with praise which would have been fulsome if applied to Shakespeare. There was no medium in its judgments, no standard of comparison, no actual knowledge of the subject, save the fleeting and variable knowledge of emotional insight. The inner consciousness of the critic was taken as the first and ultimate judge in the matter, and, as the inner consciousness is often wrong when it reports on what it knows nothing about, the criticism was often very much astray. There were two other very great drawbacks. The first was that the critic's language often proved too strong for his meaning, and many of the sentences so ended

that it was doubtful whether they had any meaning at all. The other drawback was, that the criticism was almost purely governed by personal feeling—and so the critics and painters got to be spoken of as "The Mutual Admiration Society." The temptation of course was very great for Mr. W. M. Rossetti to write complimentary criticisms of Mr. Swinburne, and who could complain if Mr. Swinburne felt inclined to return the compliment?

In fact, the way in which the art, poetry, and criticism of the new school were mixed up was excessively curious, and will perhaps one day be fully known. As it is, we know that Swinburne wrote criticisms and poems, that one Rossetti wrote poems and painted pictures, and the other wrote criticisms on them, and so influenced both arts; that Burne Jones painted pictures with motives from Swinburne's poems, and was at the same time in partnership with William Morris in his decoration business; that Morris wrote poems and made designs; and that Mr. Pater educated the public generally in the appreciation of whatever archaic and out-of-the-way art he could lay his hands on.

Other artists and poets soon followed suit, bringing other critics in their train. The decoration of Mr. Morris being really beautiful in its way, and very much needed as a protest against various upholstery abominations to which we had too long tamely submitted, grew and prospered prodigiously. Art upholsterers and decorators followed the lead in every direction. The mystic words "conventional decoration" began to be used a little vaguely, but with the best intentions; the "Queen Anne revival" set in; and one aspiring tradesman even christened his chairs and tables as Neo-Jacobean! This last bold flight of fancy was, however, I believe, a failure, as I have not since heard it repeated.

At this period, when the poetry, and decoration, and criticisms of Swinburne, Morris, and Pater first came into fashion, it must be remembered that the central idea of the early pre-Raphaelites, that namely of painting occurrences as they happened, emotions as they actually appear, and nature as it actually looks, had practically disappeared. Mr. Holman Hunt was in Jerusalem struggling with the problem of Eastern sunlight and shadow; Mr. Rossetti was equally out of sight as far as his painting was concerned; and Mr. Millais, wholly free from his old prepossessions, was just entering upon that career of portrait-painting in which he has since had such marked success. The new poetry, beautiful as it was, and wholly devoted in spirit to that changed pre-Raphaelitism of which Mr. Burne Jones stood at the head, was singularly inconsistent with the first tenets of the school. In

place of the simple frankness of spirit, at which Millais and Hunt had aimed, it substituted a refined and weary cynicism; in place of showing things as they were, it depicted them as they were not, and as, fortunately, they never could be; in place of holding the belief that the subject-matter of art was far broader than was commonly allowed, it substituted the doctrine that there was only one subject worthy of painting or writing about, and that was—Love. Now, we should be doing great injustice to the poets, artists, and critics whom we have just mentioned, if we did not at once confess that their work was in the main good of its kind. The accusation which is rightly to be made against the clique is that their whole object was an unworthy one, that it inculcated a philosophy of life and morality out of which it was impossible that healthiness of thought or feeling should come, or with which it could coexist, and sought to turn all the power of art and poetry not to the improvement of the race, but its injury. The philosophy of its criticism and painting stood at the very opposite pole to Ruskin's great definition of the best art, and, instead of maintaining that art to be the finest which embodied "the greatest number of the greatest ideas," held that the province of art was altogether exclusive of ideas, and that, the fewer ideas there were contained therein, the finer was the art. For instance, according to one of the later and lesser lights of this school, Shelley's poetry was judged to be on a distinctly lower level than Keats's, simply and solely because there were to be found therein certain great intellectual ideas! These, the critic remarked naively, had no business there, and he—like Mr. Podsnap in "Our Mutual Friend"—"waved them off the earth."

Well, this poetry and art worked their way a little into the public mind, and a similar criticism commented on and explained the doctrines of pure sensuousness in art, as above hinted at. Morris's decoration began to be popular, and to overspread our houses, and even touch and alter the dresses of our women, and still no one seems to have suspected the healthiness or the advantage of the movement. Papers and magazines teemed with panegyrics eloquently incomprehensible except to the initiated, in favor of conventional art and erotic poetry—from the inner consciousness of critic after critic, we received instruction upon the merits of "solid sensuousness"; with one accord all reference to English art was considered to be Philistine, and nothing was allowed to be praised as worthy of later period than what the prophets termed the "Early Renaissance." From the recesses of Oriol College Mr. Pater took every now and then dives into mediæval French or Italian history, emerging

triumphantly with some firmly clutched improper little story which he had rescued from the oblivion into which it had unfortunately fallen, or with the name of some forgotten painter, too long allowed to slumber in peaceful obscurity. Swinburne was no less active in the intervals of his poetic labors, and brought many a buried or misconceived genius before the glare of our modern footlights. Morris's business, and his epics, both expanded, and at last, only yesterday as it seems, the Grosvenor Gallery opened, and gave to the movement its final fashionable influence. Imitators and admirers had by this time sprung up all round, especially among the women, and the first Grosvenor Exhibition witnessed the curious sight of the now greatest master of the new school surrounded on all sides by the works of his followers, and as Mr. Ruskin said at the time, in a famous number of "Fors Clavigera," the effect of the master's work was both "weakened by the repetition and degraded by the fallacy" of its echoes.

Behold, then, a new philosophy of art and life, sanctioned by the aristocracy, and supported on all sides by an admiring, and what the Americans would call a "high falutin'," criticism. Can we wonder at the success attained? Here, indeed, was a gospel suited to cultured England, the very first article of whose creed was "Whatever is, is wrong"—a curious result this of scientific discovery and nineteenth-century progress in general culture and enlightenment, that melancholy should be discovered to be the *summum bonum*; that the great object of art was to express, in words or colors, that there is

"A little time for laughter;
A little time to sing;
A little time to kiss and cling,
And no more kissing after."

Cast your recollection back for thirty or forty years before this new light had broken upon us, and try to imagine what Turner, or De Wint, or David Cox, or even old William Hunt, would have thought of our new theories. Fancy inviting the painter of the "Hayfield" and the "Welsh Funeral" to a modern æsthetic "at home," or explaining "the sweet secret of Leonardo" to Hunt while he painted "Too Hot" or the "Listening Stable-boy"! Fancy a young lady asking Turner if he was "intense," or reading "Eden Bower's in flower" to De Wint as he sat sketching in the muddy lanes under the gray skies, which he knew so well and (curiously as it now seems to us) loved so dearly. And yet why should these suppositions sound so ludicrous? Surely all fine art has ties of blood-relationship, and we have not yet got so far as to

deny that Turner, Cox, De Wint, and Hunt, were true artists!

Is it possible that somehow our revival has strayed "off the line," and is wandering in mazes of false feeling and morbid affectation? Is it possible that, after all, melancholy is not the key to all fine art, and that even a return to the "Early Renaissance" will not compensate us for the loss of healthy national feeling? Is it possible that Hunt's motto, still to be seen on one of his pictures, "Love what you paint, and paint what you love," is a truer one than "Love nothing but regret, and regret nothing but love"? And lastly, is it possible that this self-consciousness of a miserable, thwarted, and limited existence—this conception of the world as a place where effort is absurd and action futile, and where the only vital thing to remember is

"That sad things stay, and glad things fly,
And then to die"—

is it possible that such a creed as this is unworthy of English men and English women, and is poorly compensated for by a little increased knowledge of the peculiarities of early Italian artists and a morbid love of mediæval ballads?

It is too soon to trace the effects which will surely follow the spread of the present fashion. If Mr. and Mrs. "Cimabue Brown," "Maudie," and "Postlethwaite" are to become permanent facts in our social system; if the mutual-admiration societies, and the "intense" young ladies who have lately been so well satirized for us by Mr. Du Maurier, still continue to increase as they have done of late; if our women's dresses and drawing-rooms continue to present a combination of dreary, faded tints, dotted here and there with spots of bright color; if china must still be hung upon the wall, and parasols stuck in the fireplace; if our houses continue to assume the appearance of a compromise between a Buddhist temple and a Bond-Street curiosity-shop; if the cultivation of hysteric self-consciousness continues to be considered as a sign of artistic faculty, and the incomprehensibility of art-criticism to be a guarantee of its profundity; if we still continue to think that no art is worthy of examination which has been produced since the time of the "Early Renaissance"; if, in a word, the present fashion continues to live and flourish among us, if we can not have art at all unless we have art of the kind I have mentioned, with results to match—why then, in Heaven's name, let us "throw up the sponge" without further contention—let us become frankly and thoroughly "Philistine," as were our fathers.

Very certainly there is more hope for a nation in thorough but loving ignorance of art—

caring, for instance, for pictures in the way a child cares for a picture-book—than in a state of knowledge of which the only result is a sick indifference to the things of our own time, and a spurious devotion to whatever is foreign, eccentric, archaic, or grotesque. I may, perhaps,

try to show my readers in a future article a few of the more evident absurdities involved in the new criticism and decoration; for the present I bid gladly adieu to the worst gospel I have ever come in contact with—the “Gospel of Intensity.”

HARRY QUILTER (*Macmillan's Magazine*).

GUIZOT'S PRIVATE LIFE.

ONE of the most excusable, as it is certainly one of the most natural, displays of human curiosity is that which is revealed in the wellnigh universal desire to know something of the private life and intimate personal character of those who have become eminent in any department of effort. There is an instinctive feeling that to know only what a man has done, or to see him only as he appears upon the great stage of events, is to become acquainted with but one aspect of what is probably a many-sided personality; and a wholesome distrust is felt for those judgments and estimates which are based only upon an author's published writings or a statesman's speeches and dispatches.

How partial and inaccurate is the conception of a man which we derive from a survey simply of his public life and acts is very happily shown in the sketch of “Monsieur Guizot in Private Life,” which has been given to the world by his elder and only surviving daughter, Madame De Witt.* The common impression of M. Guizot—the “legendary” view, as he himself called it—is that he was a stiff, tragical, and solitary personage in social life, and that in politics he was a selfish and calculating man, with a cold heart and a scheming brain. Nor was this idea of him quite unjustified by that aspect of his character with which the public was most familiar. Yet his letters to his wife and children, now published for the first time, and the pictures given of his domestic and family life, show him to have been almost exuberant in the overflowing tenderness and abandon of his affection. To the average reader, indeed, there will be apt to appear something effusive, almost “gushing,” in many of the letters; but this is one of the cases in which allowance must be made for differences of race and of social usage. It can hardly be doubted that many Englishmen and Americans

love their wives quite as devotedly as M. Guizot loved either of his; yet no one of them, probably, even in the intimacy of the family circle, would display it with such an absence of reserve, or give it quite such ardent expression. Even so, however, it will be admitted by the most reticent that there is something very graceful and pleasing in the picture of a busy man of affairs turning aside at frequent intervals from the exactions of state and the absorptions of literature to seek solace and refreshment in an utter self-surrender to the tenderer claims of the affections.

It should be said, moreover, that this life-long habit of M. Guizot's was not the outcome of transient impulses of feeling, but of rational and deliberate conviction. There was never any doubt in his mind as to the life of the affections being higher and nobler than any other destiny possible to man. The story of a little passage of wit which he had with Talleyrand while still a very young man shows how early this conviction had rooted itself in his mind. “I know not how many years ago, but it is very long ago, I was at M. de Talleyrand's one morning with a very small circle of friends; there was the Duchesse de Dino, M. Piscatory, and I forget who else, all full of talk. I happened to say, ‘Conversation is a great pleasure.’ ‘There is one still greater,’ said M. de Talleyrand, with a somewhat scornful smile—‘action.’ Whereupon I retorted, ‘Yes, Prince, but there is another which is greater far than the other two—affection!’ ‘He looked at me with some surprise, but without smiling. I think that this dry, corrupt old diplomatist had wit enough to see that I was right.’ This characteristic anecdote was told to his younger daughter, and in another letter, addressed to his elder daughter, the author of the present biography, he expresses his mature and deliberate conclusion on the matter. This last letter was written in 1847, when M. Guizot was the trusted and powerful Prime Minister of Louis Philippe.

* *Monsieur Guizot in Private Life, 1787-1874.* By his daughter, Madame De Witt. Translated by M. C. M. Simpson. London: Hurst & Blackett.

"You are leading, my dear Henriette, a quiet and lonely life. My life is lonely, but not quiet. I am lonely, although I am almost always in company. My home is lonely. I have not you there to visit five or six times a day, to rest and refresh myself in your company. With you, I forget my life of labor and struggle; it always seems as if I left my burden at the door. The older I grow, the more room is occupied in my inmost heart by my affections. I do not say, as one often hears said, that public life has disappointed me, that I am disgusted with it, that I have no longer any ambition, even of the best and noblest sort, that I have ceased to be deceived by the world and mankind. This would not be true. Public life has not deceived my expectations. I take as much interest and pleasure in politics as I did twenty years ago. I have not found either men, or human affairs, or the world, below my anticipations. I have by no means the feeling of beautiful illusions which have vanished, of great expectations disappointed. I do not regret the dreams of youth. On the contrary, I feel that God has bestowed on me more than I fancied possible; and experience has confirmed rather than destroyed my most sanguine expectations. But, while the great and important interests which occupy my time have lost none of their value in my eyes, I am convinced of their insufficiency to fill my heart. Neither the engrossing occupations of politics, nor the excitement of opposition, nor the gratifications of vanity, have ever wholly absorbed and satisfied me. I have never been thoroughly and really happy except through my affections, and in the bosom of my affections; and, if I should succeed in everything else, it would be of very little consequence to me if I had no one on whom to bestow them. One's heart is one's life, and one's heart is in the bosom of one's family. I can say this with more authority than any one, for I have known and tried everything else."

To furnish proof and illustration of the exactness with which her father's life and habits were conformed to the sentiments expressed in this passage, may be said to have been the aim and purpose of Madame De Witt's memoir. To the incidents of Guizot's public career she barely refers at infrequent intervals, remarking that he has already, in his "Memoirs," written all that he wished to have said about it. Nor has she attempted to make a formal biography, in which place would have to be found for a consecutive array of those numerous events and details which must necessarily enter into the full record of a career so long and so varied. Assuming that the public life of Guizot and his relation to the history of his time are already familiar to the reader, she aims simply to portray the man as he was in the private life of his family and most intimate social circle; and this task she has performed with such tact and skill that her book will take a high and probably permanent place in the list of vivid personal sketches of great men.

Nothing which Madame De Witt has included in her sketch can well be spared, and the reader will be apt to feel that, if she has erred at all, she has erred on the side of too great brevity; yet, we shall render service perhaps to some who may never see the book, if we reproduce on a smaller scale, and in ruder outlines, a few of the most salient and characteristic of those lineaments which Madame De Witt has drawn with so loving and dexterous a hand.

François-Pierre-Guillaume Guizot was born at Nîmes, France, on the 4th of October, 1787. Both his father and his mother belonged to old Protestant families which had been tried in the fiery furnace of religious persecution. His father, a distinguished advocate and brilliant orator, died on the scaffold, a victim to the Reign of Terror, when the young François was only six and a half years old. His mother, though her happiness was destroyed and her life ruined by the tragic fate of her husband, attained the great age of eighty-four, and lived to witness the most brilliant phases of her son's career. If the testimony of those who knew her best is to be believed, she was one of those women who are fit mothers of heroes and of saints; and it was to her that Sainte-Beuve referred in this fine passage from one of his "Causeries du Lundi": "I think I see her still—and who that had once had the honor of seeing her could ever forget M. Guizot's venerable mother, in her simple, antique dress, her countenance with its strong and deep expression, its sweet austerity, which called to my mind the portraits of the nuns of Port Royal, and which, in default of Philippe de Champagne, has been preserved for us by one of the most refined painters of our age*—that mother of the Cévennes, who kept until the end of her days the most devoted and submissive of sons. I think I see her now in the official saloon, which she only passed through, and in which she appeared for a moment as the living representative of faith, simplicity, and of those substantial virtues which were brought to light by persecution at the time of the *Désert*."

From the time of her husband's death until the close of her own long and honorable life, Madame Guizot belonged entirely to her children—consisting of another son (Jean-Jacques) besides François. For their sakes she controlled a grief the indelible impression of which never faded from her mind, and for their sakes she resolved to leave everything to which she had become attached, and to seek at Geneva the means of education which were wanting at Nîmes. "Madame Guizot," says our author, "established herself [at Geneva] in a small house opposite to the one in-

* Ary Scheffer.

habited by the professor who directed the education of her sons; she was present at all their lessons, she took part in all their work, she studied for and with her children; sometimes in the winter, when the severe climate of Geneva covered their little hands with chilblains, the mother wrote their exercises from their dictation. My father preserved several copybooks thus written. They led a hard and simple life. Madame Guizot's small fortune suffered from the disturbed state of France; the system of 'assignats' had diminished the resources of the country. The mother resolved to devote all she had to the education of her children. Their table was plainly served: Madame Guizot had no assistance in the household work, except that of a woman who came in for a few hours every day; but, on the other hand, her sons attended the lectures of the best professors; they took lessons in riding, swimming, and drawing; at the same time she made them learn a trade, in accordance with the teaching of Rousseau, to which the violent shocks sustained by French society during the Revolution had given practical influence. François Guizot became a skillful joiner, and excelled in turning."

The remarkable natural talents of François manifested themselves at a very early age, and we are told that he was hardly six when his mother found him one day standing on the ledge of the book-case, passionately declaiming a passage from Corneille's tragedy of "Les Horaces," which had captivated his childish imagination. He was just eleven years old when his mother established herself at Geneva; and there he applied himself to his studies with a zeal and success which justified the fondest hopes that she had entertained for him. When at work he was so absorbed that his companions in vain attempted to divert his attention by all sorts of practical jokes. It was one of their chief amusements to pull his hair or pinch his arms, without ever succeeding in making him raise his eyes; and more than once his coat-tails remained as trophies in the hands of his persecutors.

Of that long period of austere devotion to work and duty, Guizot's mind never lost the impression. It was then that he acquired that seriousness of demeanor, that earnestness of tone, and that inflexibility of character, which, in spite of the tempering influence of time and experience, remained characteristic of him throughout his life; which gave the world that impression of him which we have mentioned, and which it has been the business of Madame De Witt to show was a mistaken, or at least a one-sided, impression.

In 1805, at the age of eighteen, Guizot's education was finished, and, while his mother returned with her younger son to her parents at Nîmes,

he repaired to Paris to begin the study of the law. His own tastes were for literature, poetry, and the serious branches of learning, and he early exhibited a decided predilection for politics; but his mother did not consider literature a serious profession, and regarded politics with the terror of a wife whose husband had fallen a victim to the Revolution; so, in compliance with her wish, he determined to be an advocate, like his father. Arriving in Paris during the summer of 1805, Guizot addressed himself to his law studies with his customary assiduity; but he took no pleasure in them, and as the months wore on he became more and more inclined to follow the strong bent of his inclinations. Writing to his mother on the 23d of November, 1806, he says:

"I do not know how I chanced to open the drawer to which I had banished the first attempts of my pen. I was not able to resist the temptation of reading some of them, and it made me sad to do so. I possess talents, but I can not yield to their impulse; I can not devote my youth to studying the art of writing, and all that appertains to it, so as to enable me in my riper years to give free expression to my ideas. I shall never be able to recover the time which I might have spent with so much satisfaction; it will never come back. Must I then be, in every way, thwarted by circumstances? I was intended by nature for a distinguished man of letters; I am sometimes devoured with the longing to write, if it were only for myself; I am oppressed by my thoughts, and I am continually occupied in resisting my inclinations. Now that I have taken my resolution I shall not go back; but I can not always stifle my regret. I ought to throw into the fire all those early essays, of which the sight annoys me, but I can not make up my mind to do so; it irritates me to look at them. I feel drawn toward literature and poetry by a charm which makes me miserable. Do not fear that I shall yield to it. I have said good-by to them for a long time, perhaps for ever, but do not be angry if I sometimes speak to you of the fire that consumes me. I shall long continue to suffer from it. I should soon be settled if I might only choose my work; but all men can not follow their wishes; this happiness is reserved for the select few."

Thanks to the intercession of M. Stapfer, formerly Swiss Minister in Paris, this envied happiness became the lot of Guizot. His mother at last consented to set him free to devote himself to literary work, and he returned with ardor to the studies which he himself felt had been left incomplete. In less than a year he had begun to attract attention as a writer for the magazines and reviews; and in January, 1810, when he was not yet twenty-three years old, we find him describing to his mother a number of important works upon which he was already engaged. For one publisher he is translating a volume of "Trav-

els in Spain," by Rehfus; for another he is preparing notes on Gibbon's great history. The "Dictionary of Synonyms" is pressing him, because the first part must be finished by the 1st of April; and besides all this there is the "Mercure," which he will not give up, and for which he is writing three articles on Kotzebue's "Ancient History of Prussia," together with a biography of the historian Müller. "Add to these my regular work for the newspapers, and, lastly, my daily lessons, and you will see that my time is more than filled up."

As he himself observed at a later period, however, we always have time for whatever we very much wish to do, and, notwithstanding his absorption in literary work, he found time at this period for a series of very charming letters to his mother, of which the following is a specimen passage:

"In order to fill my engagements, it is my duty to curtail, as much as possible, all correspondence that is not absolutely necessary; but you know as well as I do that this does not include my correspondence with you, which is necessary to both of us; I delight in repeating this to you, God grant that your belief in my words may be as deep as their truth! You are constantly in my thoughts, my dear mother; your grief harrows me more than I can tell; I would give half my life to restore some of your lost courage and happiness. Poor, dear mother! there is no one who more fully understands the void that you suffer from; I am aware of the impossibility of ever filling it up; nothing can repair your loss. Nothing can make up or console you for it. I am perfectly certain that no son ever loved his mother more than I love you, but I have no hope of filling my father's place in your heart; in that relation there is a charm, a perfect union which is above every other; its pleasures and its ties can be compared to nothing else. Those whom God has joined are henceforth beyond the reach of their fellow-men; there can be no complete consolation for the sorrow which springs from this source. Nevertheless, dear mother, I am not afraid of hurting you when I tell you that resignation should inspire not only submission but courage. Forgive me if I venture to say that one must try to enjoy, even in the midst of this hard life, the good which still remains to us. Continue to speak to me of my father, of your grief, of the things which made his happiness; but let me have the power of somewhat alleviating your sorrow. If I ever do any real good, the consolation that I may afford you will be my sweetest recompense. I ask you this for my own sake, for my own happiness."

With his growing literary reputation, the sphere of Guizot's social life began also to widen. M. Stapfer presented him to M. Suard, permanent Secretary of the French Academy, who received him with much kindness and introduced him into an entirely new world. The *salons* of M. Suard,

of the Abbé Morellet, and of Madame Houdetot, were the last retreats of that easy and brilliant conversation of the eighteenth century which had been illustrated by the genius of Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot, and the lesser luminaries that clustered around them; and here Guizot enjoyed intimate social intercourse with a choice circle of the most accomplished men and women of his time. It was through M. Suard, too, that Guizot first heard of the lady who afterward became his wife. Mademoiselle de Meulan, herself an accomplished writer, was at that time editor of the "Publiciste," and, touched by the story of her trials and distress, Guizot wrote and sent her an article. Shortly afterward, impelled, as he thought, by a sort of presentiment, he called upon her in person; the acquaintance thus formed, in spite of the disparity of age (Mademoiselle de Meulan was thirty-four and Guizot twenty), developed in the course of time into mutual affection; and on the 7th of April, 1812, they were married.

A few days after his marriage Guizot was nominated Professor of Literature in the University of Paris. At first he was only the substitute for M. de Lacretelle, with a special dispensation on account of his youth; but he soon attained a definite position by his appointment to the Chair of Modern History, which was created especially for him. When M. de Fontanes, President of the University, announced the appointment to Guizot, he intimated that the Emperor read all the opening speeches, and was accustomed to find his own name loudly extolled in them. Guizot at that time cared little about politics, but he considered the suggestion derogatory to his dignity, and refused to comply. The scene took place at Courbevoie, in a pretty villa where M. de Fontanes often spent a portion of the summer. Guizot was dining with him. The President gently insisted. On Guizot's reiterated refusal he exclaimed, smiling: "How obstinate these Protestants are! I must get out of the scrape as well as I can." This appointment was a very happy one for Guizot, and the original turn of his mind was in future to display itself in the vast field of historical studies. His lectures speedily attracted attention outside as well as inside the University, and he had the satisfaction of feeling that he was becoming a power in the country.

Guizot was a Liberal as well as a Protestant, but he was a monarchist by conviction, and through his wife, who came of an old official family, he was drawn into association with the Royalists; and at the Restoration in 1814 he was appointed Secretary to the Minister of the Interior, and entered definitively upon his career as a public man. During the brief interlude of the

"Hundred Days" he was intrusted by the friends of constitutional monarchy with a mission to the exiled Louis XVIII.; and it was largely due to his influence that the king returned to Paris without M. de Blacas and the other objectionable advisers who had made his name and reign odious. For a short time after the return, Guizot occupied the post of Secretary-General of the Minister of Justice, and on the retirement of his chief was appointed legal adviser to the Council of State, and resumed his lectures at the University. In 1816 he wrote and published several pamphlets, of which one was a very important one on the "History and Present Condition of Public Education in France." Appointed Councillor of State in 1818, he helped to prepare those great laws which, as it was hoped, were to lay the foundation of well-regulated liberty in France, and became one of the most influential supporters of the Government. In 1819 he was made Director of Commercial and Departmental Affairs under the Home Secretary, and still more important posts seemed just within his grasp; but his friends were driven from office in 1820, and his own name was stricken from the Council of State.

With little of regret on his own part, and with genuine delight on the part of his wife, Guizot now returned to that "home life of work and conversation" which the turmoils of politics had interrupted. He established himself in the country, near Meulan, whence he issued from time to time various pamphlets on topics of current political or educational interest. He resumed his lectures at the University, selecting for his theme the "History of the Origin of Representative Government"; but the Cabinet took alarm at his language, and on the 12th of October, 1822, his lectures were interdicted. Disgusted at this treatment, and at the general conduct of the Government, he then, as he said, "completely renounced all party contentions," and, in conjunction with his wife, entered with ardor upon the series of important historical works with which his name is chiefly associated. "In 1833 he began to publish his collection of 'Memoirs' relating to the ancient history of France; at the same time Madame Guizot's translation of 'Gregory of Tours' struck all readers as a masterpiece of precision and unaffected simplicity. At the same time she edited the collection of 'Memoirs relating to the History of the English Revolution,' and M. Guizot was preparing those 'Essays on the History of France in the Fifth Century' which, for the first time, threw a strong light upon the dark origin of our civilization. The materials on which he founded his 'History of the English Revolution' were from this period the object of

his most conscientious study. He classified, day by day, in a tabular form, events even of the smallest importance."

The domestic life of Guizot at this period is very charmingly portrayed by Madame De Witt. His devotion to his wife was extreme, their sympathy and congeniality seemed to grow with association, and a son came to satisfy those cravings which such love must ever awaken. Here is an extract from a letter written by him to his wife during a brief absence in Paris (in 1820):

"I had a violent headache on my arrival; it was not the shaking of the carriage, but sorrow for having left you that gave it to me. Throughout the journey I had an intolerable heartache. I do not complain; I think that, to tell the truth, I liked my headache, because it was for your sake, and because I love you. Nevertheless, you must not enjoy this luxury on your side; sleep well and take care of yourself. My headache is gone this morning; it would come back if I were uneasy about you. I can not tell you how happy I was during the six weeks which are just ended; I knew and enjoyed my happiness at the time, I feel it deeply now that it is over, and I shall enjoy it just as much when I return to you.

"I carry you with me: you are present with me everywhere; you and the happiness I owe to you; when I am away from you everything reminds me of you; when near you I forget everything else—my very soul is yours. And yet I feel that this life, so exclusively devoted to you, is free, active, and full of wide interests. I lavish it upon you every instant, and you give it back to me stronger and more beautiful than ever. No, my Pauline, we shall never know all that we are to each other; eternity will not be too long for our happiness."

A few days later Madame Guizot writes in her turn:

"I am well, only rather sleepy, in consequence of a detestable night. If there were no writing to be done I should have nothing to complain of, but it is a great misfortune for me that I can not make literary work agree with the rest of my life. If it were possible for me to give myself entirely up to it by devoting all my time and thoughts to it as you do when you want to write well, I should write well too. I still have the power of so doing, but I have not that of passing continually from one life to another; from the multitude of feelings, cares, and thoughts connected with other lives, to those conceptions which I alone can originate. When I am not writing I am *you*, or I belong to my child, I think of what you are doing, of what I have to do for my boy. In order to write I must be myself only, and I have no time for such transitions. I exhaust myself, and I have no power left for anything.

"My dearest love, I tell you this, not that you or I or anybody can help me, but in order that you

may be aware of it, and that I may not add to the idea which pursues me of not being all that I ought to be, the notion that you think I am not all that I ought to be. I am dissatisfied with myself, but I do not want you to be so, and yet I do not wish to deceive you; it is nevertheless true that when I accuse myself I feel at the same time a wish to excuse myself to you; you are the only person in the world from whom I wish to obtain more than I deserve. And how can I help desiring all that you can give me? Ah! my love, the world is too small and too weak for us, and we ourselves are too feeble for all that is within us."

Several years later, referring to the letters which she received from her husband, Madame Guizot wrote:

"Dearest, when I read over and over again your charming letters, these expressions of simple, I might even say of youthful tenderness, and I think of the idea that a great many people have of you—as of a proud, ambitious man, with a cold heart and calculating head—the contrast strikes as so strange that I can not be angry with these foolish judgments. I laugh at the effect which your letters—the whole series of them, alike and yet so various—would produce on certain people I could mention. Man's opinion is a very fine thing, and one cares about it, thank God! not more than in reason; nevertheless, one sets a certain value upon it, greater than it deserves; and this is good, for, if one estimated it at its real importance, social relations would be in some danger of annihilation."

Bravely as Madame Guizot spoke and wrote, passionately and eagerly as she flung herself into her husband's life and work, her health during all this period was steadily declining, and at length, on the 1st of August, 1827, this "realized dream of happiness" was shattered by her death after a prolonged interval of illness and suffering. The letter of Guizot describing her death and his own grief and desolation is one of the most touching in the volume; but it is too long to quote.

Like many a bereaved man before him, Guizot sought "surcease of sorrow" in renewed and greater application to his work. The first two volumes of "The History of the English Revolution" appeared in 1827, and in the beginning of 1828 he undertook the direction of the "Revue Française." The ministry of the day returning to more liberal courses, he resumed his duties at the University, and made an immense sensation with his lectures on "Civilization in France and in Europe." In a short time, too, the promise of domestic happiness seemed to return to him through his marriage (in November, 1828) with a niece of his first wife, whom he had known since her childhood, and who had been trained, as it were, under his own eye. The second Ma-

dame Guizot was a woman of fine natural talents and the highest cultivation; and in his literary work as well as in his household life she proved a true helpmeet to her husband, whom she regarded with a sort of idolatry. But this dream of happiness was even briefer than the first, and in March, 1833, she too died, leaving three little children, one of them an infant, in giving birth to whom she had made the sacrifice of her life.

Guizot's grief at this second bereavement was intense and passionate, and found expression in a series of letters as tender and pathetic as were ever written. Those wrung from him immediately after the event are too agonizing to quote. Nearly a year later (in February, 1834) he wrote to his sister-in-law, Madame Decourt:

"I live now only on the surface; even my children do not penetrate beneath it. Nevertheless, I love them tenderly, for their sakes as well as for hers. They are charming, but how they miss her—how they *will* miss her! When I look at Henriette, who is so bright and so tender, so intelligent, so good-tempered and at the same time so animated; at Pauline, who is more excitable yet more reserved, sometimes hesitating to speak or come forward, but blushing with pleasure when I go to her and speak to her; at Guillaume, who is beginning to open his great blue eyes in his endeavors to understand the meaning of his sisters' gestures and words—it wrings my heart to think of all these little minds which are so busy and so anxious to develop their powers. Who will give them, as she would have done, the attention of every minute? Who will talk to them, as she would have done, all the long day? Who will direct their development with that tenderness full of authority, that noble and simple intelligence, that indefatigable yet calm perseverance, the treasures of which she would have lavished upon them! They would have been so happy with her, and in the midst of their joyousness she would have prepared them so well for the trials of life. You yourself do not know, no one is aware, of the extent to which her character developed and became nobler day by day. I saw her, with rapture, rising above the little vanities, shaking off the uncertainties which disturb the finest minds in early youth—all conceit, all petty anxieties leaving her; the higher her position became the more she raised herself above her position; although, as you know, enjoying keenly every little pleasure and external adornment of life, she became more and more truly devoted to its serious and important duties. Happiness for her was the source of unselfishness, it seemed as if, having herself reached the goal, she was henceforth detached from all personal desires, and devoted only to her affections and her duties. And this was all without effort, without any fixed intention, almost unconsciously—the result simply of the development of her noble nature, blossoming as the flowers, and ripening as the fruit in the hands of God. And I was permitted to enjoy this lovely scene, and this treasure was mine."

A few months after the date of this letter Madame Decourt died also, and Guizot then wrote to his brother-in-law :

"You must not expect consolation from me ; my fortitude is a sad fortitude. It is well enough abroad, it is nothing at home. But if my ardent, my intense sympathy can be of any momentary comfort to you, depend upon it, it is greater than you can form any idea of. . . . It is now twenty-seven years since I first became acquainted with the Meulan family ; it contained the rarest, the most elevated natures, morally and intellectually, that I have ever known ; two of them fell to my lot ; I owe them all the happiness of my life, all that I shall take pleasure in remembering when age shall have conquered my activity, and I am confined within the circle of my own thoughts. Only twenty-seven years ! and during that time I have seen mother, daughters, brothers, granddaughters, pass away—of all that animated and distinguished family, there remain only one deaf brother, my children, your son, and the poor, ruined Madame de Meulan, who is glad to live under my roof."

Toward the end of the year he writes to his friend, the Duchesse de Broglie :

"My heart is with the dead. I like to verify dates and places, to scratch off the moss, to raise the headstones, to take off my hat as I pass by. And not only for those whom I loved, but for all whom I have known tolerably well. They, too, have reached the other shore ; they are with the loved ones who have carried thither my soul. I am exhausted by my efforts to bring it back again to employ it in the work we have to do on earth. As long as the actual labor lasts, I can do it ; but as soon as the plow stops, my mind, my heart—my whole being, escapes to another world."

From this time henceforth to the end, Guizot's life was divided between devotion to his motherless children, his literary labors, and the cares of state. Before the death of his first wife, he had entered anew upon the stage of public affairs. In January, 1830, he was elected to the Chamber of Deputies, and later in the year he played an influential part in securing the accession of Louis Philippe, whose character he admired, and whose system he regarded as an almost ideally excellent form of government. For three months after the accession he remained at the Home Office engaged in reorganizing almost the whole government, and then became in the Chamber the most eloquent and able supporter of the new régime. In 1832 he was appointed Minister of Public Education, and in that capacity sowed the seeds of nearly all the improvements that have since been made in the educational system of France. Retiring from office on the fall of the Ministry in February, 1836, he was again reinstated in Octo-

ber of the same year ; but in April, 1837, owing to parliamentary checks, he again resigned, and took no active part in the administration of affairs during the ensuing three years, though still powerful in the Chamber. In February, 1840, his friends being restored to office, Guizot was appointed ambassador to England ; but in October he was recalled to Paris by the king, and intrusted with the formation of a ministry. As Prime Minister and Minister of Foreign Affairs, Guizot remained the most trusted adviser of Louis Philippe until the Revolution of 1848 overturned the throne, and both king and minister had to flee for their lives to a foreign land. Guizot spent a year in England, and, returning to France in July, 1849, abandoned politics for ever, and retired to his country estate at Val-Richer, there to devote himself to those philosophical and historical studies in which he took an equally eager delight, both in the beginning and at the end of his life.

That the comparative quiet and retirement of his closing years were by no means ungrateful to Guizot is shown, not only by the alacrity and cheerfulness with which he accepted his fate, but by many passages in his correspondence at different periods. Writing to his mother from London in 1840, when he was on the eve of the most trying years of his laborious life, he said :

"If the magnificent sunshine which floods my square this morning extends to Val-Richer, it must be delightful. I am certainly growing old, for the idea of retirement, final retirement, is agreeable to me. I do not know if I shall ever enjoy it. Besides the domestic reasons which oblige me to work, I feel called, impelled by my nature to action, every sort of action which circumstances may lay upon me. What one can do it is one's duty to do. And besides feeling that it is my duty, I am willing and eager to accept and seize every opportunity which presents itself, from an impulse which is stronger even than my natural inclination, and which shows that action is my mission ; and therefore I shall go on, straightforward, as far and as long as God pleases. But I hope that before I take my final departure I shall have a few days of rest, absolute rest. It rests me beforehand to think of it."

Even during the busiest periods of his public life Guizot's relations with his children were of the most intimate and affectionate character. The third great sorrow of his life came upon him in 1837, in the death, at the age of twenty-one, of his eldest son, François, a young man of great promise and amiable character. Those who saw it never afterward forgot the face of the father when following his son's coffin to its last home, and he never again quite recovered his elasticity of spirits ; but his great losses seemed only to redouble his appreciation of the

household treasures left to him, and, aided by his excellent mother, he watched over every phase of his children's growth and education with unwearied assiduity. His letters to these children are liberally used in the biography, and constitute perhaps its most pleasing feature. There are at least a dozen which we should like to quote, but we must content ourselves with one or two extracts. This is from a letter to his elder daughter, Henriette:

"You are very right, my dear child; a great many good qualities are wanting in you, and I pray God to give them to you; but he bestows nothing on those who do not try to deserve his gifts. Our own efforts are not enough to make us as good as it is our duty to become. We need God's help at every instant; and whenever we do anything that is right, if we acquire some new virtue, we may be sure that God has helped us, has helped us much, and we owe infinite gratitude to him for his assistance. But it is his will that we should ourselves work out our own improvement. God bestows his help in aid of our endeavors, to reward as well as to assist them. When God created man, he made him a free and a reasonable being, that is to say, able to distinguish between right and wrong, and to choose the right. Liberty, my dear child, is the power of choosing the right; and man inherits this great power from God himself. This is what constitutes the nobility of man's nature. But as man, while he is free and reasonable, is yet very imperfect and very weak, he needs, at every moment, the goodness and grace of God to assist his weakness and to help him to struggle with his imperfections. Alas! it is a never-ending struggle.

"One of the things which I regret most bitterly, my dear child, is, that when I am so far from you I can not talk to you about all that interests you, especially when your thoughts turn upon such serious subjects. Always tell me whenever they do so; our separation would be intolerable were I not convinced that I shall know every important thought that passes through your mind, and were I not able to give you my opinion in return."

And this was written on her birthday to his second daughter, Pauline:

"MY DEAR PAULINE,—Here is another kiss to-day for your birthday. This day nine years ago your mother was lying in bed, near the window, in my little room, in the street La Ville-l'Évêque, very tired but very happy, and I, too, was very happy. My dear child, you can not remember your mother; but you should think often of her. We can never think enough of those who loved us so much and who are no longer with us. *'Not lost, but gone before.'* Is not this true, my dear little one?

"You are right in wishing to train your mind yourself; you can do so, for you have an excellent heart and understanding; you know quite well when you have done wrong, and you never want to vex

those you love. What I advise, my dear child, is that you should not always give way to your first impulses; that you should try to put a little more equanimity into your character and temper. Life, dear, is full of contrasts, of good and evil, great joys and great sorrows, of many little troubles, and many little pleasures. If our minds were as uneven as our fortunes, we should soon be tired and broken down, and a burden to our friends and to ourselves. When you are at Trouville, you will see ships tossed by the sea, driven by winds and waves hither and thither, to the right and to the left. What would happen, dear child, if there were no pilot to steer the ship through all these oscillations and dangers? She would soon founder or fall in pieces; but the pilot governs the ship while he prays to God who governs the sea. And the ship sails on her way and generally reaches the haven. This is a type of our condition in this world; we have to govern our own inclinations while we constantly, and with a firm faith, invoke God's help and protection, and try to preserve our presence of mind, our courage, our vigilance, and our serenity, through all the difficulties, perils, and vicissitudes with which our course is beset. I hope, dear Pauline, that God will permit me to remain with you all long enough to help you during your apprenticeship to life, and to teach you how to help yourselves."

The general tone of the letters, however, was not of this monitory character. Most of them consist of those bits of narrative and description which children so delight in. This is a characteristic specimen:

"I had two adventures at Windsor. The first was winning the sweepstakes at Ascot. Every one who accompanies the Queen puts in a sovereign and draws a ticket with the name of one of the horses that are going to run. I drew Scutari, and Scutari won the principal race. Twenty-three sovereigns for me, which will balance the twenty pounds I had to spend in fees to the servants at Windsor Castle.

"Here is my second adventure; it will make you laugh, but pray do not laugh at it before company, as it might find its way into some newspaper, which would annoy me. On Wednesday evening, at Windsor, the Queen retired at eleven o'clock; we staid behind, talking for half an hour. At midnight, I set out to find my own apartment, and I lose myself in the galleries, saloons, and corridors. At last I slowly open a door, taking it for mine, and I see a lady beginning to undress, attended by her maid. I shut the door as fast as I can, and begin again to search for my own room. I at last find some one who shows me the way. I go to bed. The next day, at dinner, the Queen said to me, laughingly, 'Do you know that you entered my room at midnight?' 'How, ma'am; was it your Majesty's door that I half opened?' 'Certainly.' And she began laughing again, and so did I. I told her of my perplexity, which she had already guessed; and I asked whether if, like St. Simon or Sully, I should ever write my

memoirs, she would allow me to mention that I had opened the Queen of England's door in Windsor Castle at midnight, while she was going to bed. She gave me permission, and laughed heartily."

The following is from a letter written to his daughter from Fontainebleau, on October 8, 1839:

"There are a great many people here; yesterday there were seventy or eighty people at dinner, drawn from every quarter of the globe. Among them I found a young Secretary of Legation, M. Dubois de Saligny, whom I appointed a few years ago, and who has just arrived from Texas. Do you know what Texas is and where it is? It is a new nation which is rising up in America, between Mexico and the United States. Its capital is a town which as yet has no existence, on the borders of Colorado; and its President, who is like a king, set off with his ministers a few weeks ago, carrying his tent and provisions, to live on the banks of the river, and build his own house. A great many years and many events must pass before he will be as well lodged as the King of France at Fontainebleau."

Guizot enjoyed the satisfaction of living to see his children grow up around him; of marrying them well and happily; of keeping them all, like a patriarch of old, under his own roof-tree; and of having troops of grandchildren clustering round his knees and making their music through his house. With his "Memoirs" published and his "Meditations upon the Christian Religion" completed, he felt that his cup of life was full. These two works were the task of his old age, which he had longed to be spared to complete; and when they were finished he said: "God has bestowed great favors upon me; he has permitted me to employ my activity, first in literature, then in politics, and, finally, in the service of religion." The national humiliations of 1870 brought on an attack of illness which nearly proved fatal; but

he lived to see his country shake off the paralysis of disaster and enter anew upon her career of prosperity, and it was with resignation, if not with satisfaction, that on the 13th of September, 1874, at the patriarchal age of eighty-seven, he dropped quietly, almost unconsciously, into that sleep that knows no waking. "A few days previously, as M. Guizot was sitting in his arm-chair by the side of his desk, overpowered by mortal weakness, he said to his daughter, 'Ah, my child, how little do we know!' Then, suddenly lifting up his hands, 'However, I shall soon enter into the light!' He had now entered into the light. The perfection to which he had so long aspired at length was his."

A passage from his will must complete our outline of a character and life which, to be comprehended in their full beauty, must be contemplated in Madame de Witt's full-length portrait:

"God has given me great blessings, great trials, and again great blessings. He bestowed upon me the matchless favor of living in the very closest intimacy with minds and hearts of the highest distinction. My dearest relations satisfied my most ambitious desires. And these treasures were twice withdrawn in my domestic life. God gave and took away the greatest happiness that this world can afford. He took away from me an excellent and charming son who had just attained manhood. He has not allowed many cherished friendships to accompany me to the grave. He permitted the fall of the political edifice to which I devoted the labor of my life and attached the glory of my name. After so many and such grievous losses God still left me a large share of happiness. My children have been the charm of my old age. I thank them for their affection for me and for their union among themselves. I earnestly pray them to remain always as united when I am gone as they have been while gathered round me. They will find, in family union, sources of happiness and strength which will support them beyond their expectations in the trials of life."

LOVE'S HERALDS.

THERE is no summer ere the swallows come;
Nor love appears
Till Hope, Love's light-winged herald, lifts the gloom
Of years.

There is no summer left when swallows fly;
And Love at last—
When Hopes, which filled its heaven, droop and die—
Is past.

F. W. B.

SOME CURRENT NOVELS.

IT was remarked long ago by Burke that you can not draw an indictment against a whole nation; and for the same reason—because, however generalized and comprehensive the accusation may be, there will necessarily be some who are exceptions and many who are innocent—summary general judgments, based on supposed differences of race and nationality, are almost sure to be inexact and misleading. Even Macaulay's schoolboy was doubtless aware that the mutual misconceptions of Englishmen and Frenchmen constituted one of the most prominent and influential factors in the post-mediæval history of Europe; and by fanatics on either side the two people were supposed to be as sharply contrasted with one another as the ancient Greek with the ancient barbarian. Yet with increased intercourse and wider knowledge this supposititious contrast has vanished; and now so competent and experienced an observer as Mr. Hamerton assures us that there is a greater difference between certain characteristic types of Englishmen than between the average Englishman and the average Frenchman, that, instead of Frenchmen being destitute (as we have been often told) of "the idea of home," their domestic life furnishes a model to which their insular neighbors have not yet attained, and that the Parisian gayety of disposition is very delusive evidence of a national frivolity of mind.

It must be said, however, that if these reciprocal fallacies have been in a measure dispossessed from the arena of politics and society, they still dominate the general judgments of the two peoples in regard to their respective literatures. If M. Taine firmly believes that the brutality of the primitive Angles and the gloom of the English climate permeate and darken the whole stream of English literature, the Englishman on his part considers French literature to be a sort of type and example of all that is frivolous, artificial, and wicked. More particularly in the domain of fiction does this sturdy Saxon prejudice assert itself; and while maintaining an attitude of benevolent neutrality toward the pruriencies of Ouida and the audacities of Miss Broughton, few Englishmen would hesitate to declare that "French novels" are inherently, inevitably, and invariably demoralizing.

How deep-seated and obstinate this conviction is will be appreciated when we consider the amount of evidence in refutation of it that has been furnished by recent French writers. If we confine our attention to the performances of Zola or of Alexandre Dumas the younger, the opinion

might seem to be justified; but, on the other hand, the average of current English fiction is far more objectionable on the moral side than the historical romances of Erckmann-Chatrian, or the powerfully dramatic stories of Cherbuliez, or the real life-pictures of Daudet, to say nothing of the tender and dainty idyls of André Theuriet; and now M. About, turning aside for the moment from such ingenious conceits as "The Notary's Nose" and "The Man with the Broken Ear," has achieved a conspicuous success in the distinctively English-American domain of didactic fiction.

"The Story of an Honest Man"* is as unmistakably "a novel with a purpose" as any production of the Puritan spirit in either England or America, and, if its readers are not improved by a perusal of it, it will be from no fault of intention or effort on the part of the author. Finding that his countrymen are being drawn away more and more from the simple ideals and homely virtues of their forefathers, M. About endeavors to provide them with truer standards and safer guides for the conduct of life; to show them that the highest nobility and elevation of character can be combined with the contented performance of duty in the humblest stations; to win their adherence to the humane and inspiring doctrine that mutual helpfulness, not selfish competition, is the law of a healthy social development; to make them, in short, better Frenchmen and better men. No experienced novel-reader is unfamiliar with this species of story, and in general they constitute the pitfalls in the path of the pleasure-seeker; but "The Story of an Honest Man" differs widely from most others of its kind in the art of its arrangement, the skill of its execution, and the tenacity with which it maintains its hold on the interest of the reader from beginning to end. Such a story told by Mrs. Whitney or Miss Yonge would have been preachy and prosy in the last degree, and would have contained reams of exposition, exhortation, and sermonizing; but M. About has complied literally with Thoreau's advice to the makers of books to "leave out all their dullness," and while the reader is never left in doubt that a moral is being very strongly enforced, he is never allowed to suspect that he is the victim of moralizing. The explanation is that, with the instinct of a dramatist and the art of an accomplished character-painter, M. About conveys his lessons, not

* The Story of an Honest Man. Translated from the French of Edmond About. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

by precept, but by example and illustration. We are not asked to admire patriotism as an abstract statement of principle, but are shown its nobler aspects as vividly depicted in the character and life of Grandfather Dumont; philanthropy is commended to us, not as a panacea for social ills, but as a lovable and humanizing trait in the character of a successful manufacturer; and the idea that the condition of the laboring poor can be and should be ameliorated is not propounded as a pleasing speculation, but is exemplified in the numerous perfectly feasible measures of practical reform carried out by M. Dumont in the village and factory of Courcy.

Moreover, the characters, by means of whom these lessons are imparted, are not the mere lay figures of didactic novelists, but have a genuine flesh-and-blood reality and individuality. Indeed, the atmosphere of simple, practical, everyday life that pervades the story constitutes perhaps its chief charm—the charm of illusion; while a love-story of a peculiarly arch and piquant type gives just the needed touch of romance and color. The lists of current fiction will be searched in vain for a story more wholesome, more suggestive, or more interesting than "The Story of an Honest Man"; and it is one which, with special appropriateness, may be placed in the hands of the young, as a sort of antidote for the hazy ethics, the conventional insipidities, and the false views of life, contained in the ordinary popular novel.

If M. About's story is more vivacious and lively than its title would seem to promise, "The Stillwater Tragedy" is less exciting and dismal than the reader has probably been led to expect. Indeed, for a book which invites attention by such a title, and which starts off with a particularly realistic and thrilling account of a midnight murder, it is, as a whole, remarkably subdued, not to say tame, in tone. It would seem as if Mr. Aldrich had set out with the intention of telling a melodramatic story of the lurid type, had then been led off into the more familiar paths of the domestic love-story, and had finally reminded himself that there were some loose threads of tragedy and crime which must somehow be worked into the texture of the narrative. During the first fifty pages the great murder mystery claims our whole attention, and the various efforts at its solution enchain our breathless interest, till a tragic sort of personage appears upon the scene and announces to another, "I have found the man!"

"The proprietor of the marble-yard [to whom the announcement had been made] half rose from the desk in his agitation.

* The Stillwater Tragedy. By T. B. Aldrich. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

"Who is it?" he asked beneath his breath.

"The same doubt or irresolution which had checked the workman at the threshold seemed to have taken possession of him. It was fully a moment before he gained the mastery over himself; but the mastery was complete; for he leaned forward gravely, almost coldly, and pronounced two words. A quick pallor overspread Mr. Slocum's features.

"Good God!" he exclaimed, sinking back into the chair. "Are you mad!"

At this moment of intense expectation for the reader a new chapter begins, and an interlude filling nearly two hundred pages (considerably more than half the book) narrates in detail the life of the principal character up to the moment described so dramatically in the quoted passage. Long before the interlude is ended, the reader has become so interested in other matters, and particularly in the extremely pretty love-making between Richard and Margaret, that the murder has receded completely into the background of the story, and even the author, when he comes to pick up again the dropped threads of mystery and melodrama, appears to have lost the zest and animation with which he started out, and a very conventional and commonplace ending seems to reveal the fact of impaired interest or jaded invention. The general result is that two independent threads of interest run through different portions of the story, which are intended to converge upon each other, but which seldom unite and never quite blend. At the outset, we are so fascinated with the murder, that the narrative of Richard's childhood and youth seems tame and flat. Afterward, we become so interested in the characters of Richard and Margaret, and their relations to each other, that the reintroduction of the tragic element is resented almost as an interruption. The superiority in attractiveness of good character-painting over any mere narrative or incident is well exemplified by this story; and we are not surprised that one of Mr. Aldrich's readers (as we hear) has written to ask him to tell us something further about the two lovers.

Mr. Aldrich would probably say, in defense of his plot, that equally tragical elements often in real life break in upon the peaceful current of lives equally gentle and refined; but in this case the two parallel streams of narrative are not quite successfully made to flow into each other; and, from the artistic point of view, the story is nearly as unsatisfactory as a picture would be which showed the idyllic figures of Herman and Dorothea in the foreground of one of Martin's lurid and portentous visions of judgment.

Inferior in readableness, perhaps, to "The Stillwater Tragedy," but much more satisfactory as a work of constructive art, is "The Grandis-

simes,"* by Mr. George W. Cable, whose "Old Creole Days" seemed to indicate that the South had at last produced a story-teller of the first rank, both for invention and executive skill. The promise of those earlier stories is amply fulfilled in "The Grandissimes," which must henceforth be assigned a high place among the few really successful historical novels that American literature can boast. It is not a book to be dawdled over on a sofa, or to be carelessly skimmed through in order to catch up here and there the luminous thread of narrative. Its canvas is so crowded with figures, and the converging lines of story are so numerous and varied, that the author seems to find some difficulty in getting under way; and at no time is the movement very rapid. There are also many characters, and incidents, and episodes, the introduction of which intercepts and diverts rather than helps forward the main current of interest. But the attentive reader soon perceives that the story is no mere delineation of certain characters, or records of a few individual lives; it is a picture of an epoch, a people, an entire social state—and a wonderfully vivid and striking picture it is. Thanks to Mr. Cable's genius, there is no period of our colonial or provincial history with which we seem to be better acquainted than with the period of Creole domination and decay in Louisiana; and it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that for the great majority of his readers he has not simply portrayed certain familiar types of character, as most novelists content themselves with doing, but has literally created a people, an era, and a place.

Nor is it only as an historical novel that "The Grandissimes" has claims upon the attention. Nothing that has been written upon the subject of slavery is more forcible, more penetrating, more moving, or more discriminating than the treatment which it here receives at Mr. Cable's hands. Its brutal and cruel side, as illustrated in the tragic story of Bras-Coupé, has been often enough portrayed, perhaps; but the more subtle evils that flow from it, in its debasing effect upon the character of the dominant race, and especially in its fostering of the accursed and inhuman spirit of caste, have never, we think, been so searchingly and so graphically pointed out. It is no trivial vindication of the terrible catastrophe of the civil war that, after an interval of less than twenty years, a Southern writer is found dealing with the slavery question in a manner so bold and so humane as Mr. Cable has done in "The Grandissimes."

Recurring for a moment to the more special features of the story, we may say that, as in "Old

Creole Days," the author's aptitude for character-drawing is shown rather in his women than in his men. His ladies are always charming; but the most bewitching of them all is here, and no reader of sensibility but will be utterly in love with the widow Nancanou before the book is ended.

The task of the critic is comparatively easy when, as in the case of "The Grandissimes," he has little but praise to accord, and it is easier still, perhaps, when blame is all that is demanded of him; his real difficulty comes when neither qualified praise nor unqualified fault-finding will quite answer the requirements of justice, and such a case is presented by "Salvage."* The story starts off with a spirit and vivacity which make the reader feel that he has picked up a prize in that novel-reading lottery in which there are so many blanks. He is led to expect a vivid delineation of that interesting aspect which English society presents to the cultivated and successful American; and, just as its outlines and background appear to have been adjusted, he is whisked off to a narrow circle of shipboard life, with conventional people, conventional incidents, and the conventional catastrophe of a shipwreck. This, of course, would be, in itself, no legitimate subject for fault-finding; an author has the right to select his theme and mode of treatment; and the "situation" that constitutes the main feature of the plot of "Salvage" is, on the whole, finely conceived. But the incredulity of the reader is challenged, almost at the beginning, by a series of coincidences which violate the propriety of nature, which are wholly unnecessary to the accomplishment of the author's purpose, and which have not even the poor excuse of plausibility. The moment the reader finds a group of people so connected with each other brought together on shipboard under such peculiar conditions, he loses faith in their reality and *vraisemblance*, and the *dramatis personæ* are degraded in his estimation to the level of marionettes. Another mistake which shakes the confidence of the reader is, that the different periods in the careers of the several leading characters are not made to harmonize with each other. One feels instinctively that a girl, who could develop into such a woman as Mrs. Wolcott is represented to be, could not, in a great crisis of her life, have been so flippant and callous; and it lowers indefinitely our estimate of Colonel Wolcott, to find that he has ever allowed himself to entertain a serious passion for a woman who could afterward become such a vulgar hoyden as Mrs. Tontine. No doubt characters change, and change greatly; but the change is one of development, not of

* The Grandissimes. A Story of Creole Life. By George W. Cable. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

* Salvage. No-Name Series. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

transformation: and this is one of those "truths of nature" which novelists must keep in mind as well as biographers. Moreover, the story is inadequate for the moral which it was written to enforce. The aim of the author was to show the abominableness of any attempt to correct the mistakes of marriage by divorce, separation, and the like; but the case which she has chosen for illustration is one which presents absolutely no difficulty save that which comes from a transient misconception. Suppose Colonel Wolcott had been successful in his youthful wooing of her who afterward became Mrs. Tontine. What then?

It is probable that the defects of "Salvage" are mainly due to lack of practice and experience on the part of the author; but a similar excuse can not be found for the faults of Mr. Black's "White Wings: A Yachting Romance."* Indeed, the faults of "White Wings" are precisely the faults of the veteran and prolific novelist—an ease which runs off into carelessness, a fluency which almost continually drops into the redundant, as Mr. Wegg dropped into poetry, and a growing tendency to repetition of characters and monotony of incident. Several of the leading characters of "White Wings" have already figured prominently in two or three of Mr. Black's previous novels; but the story itself is both less and more than a "continuation"—it is simply "The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton" transferred from the land to the sea. The resemblance, indeed, approaches almost to identity. The group of characters and the relations between them are the same; the *dramatis personæ* are the same, though some appear with another name and visage; the mode of managing the narrative is the same; and the descriptions, instead of dealing with landscape, depict the wild coast scenery of western Scotland, while the incidents are such as they experience who go down to the sea in ships. It is a particularly bad mistake for Mr. Black thus intentionally to repeat himself, because he has not the faculty, like Mr. Trollope, of discriminating with minute precision between persons and things that are superficially alike, but essentially different. Love is always his theme, and, vary his circumstances as he will, his love-making and his lovers are always of the same pattern. The courtship of Bell and the German lieutenant in "The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton" is duplicated in almost every variation in that of Mary Avon and Dr. Sutherland in "White Wings"; and the parts played by Queen Titania and her lord are not modified even to the degree that their long practice of the art of

match-making would have led the reader to expect. The freshest and best character in the present story is that of the old Scotch laird, whose sterling qualities are but superficially disguised by a thin layer of rather grotesque eccentricities.

It should be said, however, that it is only when viewed relatively to its author's other work that "White Wings" is somewhat tedious and disappointing. The reader, who through its perusal should make Mr. Black's acquaintance for the first time, would probably pronounce it a very fresh and charming story; read as the tenth or twelfth in the list of Mr. Black's productions, we feel that he has, in homely phrase, written himself out, and should give himself a rest from the strain of invention.

Another writer who is drawing too copiously upon her resources is Miss Jessie Fothergill, whose story of "The Wellfields"* follows in less than a year upon her previous story of "Probation," which in turn was scarcely a year behind "The First Violin." Neither of the later stories is quite equal to the first one; and the explanation, we think, is to be found in the haste and rapidity with which they must have been written. "The Wellfields," in particular, bears the marks of this haste; and the least attentive reader will notice blemishes which would certainly have been removed by either slower composition or more careful revision. For Miss Fothergill has knowledge, taste, and skill, and can easily—almost too easily—write a novel which shall far surpass the average of current fiction. In spite of its faults, for example, "The Wellfields" is a strong, dramatic, and impressive story. Its plot is well constructed and carefully adhered to, its situations are well imagined and graphically portrayed, and its theme is one of the most interesting with which a novelist can deal—the gradual deterioration of a character through misfortune, which, instead of bracing up, corrodes and weakens the sensitive fibers of moral purpose. Not often has the great truth received more impressive illustration that

"Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still."

The retribution that a man's own conduct brings upon himself is the real retribution, and the reader's sense of this will seldom be more intense and vivid than after finishing the story of Jerome Wellfield. The worst fault of the story, aside from those we have mentioned as due to haste and carelessness, is the author's constant habit of using German idioms and phrases. No doubt there are technical meanings and psychological

* *White Wings: A Yachting Romance.* By William Black. New York: Harper & Brothers.

* *The Wellfields. A Novel.* By Jessie Fothergill. Leisure-Hour Series. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

states which may be most adequately expressed in German; but what does an English writer gain by using the word *sonnenuntergang* instead of sunset?

An author who never allows herself to be betrayed into crude or hasty work is Mrs. L. B. Walford, and her "Troublesome Daughters"* is as piquant, as polished, and as delicately humorous as even "Mr. Smith." The only objection that the reader will be likely to make to it is that it is too long, and his sense of this will be obtrusive only during the middle third of the somewhat stout volume; the first and the last portions are so truly charming that no one will be inclined to pause in order to look after defects. To our mind, there is no one who quite equals Mrs. Walford in the vivacity and vigor with which she paints the life of what we may call the upper ranks of middle-class English society; and her pictures have a truth-seeming quality which convinces us at once of their authenticity. The modesty of nature is so seldom overstepped in her books, that the device by which, in the present story, the lovers are separated and tortured, seems a little unworthy of her art.

Unworthy of the author's art for quite another reason is "The Confessions of a Frivolous Girl,"† a notice of which at this time will probably have the air of being belated, but which is too good to be omitted from even the briefest and most select list of current fiction. It is a picture of the life of ultra-fashionable society, by one who quite evidently knows it well; and nothing of the kind comparable to it for excellence has been produced in this country since Mr. Curtis's "Potiphar Pa-

pers," which, indeed, it surpasses, as a finished and carefully elaborated picture surpasses a series of rapid outline sketches. Nevertheless, in spite of its excellence, its piquancy, its readableness, and its pungency, we can not avoid the feeling that it is beneath the level of Mr. Grant's powers. One who possesses so keen an eye for character, and such marked dramatic faculty, should address himself to more serious work than breaking social butterflies upon the wheels of satire.

Since Mr. Habberton has never given us evidence of ability to do anything better, he is employed appropriately enough, perhaps, in writing the history of "The Worst Boy in Town."* If any one can imagine Budge or Toddie, the heroes of "Helen's Babies," grown up to that period of life when boys are the natural enemies of peace-loving mankind, he will have a fair idea of what "The Worst Boy in Town" is and does; and to those who enjoy "funny stories," no matter how widely they depart from nature and probability, the book will doubtless prove a highly entertaining one. Admirers of "Helen's Babies," for example, will find this book just as good and just as amusing. For the benefit of those, however, who, without knowing precisely why, doubt the value of the product, we may suggest that, while no single performance of Jack's is impossible, taken by itself, yet to bring them all together as a record of the life even of a very mischievous boy is about as rational and truthful as it would be in describing, say, the climate of California, to confine our attention to the thunderstorms which, in many localities, occur at intervals of about a year.

ANECDOTES OF ENGLISH RURAL LIFE.

BY AN ENGLISH CLERGYMAN.

THERE are villages in the Dales and elsewhere in the north of England whose inhabitants are remarkable for the untutored character of their minds and the simplicity of their lives. Mostly excluded from the busy walks of life, seldom seeing any but their own neighbors, and reading little besides the Bible and a few elementary religious books, they are as different

from their like in towns and cities as can be. For the most part they are a quiet, orderly, and industrious class of people, enjoying every essential of life with many of its comforts. And, not being exposed to temptations such as are common to those who live in more populous places, few are given to intemperance, or to the frivolities and pleasures which characterize the latter.

My object in writing this paper is to illustrate certain phases of life peculiar to these northern rural districts. No one can long mingle with his

* *Troublesome Daughters*. By L. B. Walford, author of "Mr. Smith." Leisure-Hour Series. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

† *The Confessions of a Frivolous Girl. A Story of Fashionable Life*. Edited by Robert Grant. With Vignette Illustrations by L. S. Ipsen. Boston: A. Williams & Co.

* *The Worst Boy in Town*. By the author of "Helen's Babies." Illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

country brethren without seeing that, while they are generally given to the love of money, they are remarkable for hospitality and neighborly kindness. It is not uncommon to find many tillers of the soil so fond of hard cash as to feel it a hardship to part with sixpence for almost any kind of benevolent enterprise; yet they begrudge not a hearty meal to any who may call; and I have seen the tables of such groan beneath the good things of this life, to the best and most of which you were made heartily welcome. And, at any hour of the day or of the night, they or theirs were ever ready to give a helping hand in any work either of need or mercy that might present itself.

Though not deficient in good sense, yet their ignorance of the ways of the world, especially of the tricks which are often played on the unwary, exposes them to the artful ways of the designing. A woman in one of the many obscure villages in the northern Dales had the misfortune to lose her husband by death; but she was consoled by being told by her minister that he had gone to be better off in Paradise, where in time she would rejoin him. Now, it is well known that in the coal-mining districts of Durham and Northumberland fine names are at times given to some newly formed settlements. One such was designated "Paradise." Well, it happened that a hawker of some kind, living in that village, found his way in his peregrinations to this poor woman's house, where he offered his wares for sale. While conversing with this man, the widow got to know that he came from Paradise, which was his home. "Why," said she, starting to her feet and looking earnestly at her visitor, "that's where ma good man hes gone ta live: happen ye know him?"

Now, whether the hawker saw a chance of enriching himself at the poor body's expense, or that he was leading her on, at first for the fun of the thing, I know not; but true it is that he told her that he saw her husband when he entered the village; "and," said he in reply to her eager inquiries, "he was well and all but happy when I left; but if I could take him a little of something, he would be perfectly content with his lot."

The consequence of this was that the hawker left the poor woman's cottage considerably richer in money and in apparel than when he entered it; she actually believing that what she gave the man would find its way to her husband and heighten his happiness. This may not be credited by many; but the incident really occurred not over thirty years since. I believe, however, that the hawker was made to disgorge most of his spoil, the police having heard of the case.

I was well acquainted with a woman, the wife of a farmer, who resided in an obscure hamlet among the hills. She had lived till beyond mature life before she married, and had saved during her life of domestic servitude nearly two hundred pounds. Most of this sum she had out at interest when she married. One day a female gypsy entered her house in her husband's absence, and, telling her that a fortune had been left her years ago by a relative, and that the money was then in the national funds, only awaiting certain acts which she (the gypsy) could easily perform in order that it might become hers, an arrangement was entered into at once for the getting of the fortune, one requirement, however, being absolute secrecy. Acting on the vixen's instructions, the woman called in one hundred pounds of her investments, and had the money in "golden sovereigns" when the gypsy called again.

"Now," said the hag, "this money must be put into a blue stocking; it must be tied up, and hung on a nail in the kitchen here, and there it must remain for fourteen days, when I will call again, and the fortune will be yours."

A blue stocking was fetched; the money was put therein, and it—or rather another stocking of the like color, brought in the gypsy's basket, and dexterously exchanged for the other—was hung up as described; and away went the gypsy. That same night the tents of the Bohemians were struck, to be planted fifty or more miles away. Need I say that when the stocking was taken down, instead of revealing the hundred gold sovereigns, a number of round pieces of lead appalled the gaze of the deluded one!

Some young men are possessed of a shrewdness not expected in them when judged by their appearance. The writer was once on a journey among the Dales. The morning was frosty. As he went along a highway, he was overtaken by a big, burly, half-witted-looking lad on the back of a pony, which was fearfully affected in its lungs, as its loud wheezing testified.

"Your pony is short of breath, my lad, this morning," said the writer.

"Duv yo think soa? Naa; aw think it's gotten over mitch, an' can't git shut on't."

And away trotted the pony, with its philosophic rider, leaving the writer to his reflections.

In these villages Methodist "revivals" are common. A young farm-servant had been "brought in" in one of them, and in the heat of his enthusiasm he was heard at times praying aloud in the barn. On one such occasion a man stopped to listen. With vehemence the lad was saying, "O Lord, send the divil aat ov aar vil-lage wi' twa hats."

"What does the lad mean?" said the listener to himself.

The meaning at length became plain. It was the custom of farm-servants, when they left their places to return after a holiday, not to take with them more than the hat they wore; but, when they left for good, the sign thereof was an extra hat in the hand. So the zeal of this young convert led him to ask that his satanic majesty might be sent away from among them, not to return—that is, that he might go "with twa hats."

An instance of an inventive genius in an illiterate farmer's boy is too good to be forgotten. A small farmer hired a youth to assist him in the work of his farm as an indoor servant. The first piece of work he was set to do was to thresh out some corn. As the farmer was passing the barn in which the youth was at work, he heard the flail lazily keeping time to a tune the lad was singing. Stopping to listen, he ascertained that the words were, "Bread-and-cheese, tak' thy ease."

Going into the house, the farmer said to his wife: "This is a queer sort of lad we have gotten; he seems to think that the speed at which he ought to work should be measured by the kind of food he gets." And then relating what he had heard, he suggested, "Suppose we give him something different to dinner to-morrow, and see how that acts?"

This being agreed to, he had apple-pie added to his bread-and-cheese. This brought down his flail somewhat more rapidly, for it was going to the speed wherewith the lad sang "Apple-pie according-ly."

"Bob's doing a bit better to-day, lass," said the farmer to his wife; "let us mend his dinner again to-morrow, and see what that will bring forth."

So, when the next dinner-time came round, he had a good plate of beef and pudding set before him, which went down right grandly, and brought the flail into splendid action to the words, "Beef and puddin', I'll gi'e thee a drubbin'," and to a jolly good tune.

"I see plainly," said the farmer, "if we wish to get good work out of Bob, we must feed him well"; so Bob had his bill of fare improved without having recourse to a strike.

In a village in a district crowded with inhabitants in the same latitude but in a different longitude from those hitherto spoken of, and where in the introduction of manufactures has produced a change in the habits of the people, a friend of the writer's once spent a Sunday. He dined at a farmhouse on a hillside where the good things

of this life were both abundant and good. The after-dinner conversation between him and the heads of the household was interrupted by the ingress of a young woman, who began to rummage a chest of drawers in an impatient style. After a while, seeing that she did not find the object of her search, the mother asked aloud, "What at ta lateing?" [seeking].

"I's lateing me shift," was the girl's reply, snappishly.

"Ugh! thaa needn't late it ony langer," said the mother, with perfect composure; "for seein' nowt else, aw tuck th' lap on't ta boil t' puddin' in."

"I could not refrain from laughing outright," said my informant; "and felt glad that the task of eating the pudding had already been an accomplished fact."

Before the passing of the Ballot Act, an election often gave "free and independent electors" no small amount of anxiety, especially if their landlord was of a different political creed from his tenants. But I knew an instance of another kind. A large estate in the district about which I write was owned by a peer of the realm, who seemed to guide his political action more by the candidates in the field than by principle; for the tenants did not know how they would have to vote until the steward made known his lordship's will. So these sixty or seventy possessors of the franchise never suffered electioneering excitements to come near them until the day of the poll, when, having received a circular the day previously to say that "the Right Hon. Lord So-and-so wishes you to support Mr. So-and-so, and his lordship will be pleased if you can arrange to go to the poll in a body," they dressed in their best, and drove, with most serene and contented countenances, to the town in which the polling-booth was situated.

One man there was who farmed under two landlords of diverse political creeds. During my residence in the Dales there chanced to be an election for the division in which this worthy lived. Walking out with him one morning just before the day of election, I asked him if he had made up his mind as to the giving of his vote.

"Oh, yes," was the reply; and then, without waiting for another question, he said: "I got a papper first fra th' General axing me to vote yellow. Of coorse I said 'I will.' Th' next day there com' a papper fra Maister Green, my uther landlord, axing me to vote blue. 'Of coorse I will,' was my reply."

"What! do you mean to vote both ways, Mr. Claypole?"

"Sure-ly," was the prompt reply; and then he added: "Dun yo think as I would vex owther o' my landlords for the sake o' politics? Noa,

noa; not soa. I knaws better nor that. I've written 'em boath to say, 'I'll do as ye desire me'; so nowther on 'em can say as I've gone contrary to his wishes."

This Mr. Claypole was proverbial for his avarice, though he kept a capital table; but then most of what was served thereon was grown on his farms. It was therefore not a little surprising to the writer when the old gentleman said to him one day, as they were slowly walking through one of his fields: "I breeds about fower dozen geease ivery year; but I doesn't sell yan; I either eats or gies 'em all away." Seeing that my look was an incredulous one, he promptly added: "But mind! aw taks varry good care where aw gies 'em"; then looking me steadily and earnestly in the face, he said, with perfect *sang-froid*, compressing his lips and nodding at the close of the utterance, "Aw gie's a goois where aw believes aw sall git a turkey."

"Exactly!" was my response.

The writer happened to be present at a preaching service which was held in Claypole's kitchen one work-day evening. His better-half was an earnest member of a Methodist body, and was vastly more liberal than her husband, who, however, kept her bare of money, so that it was with much difficulty that she could keep up her subscriptions to the "cause." There was to be a collection on this occasion, and it had been a subject of contention beforehand how much each of them should give. Claypole said he would not give more than a few coppers; but Mrs. Claypole said she would give a shilling, "that she would," which she had managed to save somehow. "You mun dew nowt ov th' kind," was the imperious order of her liege lord.

As the collector neared the person of Mrs. Claypole, the old man's eyes were fixed upon her with a steady and earnest gaze, believing that he would thereby frighten her into compliance with his wish. Mrs. Claypole saw the movement and quailed beneath the stare. But, waxing bold as the crisis came near, she clutched the shilling between her thumb and forefinger, and holding it up before his steady, forbidding look she said, loud enough for all to hear, "It's gangin', see thee!" and down it dropped into the hat that did service as a collecting-box. I need not add that the poor woman had a bad time of it that night.

Upon the whole, there is much to reconcile one to a residence in these out-of-the-way places. The people generally are clean both in their persons and houses, and there is a solid comfort which can not be found so prevalent among their kind in large places; and their kindness endears them to us. Their simplicity and credulity may now and again bring upon them certain pains and penalties, but for the most part they only result in harmless mirth. The iron-road is beginning to penetrate these regions, and this will ere long be the means of greatly altering the character of the people; for, when able to mingle with persons of a different mental caliber, and when made familiar with the vigor and acuteness of their more instructed brethren, they themselves will be inoculated with similar influences, and thus become incapable of declaring, as did an old lady when taken for the first time to the top of a neighboring hill: "Hay! I didna think th' world wor soa big!"

Chambers's Journal.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

[On the Lawn on a Summer Afternoon.]

B. (*Throwing down a magazine.*) Really, Macbeth's "nothing is but what is not" applies to critical canons more than to anything else. Everything escapes, eludes, vanishes, is transformed under the Protean changes of critical dogmas. Does anybody agree, for instance, as to what art is or what it should be? It is spiritual insight, says one; it is pure sensuousness, utters another; it is a story told to the eye, affirms a third; it is not a story at all, but a scheme of color, declares a fourth; it is a dream on canvas or in marble, says a fifth; it is the simple truth of nature, asserts some one else; it is creation; it is selecting and combining; it is technical skill plus imagination; it is joining or putting to-

gether with or without imagination; it is—well, it seems to be whatever anybody may ingeniously suppose it to be.

J. Art, of course, is scientifically undefinable, just as wit and humor and other abstract qualities are. It is conceded now, however, that true art is not imitation, but creation; that it begins where imagination begins; that it is evinced by something which the artist puts into his picture from the depths of his own soul, by the beauty evolved from himself and infused into his work.

B. Yes, I know. Art is not art unless it gets its head in the clouds, until it ceases to be something measurable and comprehensible, and loses itself in a mist. This is the dogma of the new æsthetic and

ecstatic school. Giving the school all the respect that by the utmost stretch is its due, all that can be said is that this is the definition of sensuous imaginative art. I say sensuous imaginative, for all this transcendental art is, at bottom, of the earth, earthy—it is ultra-sensuous, an intoxication of color and form. A definition of art that embraces only a part of the facts, that excludes nineteen twentieths of the things that are commonly included in art, is certainly as arbitrary as it is inadequate. There are imaginative art, graphic art, picturesque art, decorative art, and the average man has no difficulty whatever in determining what things belong to art and what do not. It is only when a mind of unscientific training feels called upon to define that confusion ensues. And this confusion arises mainly from confounding qualities of *degree* with *kind*. We see the same thing in regard to poetry. There are people who insist that poetry means something exalted, whereas it only means a definite form of literary expression. It is not imagination, nor imagery, nor beauty, that distinguishes poetry from prose, but simply metrical arrangement. In the same way it is not imagination, nor mystery, nor spirituality, nor exaltation of any kind that makes art, for these things relate only to degree and quality, to certain phases of art. Art begins at the beginning; it is in the rude sculpture of the Egyptian or the Aztec, in the tentative and often grotesque efforts of the earliest painters, in the crude sketch of the novice.

J. But art assuredly must mean performance, and not mere attempt at performance. It must have some significance, some thought, some appeal to the higher feelings. It must reveal to us forms of beauty, and awaken in us spiritual pleasure. If your idea is pushed to the extreme, it must include every form of mere mechanical execution, every piece of unimaginative literalism, every form of feeble manipulation. No one will assent to your judgment. Art begins this side of mechanism, and this side of every form of literalism; its essential quality is—

B. What? That is the whole question. If we can find the essential quality of art, the indisputable something the presence of which can be detected, we shall have a definition of art.

J. Is it not beauty?

B. Beauty covers a vast field in art, and we often hear it declared to be its real purpose. The real purpose of art is not so easily ascertained. That beauty is not the essential quality of art is evident from the fact that very ugly scenes in nature have been painted with such vigor and skill as to fairly captivate the beholder. Some of the French landscapists will fascinate you with a marsh, a few stunted, deformed trees, and a sky. A symmetrical tree gives us the lines of beauty, but there isn't an artist anywhere that wouldn't prefer twisted, misshapen trees to symmetrical ones. There is more character in them, he will say. But yet character does not make art. Some artists with us seem fairly to detest beauty. They wish to be bold, strong, virile; and they appear to delight in ugliness. The impressionists think themselves preëminently artists,

yet their claims to art lie in the exclusion of form, of color, of meaning, and of every suggestion of beauty—as beauty is commonly understood. No; beauty is only one factor in art. Art may awaken sensations of awe or of sympathy; it may be weird, gaunt, grotesque, and melancholy; it may deal with storm, turbulence, anger, passion, death. It has, in fact, the whole field of expression, and is as catholic as life and the world.

J. I do not dispute its range of expression, although art continually makes excursions into fields where it does not legitimately belong. But, while the range of expression may be wide, the range of performance has its limits. Not every one who says "I am an artist" really reaches to art.

B. To worthy art, I grant. But I wish to scrutinize this notion that art begins somewhere with the beginning of the ideal. When I turn over an artist's portfolios I find scores of sketches—now the trunk of a tree, now a head or figure, now a mass of rocks, now a study of a ruin, now a bit of coast. Are these things not art? Meissonier once, when dining, caught up a burnt match and, half forgetfully, began drawing a figure on the tablecloth. The host quietly thrust other burnt matches in his way; and so spirited was the figure drawn in this spontaneous way that the delighted host afterward had the cloth framed. Was not this sketch art? Are not D  taille's single military figures art? Are not Tennyson's cartoons and Du Maurier's capital social sketches in "Punch" to be considered as art? Is not an etching by Haden or Unger art? Is not an Etruscan vase, a piece of majolica ware, an old bit of *repouss  * silver-work, a piece of carving by Gibbons, art? Come, where will you draw the line?

J. By a cheap license of speech, art covers almost everything that people desire to make it cover. There are artistic tailors and artistic boot-makers, you know. A term that is made to mean everything soon ceases to mean anything. I must insist upon it that art, in its fullness and completeness, means imaginative and creative putting together. I have no inclination to consider the innumerable idle things that borrow its name.

B. In one sense you are right. There is imaginative work in all genuine art, but it is that power of imagination which enables one to see things as they are, and grasp all the facts. Realism is absolutely a very high order of imagination. Look, now, at yonder group of trees, with tints just glinting their upper branches as presage of the coming sunset. You will say, perhaps, that copying those trees would be mechanical and not art work. And yet, to copy them as they are, to catch their grace, their form, their lines, their tints, their play of light and shade, their hundred vivid characteristics, could never be done by a cold, mechanical mind. To paint those trees the artist must penetrate them, appropriate them, master them. The forces within him must stir, his mind must awaken, his eye be full of alertness, his soul open itself to their unspeakable fascinations, his whole being glow with a sense of their wonders. And I tell you that there is not a rock, a

tree, a branch, a flower, a hill-side, a sweep of wave, a play of light, a touch of color, that, if reproduced with all its expression in form and tint, would not delight you. The painter need not draw upon his imagination by an atom. The thing itself, if it is the whole, true, full thing, is enough. And observe, all cold or mechanical copying never gets within a hundred degrees of the real facts. Do you think that it would be mere mechanism, mere deftness of hand, to draw the horse in the meadow beyond us? Mere deftness would give you nothing more than a wooden horse. It takes the very highest skill to give the lines, the sense of power, the truth of motion, the real life of the animal—and it has never yet been done by any one whose pencil was not guided by imaginative force. So you see there *is* imagination in art; not the imagination that certain writers mean, not the dreaming that strives for the light that never was on sea or land, but the immense force and susceptibility that master and possess the light that is on sea and land.

J. This is making realism a branch of imagination, facts as potent as poetry, things that are as exalted as things that we dream.

B. For my part, I haven't the slightest objection to people seeing visions, but prefer that they should begin by seeing facts. The sculptor who translates all the thousand expressions that exist in the human figure will rival the Greek Phidias; the landscapist who possesses himself with all the facts of nature will outdo all his competitors. I point again to my group of trees; who will come and paint them?—not feebly and vaguely, but reproduce them in all their splendor. Who will do it? You would find a hundred idealists to one with perceptions and hand vigorous enough for the task. As for a definition of art—let us say that art is *form, or form and color so combined or expressed as to awaken sensations of pleasure.*

J. I do not think this will do. Vulgar form or color may, for instance, awaken sensations of pleasure in vulgar minds, and very good form or color fails to impress stupid and insensible minds.

B. I am well aware that it is not a perfect or complete definition, such a definition as would enable one always, by applying it, to determine whether any given performance is art or not. It would be impossible, moreover, to define art so as to enlighten vulgar or stupid minds. But it is a definition that covers a tolerably wide range of conditions, and it is one which, if accepted, would stop a good deal of current nonsense—the nonsense that sets up a set of narrow dogmas and aims to turn out of the pale everybody's ideas and performances that do not coincide with them. It permits the ideal and includes the graphic; it recognizes pretty nearly the whole range of work usually characterized as art.

J. Have you not said that art deals with awe, sympathy, turbulence, passion, and death?

B. These may be its themes; but form and color are the media through which these things are expressed, and determine the art-character of the work

—sometimes too much so, for the conception of an event is often overlooked by artists in considering exclusively the technical treatment. However, if you do not like my definition, I hope you will try and frame a better one.

THE theatrical season opened this year with two new comedies by American authors. "An American Girl," by Miss Anna Dickinson, and "Our First Families," by Mr. Edgar Fawcett. Miss Dickinson's play labored under the disadvantage of being, with two exceptions, very badly acted. Miss Davenport appeared as the heroine; and gave an effective and charming personation; and the part of the hero was neatly filled by Mr. Lee. The other people did not even know how to talk—knowing how to talk, however, is no slight accomplishment in an actor—and failed to make themselves heard or understood. It would be impossible for Miss Dickinson not to be vivacious and vigorous; not to write pointed sentences; not to be epigrammatic and strong. The literary part of her performance was, consequently, as was sure to be the case, very good. Throughout, the dialogue was either sparkling and pungent or vigorous and direct. But she had no story to tell worth telling, and she let talk take too much the place of action. The American girl here depicted is a brilliant, vivacious young woman, the daughter of a rich banker. The banker fails, is struck down by a paralytic stroke; the daughter evinces her devotion to her parent; goes on the stage to make money, and is brilliantly successful; and then her hand is demanded in marriage by the villain of the play under penalty of certain exposures which will bring dishonor upon her father, and which only this marriage or a large sum of money can avert. This incident is so amazingly old and stale that it is really astonishing that Miss Dickinson could have consented to make use of it. There are two or three scenes in the latter part of the play that are dramatic and really very good; and these indicate that Miss Dickinson can write a thoroughly good play if she will work at it until it meets all the needs of the stage. But she must never again expect to hold the attention of an audience with such acts as the first and second of this play. It is doubtful whether the dialogue of this portion, good as it is, would suffice even in the hands of a competent company, while in the hands in which it fell it was hopelessly tedious.

Mr. Fawcett's "Our First Families" is more amusing than "An American Girl," but is beneath it in literary quality; and, being well cast, all the possibilities of the scenes were brought out by the actors. The critics generally united in pronouncing the play farcical, and it is impossible not to concede the justice of this judgment. The close of the second act—where two of the characters fall into the water and are fished up by fishing-lines and held suspended in the air—is even lower than farce, belonging rather to the domain of pantomime; for even farce does not accept physical antics as legiti-

mate humor. The play, however, has several very pleasing scenes, and satirizes with some point our old Knickerbocker families, giving two fairly good portraits of the *ancien régime*. Its local touches were much relished.

On the first night of the performance, which was also the opening night of the theatre for the season, a prologue by Mr. Fawcett was read by Miss Fanny Morant. This revival of an old and once pleasant custom was scarcely a success. The critics have declared the prologue dull, and the delivery by Miss Morant excellent; but, we'll stand to it, it was the prologue that was excellent and the delivery that was dull! Miss Morant is undoubtedly an accomplished elocutionist, but in this instance she displayed a little too much of her art. She spoke with good accent and correct emphasis; she brought out all the meaning of the lines; and she gave two or three very good bits of mimicry; but the delivery was too formal and massive, the key-note being all wrong. Had it been delivered in a sprightly and vivacious manner, it would have been an entire success, for the lines were happily written, and in a literary sense were all that the occasion called for. The art of the prologue appears to have been lost, for above all things a preliminary address should catch the unsettled audience by its sparkle and animation. Miss Morant was finished and correct, we admit, but ponderous correctness was not what was required.

"An American Girl" was produced at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, and "Our First Families" at Daly's Broadway Theatre.

IN the discussion in our last number between a "skeptical" and a "believer" on infinitesimal doses, it was discovered, it will be remembered, that a drop of mother-tincture put through thirty decimal dilutions, would require for the purpose the contents of nearly sixteen quadrillion reservoirs of the capacity of that in Central Park. Inasmuch as it is simply impossible for the human mind to grasp a number so large as this, it would have been well had an effort been made to express the amount of liquid required in larger bulks with fewer numerals. One of the speakers asks if there can "be so much fresh water on the continent," which is proof of the little idea he entertained of the amount of water that such a number of reservoirs would contain. Let us see what can be done to make more obvious what those figures really mean. We do not know the area of the Central Park reservoir, but by consulting the map we find that it is half a mile in extent in one direction, a little less in the other, and that it tapers somewhat toward one end. If we estimate, therefore, that a square mile would contain five such reservoirs, we are pretty close to the facts—sufficiently so for our present purpose. The geographers estimate the entire surface of the world to be about two hundred millions of square miles. The surface of the world is then capable of containing one billion of our reservoirs. But we want space for 15,873,-

015,873,015,873 reservoirs: and to hold this number it will be found that we should absolutely require 15,873,015 worlds, and a fraction!

The Croton Reservoir, however, is comparatively shallow, perhaps not more than fifty or sixty feet deep—let us say fifty feet. Now, if we deepen our billion reservoirs standing on the surface of the globe, until they extend downward to the center, becoming, say, four thousand miles deep, which is about one half the diameter of the earth at the equator, we shall increase their capacity some four hundred and twenty-two thousand times (that is, we should do so if their area were uniformly maintained); so that, if the world were composed wholly of water, it would require, at the very least, roughly calculated, more than forty such worlds in order to obtain one nonillion drops of water—that is, to put the mother-tincture through thirty decimal dilutions. If the world were a cube instead of a sphere, a tolerably exact calculation could be given: it would then require nearly thirty-eight worlds of water; as it is, if we say forty-five, we shall understate the number, but a few worlds of water more or less are of no moment.

Now, it must be remembered that for every dilution we must multiply the preceding sum by ten. It would thus require four hundred and fifty worlds of water for the thirty-first dilution; four thousand five hundred for the thirty-second, and so on, the fortieth dilution needing four hundred and fifty billion worlds of water!! If the twenty million stars which the great telescopes reveal in the heavens were all composed of liquid, they would not nearly supply water enough, unless averaging twenty-two thousand five hundred times larger than our world, to put one drop of tincture through forty dilutions—and yet people are constantly cured by doses of the one-hundredth dilution!

AMONG the penalties which, according to popular report, fame of any kind is sure to exact, one of the heaviest, perhaps, is that which the successful author has to pay when the juvenile or other feeble productions which he himself has consigned to oblivion are dragged forth without his consent from their half-forgotten hiding-places, and exposed to the scorching light of his later-achieved celebrity. There are few authors, probably, even the most successful, who have not at one time or another written things which they would willingly have the public overlook; and their bitterest foe in cases of this kind is the fanatical admirer or speculating "bibliographer" who, together, are rapidly becoming one of the greatest pests of literature. The latest sufferer from this sort of posthumous pillorizing is Dickens. No other author, probably, of real genius and power, ever took a more lenient view of his own productions than Dickens, and it might fairly be inferred that anything that he chose to leave unutilized had better be left in the obscurity to which it had sunk. Not so, however, have his mercantile-minded ad-

mirers been willing to admit. Even Forster made use in his biography of every scrap of unpublished writing upon which he could lay his hands, including the foolish preface to the first edition of "American Notes," which his friends had wisely induced Dickens to suppress; and now in "The Mudfog Papers" we have a glimpse of the lowest deep which the profane eye of the curiosity-hunter can reach.

These "Papers" are described in the preface as reprinted from the early numbers of "Bentley's Miscellany," of which Dickens was editor; and it may be said in plain terms that they comprise the only genuine, downright, undisguised hack-work which their author ever compelled himself to perpetrate. Readers of Mr. Forster's biography can easily recall the circumstances under which they must have been written. The "Pickwick Papers" were drawing to a close, but were not yet completed; "Oliver Twist" was appearing month by month in the "Miscellany," and never written, as Dickens himself confessed, a day ahead of the demand for copy; "Nicholas Nickleby" had been contracted for and was in process of construction; the editorial drudgery connected with the "Miscellany" was proving more arduous than he had expected; and, worst of all, Dickens was quarreling with Mr. Bentley over the literary agreements into which he considered himself to have been unfairly inveigled. The "Papers" are the merest padding, written in fulfilment of an agreement under which Dickens had already begun to fret, and to meet the urgent demands of a position which he regarded with something like loathing. And it must be admitted that they exhibit the qualities which would naturally be expected of work produced under such conditions. They are crude, flimsy, artificial, and dull, with barely an evanescent gleam here and there of Dickens's characteristic humor. The only possible value that can be accorded them lies in the evidence which they afford that even with Dickens literary excellence was not that spontaneous, inborn gift which it has been commonly assumed to be, but that it was, as he himself so often and so earnestly assured us, the result of the most painstaking care and incessant labor.

A further objection to "The Mudfog Papers" is that, for this country at least, they do not possess even the doubtful charm of novelty. Of the six articles which the volume contains, "The Public Life of Mr. Tulrumble, Mayor of Mudfog," and "The Pantomime of Life," were published long ago in Peterson's edition of the Boz Sketches; while the two "Reports of the Meetings of the Mudfog Association for the Advancement of Everything," and "Mr. Robert Bolton," were published as an appendix to Dr. Shelton Mackenzie's well-known "Life of Dickens." This leaves only the short and slight paper, "Some Particulars concerning a Lion," which would bring ridicule upon the editor of any reputable magazine that should now give it the dignity of print. One is tempted to think that, if such compositions found ready acceptance a generation ago,

the pathway of beginners in literature must have been infinitely easier than in our own more fastidious day; and, indeed, these papers throw a suggestive side-light upon several of the literary phenomena of the period in which they were produced.

We are not aware that any one has pointed out the recent marked intrusion of the peasant into French art and literature. Democratic theories and principles are no new things, but genuine democratic sympathies are a development almost of our own time; at least, both art and literature have largely held themselves aloof from phases of lowly life, and they do so even now in England to a great extent. France once politically deified the people, but that was a spasm of demagogism rather than any genuine sympathy with the lower classes; but to-day there are evidences of a new spirit there. A great deal of recent French fiction is devoted to the delineation and elevation of peasant life. George Sand, during the latter part of her life, employed rustic and the better forms of peasant life in her stories almost exclusively. Edmond About has just given us, in "The Story of an Honest Man," one of the finest pictures of sturdy, lowly life ever penned; Theuriot has written some most delightful sketches of provincial and rustic characters; and particularly in his "Young Maugars" has set upon a high place the simple virtues of peasant life; and many other French writers have caught up the idea. But Art, more conspicuously even than Literature, has opened its arms to this new thought. The painter Millet, a peasant himself, has revealed the character, the sorrows, and the struggles of the peasant to the world; he has challenged its critical attention and awakened everywhere its sympathies. We have long been familiar with the ideal peasant of the ballet, and the romantic peasant of the poets; and we have sometimes caught glimpses in history of ignorant, brutal, and starved masses; but the real peasant, just as he is, lowly but human, bent under many burdens but not without aspirations, has been effectively made known by the pencil of Millet. What the change that has come over the spirit of art in this particular betokens, we can not pretend to say. It is probably nothing more than the latest evidence of the general widening of the human horizon, of the broadening of sympathies, of the coming of that true democracy that shall make the human family all one brotherhood. But, whatever its significance may be, it is a very interesting fact to notice. Even a few decades ago art concerned itself almost solely with the historic and great. It thirsted for pomp and splendor, for great events, for heroes, for ethereal beauty, for tragic incidents; and now it is turning from these themes to paint gray skies, uncouth, humble figures, the shadow that lies on the path of the laborer. This is a change the philosophy of which may well be studied.